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ATLANTIC SOUVENIR,

AN OFFERING

FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

BOSTON:

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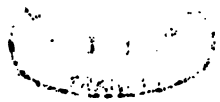

PREFACE.

THE "TOKEN" appears for the first time, this year, under the direction of its present publisher. It has been his aim to produce an Annual every way worthy of the public patronage, and equal, to say the least, to any thing of the kind which has issued from the press of our country; and to accomplish this end, he has spared neither time nor expense. The embellishments speak for themselves, and are believed to be, in every respect, highly creditable to the state of the arts in our country. In regard to the literary department, the work has laboured under some peculiar disadvantages, incident to the circumstance of its having passed into new hands, which will be avoided, we trust, in case the favour of the public should induce the publisher to continue his enterprise another year. The plan of the publication was not formed until so late a moment, as to make it necessary to collect the literary matter in some haste, and from not

being able to secure the services, as editor, of any one who combined the proper literary qualifications, and that leisure, which would have permitted him to devote his whole time to his duty, a considerable portion of the editorial labour has fallen upon the publisher, the engagements of the editor not permitting him to assume the responsibility of collecting the articles, but only of sitting in judgment upon them, when collected. The great defect of the literary department, is, as we are ready to admit, its sober tone, and the want of sparkle, airiness, and vivacity. But this, too, is an unavoidable evil. We are a grave and sober people, and not having a class of writers by profession, and our articles being mostly written by men engaged in other avocations, they bear the serious impress of their common habits of thought and daily duties. Humour is not a plant which has yet grown in any abundance upon the soil of New England. They, who have ever undertaken an editorial enterprise of this kind, and know by experience how almost invariably the attempts at humour submitted to them, have fallen into coarseness or vapidness, or both, will understand why we have chosen the less of two evils, and preferred to run the risk of having our book pronounced dull, rather than in bad taste.

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LAST OF THE WAMPANOAGS.

THE BRACELET.

WINTER. Painted by GEORGE MILLER.

FIRST SHIP. Painted by JOHN G. CHAPMAN.

THE LESSON OF A MOMENT.

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness," is a truth, which the unhappy repeat to themselves, perhaps, too often. That the bitterness of other hearts is unknown to them, is equally true; and if it were more habitually and distinctly present to their minds, would often stifle the murmurs of discontent, if it did not illumine them with a ray of cheerfulness. We magnify our own troubles. We extenuate those of our friends. We draw comparisons unfavorable to ourselves, with a most superficial knowledge of those with whom we put ourselves in contrast. From a smiling and sunny exterior, we infer that all is peace within, forgetting that the same erroneous impressions might be received in our own case, by one who saw only that side of us which is turned to the world. Were all the houses of our friends unroofed by another Asmodeus, we should find that none of them was without its dark shadow, and we should realize the truth of the Italian proverb, which says, that there is a skeleton in every house. Were there a window in every breast, what startling revelations would be made of unknown sorrows and unsuspected struggles, — the rust of discontent eating the heart of the prosperous, and the vulture of care gnawing the vitals of the gay, — untold and hopeless grief lying with the weight of mountains upon apparently the

lightest bosoms, and the settled gloom of despair resting upon those, whose life seemed glowing with the brightest hues of morning. How often should we find, that the repose which we supposed to flow from the absence of disturbing impulses — the glassy calm of the waveless lake — was the equilibrium of resisting and struggling forces, which, without the unslumbering presence of the great law of duty, would make shipwreck of the life which they perplex, but cannot subdue. How often should we learn, that he, whose sparkling wit and airy vivacity had won our admiration, and perhaps awakened our envy, had fled to society to escape the presence of some spectral care, which haunted his solitary hours, and that his vivid eloquence and pointed sallies owed their birth, in some measure, to the stimulating and morbid influence of "some fatal remembrance," which kept his mind in a state of perpetual effervescence and unrest. Could we see others as they see themselves, what lessons of submission might we not learn; and not merely of submission, but of toleration also. How many wrong opinions should we correct, how many unjust judgments should we reverse, how many cruel censures should we recall.

It was at an early hour in the evening, in the month of December, 18—, that a young man was walking through one of the most fashionable streets of one of our large cities. The last lingering traces of daylight were still visible in the heavens. The western sky was all a-glow with those blended hues, which give to our winter sunsets so peculiar and striking a charm. The space nearest the horizon was occupied by a broad strip of deep orange, from which the colors gradually and

imperceptibly softened until they disappeared in the sober tints of the zenith, ending in a faint and quivering line of the most delicate green. The evening star sparkled in its station, as if it were conscious of the beauty by which it was surrounded, and of which it formed so conspicuous a part. The dying wind sighed among the naked branches with a sound, melancholy or inspiriting, according to the mood of mind in him who listened to it. The elastic air gave quickness to the pulse, and made the "bosom's lord sit light upon his throne." It was a scene and an hour which affect an imaginative mind the more from the absence of that verdure and bloom, which make the charm of summer's scenery, and which seem like a veil which the hand of winter withdraws, bringing us face to face with the Invisible. The hues which glow and burn upon the western sky, appear like the glittering portals of another world, and the spiritual, low-toned wind seems to blow upon us from a realm "beyond the flight of time."

Our young friend was, from his age, character, and position, peculiarly susceptible to these influences. He was one of that class, which make no inconsiderable element in the pride and glory of New England. Born in an humble position, he had achieved, mostly by his own efforts and with little assistance from others, the best education which the institutions of our country can afford, and now that he stood upon the verge of manhood, he felt himself equal in capacities and opportunities to those who had begun life under the most favorable auspices. His powers and energies were of a high order, and his moral nature was such as would help him to make the most of them. He had won literary dis-

tinction, confidence, respect, and attachment, and many were watching his progress with assured hope. Surely these were happy elements, — but the picture was not without its shadows. Like most hard students in our country, he had earned his honours with some sacrifice of health. He had passed triumphantly through many struggles, and surmounted many obstacles; but the efforts, though successful, had infused a tinge of gloom into a character naturally cheerful as well as resolute, as the captive's fetter, though broken, leaves, long after, its mark upon the freed limb. His future was bright, but indistinct, and the distant future was brighter than the near. It seemed to him that a long space was yet to be passed over, new difficulties yet to be overcome, before he could gain a well-defined social position, and take the part which he felt to be his due in the business of life. Though assured that all his reasonable wishes would be gratified, though confident that the energies which had brought him to where he was, would carry him onward still further, he could not distinctly perceive the manner in which it was to be brought about, nor trace clearly the successive steps of the path which was to lead him to honour and distinction.

Reflections like these gave a shade of pensiveness to an usually animated brow, and made him walk more slowly than was his usual custom. Raising his head suddenly as he came opposite the lighted windows of a very handsome house, his eyes were involuntarily attracted by a scene, which made him pause for a moment to behold it, though he felt conscious, that there was something of an impropriety in his so doing. It was a room beautifully furnished, betokening wealth, taste,

and cultivation in its occupants. Pictures hung upon the walls, and books lay upon the table, in such a way that the scholar's eye saw at once that they were there for use, and not for show. The lamps had not been lighted, nor the curtains let down, but a blazing wood-fire threw a ruddy and flickering blaze over the walls and ceiling, and made the room and its contents distinctly visible. The apartment was occupied by two persons, a male and a female, in the bloom of youth, and apparently man and wife. Their position was such that the student could not see the faces of either of them. The gentleman was speaking, as it appeared, from his attitude, with a good deal of earnestness; but no inference could be drawn, from the position of the lady, who sat in front of the fire, buried in the recesses of a deep arm-chair. The imagination, however, could easily represent her as listening, with tranquil delight and assured happiness, to the voice of her husband-lover. The whole scene realized the young student's fondest day-dream. Here was before him, in open vision and actual presence, that which his imagination had delighted to trace in the dim, distant future. Here was the goal, towards which he was pressing, the prize for which he was contending. "How happy should I be," said he to himself, "could I find myself in that young man's position! He has all that my heart covets. Competent fortune, books, pictures, doubtless troops of friends, literary leisure, the exercise of generous hospitality, and all the thousand delights that centre in the word, home. With all these, and, dear Mary," (our student was in love,) "with your sweet face and loving nature to fill my heart and my house with sunshine, how happily

would my days glide by! Would that I could find my bark moored in so peaceful a haven, and no longer buffet the waves, and struggle against wind and tide. He seems to be but little older than I, and how long must I toil to obtain that, which, without any merit of his own, has fallen into his lap. Indeed, I may never win it; or if at all, success may be deferred till I am too old, or till I have become too subdued to the drudgery of life, to enjoy it. I cannot help breaking a commandment, and coveting my neighbour's goods, though I feel ashamed of myself as I confess it."

About two years before the incident, which we have just related, took place, there were visible in the same street along which the student was passing, the signs of a brilliant and fashionable party. A house of the largest size was lighted up throughout its whole extent, throwing a broad stream of splendour into the dark air, and forming a conspicuous object of attraction to the idlers in the street, far and near. Throngs of carriages whirled over the pavements, and clustered before the door, the coachmen letting down the steps with a quick, impatient jerk, which showed that there was no time to be lost. Within, there were all the means and appliances which wealth can purchase and luxury devise, to charm the senses and gratify the love of beauty. The costliest hot-house flowers were scattered around with a profusion which knew no other limit than that of good taste. Strains of the softest music stole upon the ear, and made the hearer almost wish that the other objects which distracted his attention were withdrawn, and that he might give himself up, without interruption, to the delight of

listening. Forms more beautiful than flowers, glided through the dance, and voices sweeter than music threw their witching spells upon the air. This fairy scene of enchantment had been called into being on the occasion of the marriage of the only daughter of a wealthy merchant. The bridegroom was one of a class rare in our country, the possessor of an ample inherited fortune, and on that account the object of peculiar attraction to those scheming mothers and worldly fathers, with whom marriage is merely house-keeping. He had been well-educated, had a taste for literature and the arts, strong domestic feelings, and had in a great measure escaped those perils, with which the path of a young man of fortune is beset, and which so often make shipwreck of his happiness and respectability. But he was without resolute strength of purpose or decided energy of moral principle. Accustomed to deference and indulgence, from childhood, and to have every thing which stood in the way of his wishes withdrawn, he had not learned the habit of self-command, or the power of controlling a naturally impetuous and irritable temper. He was a man of cultivation and accomplishments, rather than high intellectual powers, and though of good and generous moral impulses, he had not that deep-anchored religious principle, which nothing can subdue or remove. His career and destiny would be much influenced by circumstances, and especially by the character of the woman he might marry. Returning home from a tour in Europe, his admiration had been powerfully awakened by the grace and beauty of a young lady, who shone with conspicuous lustre in the world of fashion, and wooing her with impassioned and

characteristic ardour, soon succeeded in winning her; for wealth, when combined with an agreeable person and manners, a cultivated mind, and a character unstained by vices or grave defects, seldom woos in vain. These were the nuptials which gave occasion to the splendid fête we have just spoken of.

Few young persons ever began their married life with a larger proportion, seemingly, of the elements of happiness. But their example proved no exception to that general rule, which sternly forbids that sacred relation to be contracted upon any other than the highest moral and intellectual grounds. His marriage was one, not of the heart and the mind, but of the eye only. He knew nothing of the woman, whom he had promised to love, honour, and cherish, but that she was beautiful in person, graceful in bearing, well-mannered and well-dressed. He was not long in discovering that he had made a fatal mistake. Her nature was one of hopeless and incurable frivolousness. Without any mind to rouse and quicken his own, without any affections to respond to his, she was no more of a solace or refreshment to her husband than the porcelain image which stood upon his mantel-piece. It was out of the question to think of improving, cultivating, or elevating her, for there was no material to work upon; there was no soil to sow any good seed in; it could no more have been done, than water could have been taken up and moulded by the hands, into the shape and consistency of a human figure. He was perpetually mortified by her want of knowledge, vexed by her want of tact, disgusted by her selfishness, and pained by her want of dignity of character. Her temper was querulous and exacting; and an over-

indulgent, injudicious training, and the atmosphere of adulation, in which her beauty and her father's wealth had caused her to be encircled, had taught her none of the lessons of endurance and self-control. Accustomed to the homage and devoted attentions of crowds of admirers, she could not conceal the pique and mortification, which her husband's gradual estrangement produced in her. Though her affections were not wounded, her vanity and self-esteem were. She had that petty love of power, which so often is found in feeble characters, and took vengeance upon him for his coldness and indifference, by teasing his sensitive and fastidious nature, thwarting his reasonable wishes, rebelling against his authority, and kindling his jealousy, a passion to which his nature somewhat inclined him.

His condition became only the more unhappy from the presence of those elements in his lot, which, to a superficial observer, made it so enviable. The leisure which his fortune allowed him, permitted him to brood the more uninterruptedly over his disappointment, and to torment himself with useless, and worse than useless regrets and self-reproaches. The daily drudgery of a profession would have been a relief to him, by diverting his thoughts from their accustomed channels, and would have furnished both food and medicine to his diseased mind. As it was, he became tyrannized over by one wasting thought. In vain did he have recourse to his books for entertainment, for it seemed to him that, by some strange fatality, he was perpetually stumbling upon something which reminded him of his own trial. Besides, reading is a resource in pains of the body, but it does not take strong hold enough to make us

forget those of the mind. He wanted the stoical element, which tramples circumstances under foot, and forges an armour of stern indifference, upon which all the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" fall harmless. Nor had he the religious principle, which hopes all things, endures all things, and from pain and sorrow extracts the elements of spiritual growth. His nature had neither depth nor strength, but was essentially superficial and epicurean. He was formed for enjoyment, and not for action; for the sunshine and the calm, and not for the night and the storm. Trial and disappointment did not soften or elevate him, but made him fretful and irritable. His literary cultivation had the same characteristics. It was various, but not profound. He could appreciate the creations of genius, but had not the creative energy himself. He was fond of reading, but had not the resolution to pursue a vigorous course of study. He could not shut himself up in his library, and comfort himself by writing a poem or a book. *His* mind was not its own place.

The restless despair in which he finally found himself, he had approached by degrees. Between him and his wife, the outward proprieties and courtesies of life had been hitherto maintained. Good taste and good breeding had restrained him from any other expression of his feelings, than could be read in his silence, his altered countenance, and his clouded brow. But this was a state of things not likely to continue with so irritable a temperament as his, and with so much recklessness and so little dignity of character, as belonged to her. On one particular evening, under the pressure of some peculiar provocation, the long-repressed torrent of feeling

burst out into language. His smothered passions found a vent in those bitter, burning words, which are never forgotten or forgiven, and which at once put a gulf of separation between them, which neither in time nor eternity could be closed. He vehemently reproached her for her insensibility, her unreasonableness, her selfishness, her cruel indifference to his tastes, sympathies, and wishes. He poured out, in his wrath, all the tempest, which had long been gathering in his breast, and which now raged with the more fury, from its having been so long pent up. All that a more prudent nature would have left unsaid, that a colder one would not have felt, that a higher one would have subdued — all the storm of contending passions which had desolated his heart — all his blighted hopes, his starved affections, his shattered expectations, his vanished dreams — found a tongue and an utterance in those hot words of invective, reproach, and remonstrance, which scalded as they fell. And she — the star that had so fallen from his heaven, the idol that had been cast down from his altar — she, that had lacerated the heart that she should have filled with a happiness, which the earth seemed too narrow to contain — with what spirit and in what mood did she listen to him? Not with tears of hopeless anguish and convulsive sobs of wretchedness, for these would have betokened a sensibility, of which she had not the slightest portion, and would have flowed from a heart, broken with the stunning consciousness, that she was nothing to him who was every thing to her — nor yet with sparkling rage and vehement recrimination, for not even the breath of passion could wake into life the cold and stagnant surface of a soul

like hers — but with sullen indifference, with freezing apathy, with rigid unconcern, and with that cold, contemptuous silence, which provokes an impatient temper more than the angriest rejoinder or the most cutting retort.

And this was the scene, of which the student was a momentary witness, and these were the persons, upon whom his passing glance had fallen, and such was the condition of the possessor of that wealth, elegance, and comfort, whose lot he had thought so enviable. Despair and indignation were lending their force and expression to that attitude, and those gestures, which he had interpreted to be the signs of fond affection and overflowing confidence. Could he have known all, how would he have recoiled with horror at the prospect of being placed in the position of the unhappy master of that beautiful mansion! What would all the means and appliances of wealth have availed the mind, which saw its own gloom and desolation reflected from every object, and painted upon every scene? and how gladly would the latter have exchanged his gilded misery for the student's poverty, which was rich in energies, in hopes, in the power of enjoyment, and the assurance of success! What were all his elegancies and luxuries, his pictures, his costly furniture, his delicate living, to the possession of a healthy, vigorous, and expanding mind, that fed upon truth and knowledge as its daily bread, and of a heart that saw the whole earth encircled with the light of its own joyous hopes and healthy aspirations?

The student had paused but for a moment before the house, and cast but a single look into the room. He immediately passed on with a slight murmur of self-

reproach, and soon had forgotten the scene, and the emotion it had awakened. We have no purpose of tracing further the fates and fortunes of these two young men. Their paths had crossed each other for a moment, and then diverged. But the lesson of that moment is all that we have to teach. And this lesson we would commend to all who are disposed to think less of all the blue sky that bends over them, than of the single dark cloud that throws its shadow upon their path; who, in the splendour of Aladdin's palace, sigh for the roc's egg, which alone is denied to them, and cannot enjoy an essentially happy lot, on account of some real or fancied "Mordecai in the gate." Young men, especially of sensitive organization and delicate intellectual structure, we would caution against the fatal habit of concentrating their attention upon the painful elements in their position, and of supposing that there is something peculiarly hard in their lot, and that no one's sorrow is like theirs. Grief and trouble are the heir-looms of humanity. Your neighbour's crosses may be less heavy than yours, but if they are so to him, they are so essentially. There is no objective standard of comparison. As a man thinks, so is it. All are troubled; but no one is hopelessly so. God has afflicted all his children; but from none has he hidden his face. The best medicine for a diseased mind is vigorous action. What is done is of comparatively little importance, so that something be done. Sweeping of streets is better than idle wringing of hands. Mourn not over the irretrievable past, but crowd the present moment with manly and efficient effort, and peace shall dwell in your heart, though happiness shine not upon your path.

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

From the German of Pfizer.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

A YOUTH, light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world;
Here, Arab-like, is pitch'd my tent,
And straight again is furl'd.

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife
Close in my heart was lock'd,
And in the sweet repose of life,
A blessed child I rock'd.

I wake! Away that dream, away!
Too long did it remain!
So long, that both by night and day
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought!
To a grave so cold and deep
The mother beautiful was brought;—
Then dropt the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,
I bathe mine eyes, and see;
And wander through the world once more,
A youth so light and free.

Two locks — and they are wondrous fair —
  Left me that vision mild;
The brown is from the mother's hair,
  The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,
  Pale grows the evening red;
And when the dark lock I behold,
  I wish that I were dead.

SONNET.

Give me the broad, green fields, the open skies,
The unsullied breath of heaven; — I will not seek
For wealth or power, well knowing that a meek
And quiet soul makes its own Paradise.
The clouds shall be my gorgeous draperies,
Nature my chamber, wherein God doth speak,
Clearly from shadowy vale or mountain peak,
Into my soul, in secret harmonies.
The world is truly his, whom Life has taught
To deem hours better spent in earnest thought,
Than watching the vain shadows Time may throw.
Truth, whose shrined image sage and bard have sought,
He, who denies himself, alone can know; —
While we forget ourselves, doth God within us grow.

THE SERAPH VISITANT.

BY CAROLINE GILMAN.

One pleasant August afternoon, the clerk of a church in one of our cities, requested his nephew Hubert to procure a scarf, accidentally left by a young lady in a pew in the broad aisle. Hubert had always felt a reverence for churches, and when a boy, trotting after his uncle on some occasional mission before or after service, instinctively doffed his cap and trod on tiptoe.

On the present occasion, as he inserted the large key in the lock of the porch door, he dwelt on the description of the scarf, "white gauze, with a border of roses;" but he had scarcely entered the building, before his old feelings of veneration revived, and he looked upward as for a blessing. As he glanced through the aisle, the glowing rays of the setting sun went about touching pillar and cornice, and giving, like christianity itself, a glory to things perishable.

After a short search, he found the pew specified. The scarf had caught against the button of the door, and hung there — the pure, fresh-looking scarf, with its border of roses. As he took it in his hand, he began to think of the throat it had encircled — one of those aristocratic, swan-like throats, that seem made for white gauze. He went upward from the throat, and remembered the heedful eyes that were often, from Sabbath to Sabbath, upturned in devotion. He handled the scarf

reverently, and its folds felt almost human. He entered the pew, and opening a hymn-book, saw the name of Evelyth C———. It was a musical name, and he uttered it aloud in the deep stillness. Being romantic, he began to grow rapturous, when his eyes were arrested by a love-couplet, that seemed extracted from Moore, while initials and scrawls, that showed those dewy eyes were not always upward, defaced the blank leaves of the hymn-book.

He closed the volume, and felt disappointed — a sentiment like that which penetrates us when we call a friend to see a shooting star, and it has gone.

Turning musingly towards the porch, Hubert was startled by a gentle fluttering of wings, and there floated by a creature, flashing bright and seraph-like. He heeded not the youth, but hurried to his own embassy. First, the airy creature paused at the pew, from whence Hubert had reclaimed the scarf, and took the hymn-book of Evelyth in his hands. A shade passed over his heavenly brow, as he opened it, — there was a pause, — he sighed, breathed lightly on the sullied leaf, and as he held it up, Hubert saw it unsoiled, stainless.

Threading from pew to pew, Hubert watched the transitions of his glorious face, as he pursued his task, frowningly erasing the vulgar scrawl, or worldly calculation. But beautiful was the smile, (Hubert knew he would smile,) when *one* hymn-book, marked only by religious impulse, was opened to his view. He touched his forehead to the pure page, and left his blessing upon it.

But what has angered him? Hubert saw him bend over the miserable caricatures and profane witticisms of

one, who, heedless himself of religious services, loved to spread the contamination of his irreverent mind around him. Beautiful, and holy, and just was his seraphic anger, as his spiritual breath cleansed even that deep stain of mental impurity.

Swiftly the angel pursued his task, flitting over the wide building until his floating robe was lost in twilight, and Hubert heard his musical wings sounding over the books of the choir.

Go, ye, whose churches are not blessed by the angel, and erase of yourselves the debasing marks of irreverence and impiety in places dedicated to the Almighty.

WHERE IS PEACE?

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Oh, where is peace? I asked my heart, — it echoed
Only the mournful question, — "where is peace?"
Is there a spot among these earthly regions,
Where yearnings of the soul and troubles cease?

I went to History and conned its pages,
And most of these were deeply dyed in blood;
I found but scenes succeeding scenes of contest,
And strife and passion, since the avenging flood.

I sent Reflection over the world's wide waters,
And vainly sought an olive leaf to find,
Whose tender green should tell of grief subsiding,
And some high place of safety for the mind.

There is no peace, — it is the prize which sages
Cannot attain, with all their studious lore, —
They waste the lamp of life till death approaches,
And are at last no wiser than before.

There is no peace, — 't is not in wealth or splendour,
Success, dominion, revelry, or pride;
Nor in thy laurels, gratified ambition!
Nor yet with happy love doth peace reside.

This sober truth is taught by stern Experience,
No one believes it but the ripe in years;
Youth doubts, and trusts that present clouds will vanish,
And sees a rainbow through the mist of tears.

One after one our pleasures cease to lighten
The sombre path that in the distance lies;
As one star fades away from life's horizon,
We fondly hope a brighter star will rise,

Till age comes on; and then we learn the lesson,
That peace, sweet peace is not the child of time;
Too gross the air we breathe, too dim our sunshine,
For the fair native of a deathless clime.

THE SEA.

Moan on, thou melancholy sea,
Thy hollow heaving surge
Rolls to mine ear eternally
A requiem and a dirge.
Moan on, thou vast and melancholy sea,
Type of man's soul, that ever moans with thee.

Moan for the brave hearts thou hast taken,
The sad ones thou hast left,
The solitudes of homes forsaken,
By thee of joy bereft —
The thousand loved and cherished ones that sleep,
In the blue chambers of the heaving deep.

Thine ear hath heard the wave-hung bell,
Mid thy tumultuous roar,
Sounding the storm-rocked vessel's knell,
Thy foaming billows bore, —
The drowning sailor's hollow bubbling cry,
The plunge, — the last wild shriek of agony.

Battle and storm have o'er thee past,
The thunder-voice of heaven, —
The red ball from the cannon cast,
And death-blows madly given, —

All these have fretted thy broad breast, and gone, —
Thou lingerest moaning, dreary, and alone.

The solid earth has changed its guise,
But thou, thou weltering main,
Fixed — looking at the hollow skies,
Unaltered dost remain —
Changeless, mid all that changes here below,
Here is enough for bitterness and woe.

Soft blows the pleasant summer gale,
The sunshine says, Rejoice;
Yet still I hear the solemn wail
Of thy remorseful voice.
Struggling uneasy, with impetuous shocks
Thy foaming breast thou hurlest on the rocks.

Hath not the soul a voice as sad,
The surge of memory,
That tells of blasted hopes we had,
Lost in time's heaving sea —
The early hopes, that perished in our youth,
Our innocent delights, our inward truth?

Passion's wild storm hath o'er us past,
The bell of conscience pealed in vain;
Joys shipwrecked in the driving blast,
Sunk ne'er to rise again;
Yet the brave soul, mid all its agonies,
Looketh forever at the steadfast skies.

Still sounding on with stern unrest
And inarticulate groan,
A swollen heart that beats the breast,
Thou liest there alone, —
Like to the soul in thine immensity:
Oh! that it were unscathed, unscarred, like thee.

VISIT TO FERNEY.

BY HUBBARD WINSLOW.

Among the objects of interest for the thirty thousand annual visitors at Geneva, is *Ferney*, the celebrated residence of Voltaire. It is five or six miles north from Geneva, within the French territory. It was on a bright September morning that a party of four, including a gentleman from Edinburgh, another from London, another from Frankfort, and the writer — a Scotchman, an Englishman, a German, and an American — took seats together in a coach to pay a united visit to the mansion of the distinguished Frenchman. Nothing surpasses the beauty of the scenery, or the elegance and comfort of some of the country seats, on the way. At two or three of these we stopped, with letters of introduction, to visit collections of fine paintings and statuary, to admire specimens of architectural elegance; to walk upon floors of polished marble, to look upon side-boards and other furniture of the richest mosaic; and to promenade upon smooth gravel walks, beneath arching canopies of living green, and amidst an endless profusion of flowers and fruits. In these bowers of paradise we would fain have lingered all the day, but Ferney was in prospect.

At length, after walking the horses up a gradual ascent of nearly a mile, our coachman pointed, and said to us, "*There it is, gentlemen.*" It was the Château of Voltaire. Beautifully situated on the crown of a gentle

elevation, it had the appearance of having been a commanding and genteel, though not elegant mansion. It had become dingy and rusty from neglect, and dilapidated by the ravages of time. We entered through an iron gate, and were met at the door by a well dressed and intelligent looking French maiden, who addressed us in her native tongue and received us cordially. Two of the rooms, only, are preserved in the same condition as when Voltaire left them. These are his bed-room and the ante-room. In the last of these he held interviews with persons who called upon him. They are on the ground floor, and look back upon the garden.

The walls of the ante-room were hung with several paintings, two of which, designed by Voltaire himself, were to us of some interest as indicating his character. On the one side Henry IV., the most illustrious of the French monarchs, was represented in the act of presenting Voltaire to Apollo. On the other side, the same Voltaire was conducted by the Muses in triumph to the Temple of Memory, and his enemies were represented as prostrate before him, writhing in agonies at his feet.

His bed-room, however, was to us most instinct with life and soul-stirring with associations. This then, said we, is the very bed on which Voltaire slept, in the same state, though time-worn, as on the morning he left it, more than sixty years ago, to find a tomb in Paris. Here are the same curtains, now faded and torn, which protected his slumbers. There stands the great armed and cushioned chair, in which he sat; and here is the very fire-place, into which he looked, to watch the blazing pile and smouldering embers, while genius was nursing her fires within. There is his wardrobe; and

here are the mirror and toilet, which received his morning visits. There are the windows, through which he looked out upon his fine garden, and heard the sweet music of birds; some of whose probable descendants were now perching in the trees, and warbling to our ears their rich melodies.

Several prints, selected and arranged by himself, hung round the walls of the room. Among these was a portrait of Pope Ganganelli; one of Frederick the Great, presented by himself to Voltaire; and one of the celebrated actor, Le Kain. There was also a portrait of Catherine II. of Russia, executed by herself in needle work, and one of Madam Châtelet. On one side of the room was a curious monument, said to have been placed there by the adopted daughter of Voltaire, the Marquise de Vilette, intended to be the repository of his heart, bearing the following inscription, — "Mes mânes sont consolés puisque mon cœur est au milieu de vous."

Our next visit was to the garden. The department of plants and flowers was in a condition of neglect, and probably much changed in appearance since the time of Voltaire, but the walks and groves remain nearly the same. There was one long and very beautiful *berceau* walk, arched completely and closely over with clipped horn-beam, with openings cut at regular intervals for the admission of light. This is said to have been Voltaire's favorite morning and evening walk, as well it might be; and here he often promenaded back and forth, in hours of study, to dictate to his amanuensis. At a little distance from this, by a winding path through the shrubbery, we were conducted to a stately elm, perhaps five or six feet in girth, which Voltaire planted

with his own hand. Then a mere sprout, it was now a towering and majestic tree. A few years since, it was struck by lightning, and the marks of violence are still seen extending from branch to root.

Having gratified our curiosity here, we next visited the garden house. We there found the old man who was in the service of Voltaire as his gardener, and was about twenty years of age when he died. Although far advanced in years he seemed to retain his vigor, and was of course very communicative respecting the character and habits of his distinguished employer. It was to us a circumstance of no small interest, to see and converse with one who had been for several years in the service of Voltaire, and was familiar with his private history. To this source I am indebted for many particulars respecting him. The old gardener also showed us several of his private effects, such as his writing-desk, inkstand, watch, pocket-book, and even articles of clothing, which he had preserved with great care. He unlocked to us a small case of private letters, received by Voltaire from several distinguished individuals. These were in French, Italian, German, Dutch, and English. While I was occupied with these, I heard a burst of laughter from persons in another part of the room, and found that the gardener was showing them the last production of Voltaire before he left Ferney to visit Paris. It was an exceedingly ludicrous and vulgar picture, too indecent to be described, accompanied with some corresponding verses, which he prepared to amuse the guests invited to dine with him on the occasion of his leaving.

Other objects of interest yet remained. On the right, as you look from the Château toward Geneva, stood the

Church, on which were once inscribed the words, then nearly effaced, "Deo erexit Voltaire." Somewhere on the left, nearly opposite, once stood a *Theatre*, built by the same Voltaire, to gratify his vanity and amuse the populace with the exhibition of his own tragedies. The Church, erected to the worship of God, by a hater of Jesus Christ, who said, "*conceal the weapon and smite the wretch*," now echoes with hosannahs to the Son of David. The Theatre is utterly demolished. Not a vestige of it remains to mark the spot where it stood. This is certainly an interesting fact, when viewed in connection with the history and sentiments of Voltaire.

Leaving my company for a while, I retraced my steps to the Château, and sat down in the arbor, to fill out my notes, enjoy the prospect, and entertain the stirring thoughts and emotions which thronged my mind. If time is to be measured by these, as some philosophers say it should be, in less than an hour I lived more than a day. The sun was throwing his last bright beams over the charming scene. Directly before and around, lay the beautiful and fertile grounds of Voltaire's estate, whose hills and valleys, groves and walks, vineyards and fruit-orchards, — neglected, changed, passed away to other hands, — produced feelings of subdued and melancholy pleasure. Further on were numerous country seats, still fresh and shining with the living care and occupancy of their wealthy owners, who had retired from places of business to spend their remaining days on the shores of Geneva Lake. Next was seen the lake itself, spreading its clear blue water over a sweep of some thirty miles, through one of the finest of Nature's landscapes. At a greater or less distance from the lake, the

land rose into bold hills and mountains, the Jura range on the one hand and the more lofty Alps on the other, so that the valley, the lake, the hills, and the mountains, together formed a truly magnificent amphitheatre. Over and above all, as monarch of the empire, rose in the back ground the towering Mt. Blanc, on whose snowy head the dazzling sunbeams lingered and played long after they had bid adieu to all around me. Where am I, was my first thought, and what do I behold? I am in the very place where Voltaire spent the last twenty years of his life. I am sitting in the very arbor where, more than half a century ago, he used often to sit, at this same hour, to enjoy the scenery and the objects on which I am now gazing. The history of his life and the painful associations attending it, soon took precedence in my mind of the scene before me, and I thought only of him — the brilliant and accomplished but misguided and unhappy Voltaire.

He was born at Chatenay, near Paris, in 1694, and was partly educated for the law. But his volatile mind and playful fancy would not endure the severe study and dry details of this profession. The revels of poetry and sallies of wit were more congenial to his taste. Hoping to divert his mind from these to graver pursuits, his father sent him to Holland, as a page in the suit of the Marquis de Châteauneuf. But unfortunately falling in love with the daughter of a refugee, for this untimely and misdirected indulgence of the "tender passion," he was sent back to Paris and exiled from his father's house. Soon after, for writing a severe satire against the government, he was imprisoned in the Bastile. About this time he wrote his tragedy of "Œdipe,"

which was brought upon the stage, and so much applauded as to reconcile his father. It is said that he made his acquaintance with Rousseau at Brussels, in 1722, and that they met only to become implacable enemies for life. He was a second time imprisoned in the Bastile for six months, in consequence of a private quarrel, and was liberated only on condition of his leaving the kingdom. He went to England, and there published his "Henriade," which received royal patronage, and yielded him a considerable income. His frivolous manners and licentious conversation having disgusted the English, he obtained permission to return to France, where, by lotteries, lucrative speculations, and great parsimony, he swelled his property acquired in England to a large fortune.

Between 1730 and 1744 he wrote and presented to the stage, his tragedy of "Brutus," his "Zaire," his "Alzire," his "Mahomet," and his "Merope," the last of which was exceedingly popular. He also wrote his "Lettres Philosophiques," which, together with his "Mahomet," exhibited him as such an enemy to the Christian religion that it became necessary for him again to quit the capital. Having, however, subsequently ingratiated himself into the royal family by his piece, "La Princesse de Navarre," he was received at court, and became historiographer of France. He was also admitted into the French Academy. By invitation and generous proffers of the King of Prussia, who was desirous of his literary services, he was induced in 1750 to visit Potsdam. Here he spent a portion of each day in the service of his Majesty, correcting his works. Having lost favor with the king, by taking part against

his advice with a private dispute, he went to Frankfort, where he was arrested by the king's order, and compelled to restore the poems with which he had been entrusted for correction.

Not being permitted to reside at Paris, on account of having published a poem of so indecent and licentious a character as to turn the public sentiment against him, he purchased the estate at Ferney. It consisted of nine hundred acres. Here he resided till the time of his death, although he died in Paris when on a visit there. He is considered the founder of the village here, as it is said that previous to his time it consisted of only a few hovels. He gathered industrious colonists around him, encouraged manufactures, and administered a sort of dictatorship over the place. He was addressed by the villagers as "Monseigneur," and his vanity was gratified by their honoring him as the champion of human rights. He rode out daily in a gilt coach, drawn by four horses; and it was expected that all would honor him with a low obeisance, as he passed. He was often severe in manner and harsh in rebuke, especially to children, insomuch that he was a terror to all the youth in the village. All feared, but none loved him.

An avowed enemy to all tyranny and oppression, he was resorted to by not a few malcontents from his own and from other countries, who were suffering real or imaginary wrongs. Alleged abuses he published throughout Europe, and thus became known as a sort of public censor, holding rulers as amenable at his tribunal. He here wrote and published most of his literary works, which amount in all to seventy octavo volumes. The most important of them are his "Hen-

riade," considered the first Epic in the French language; and in the department of history, his "Siècle de Louis XIV. et de Louis XV.", his "Histoire de Charles XII.", and his "Essai sur l'Histoire générale". His genius was inventive and fearless, his imagination brilliant, his fancy exuberant. He had also an uncommonly fine and rapid flow of words and imagery, by which even common sentiments were often made to sparkle under his pen. He wrote, or rather dictated — for he seldom held a pen himself — with apparently little mental effort. To severe and exact thought he was a stranger. As a reasoner he was fluent, loose, superficial; and whenever he gains the reader, it is rather by the sprightliness of his wit and the aptness of his illustrations, than by the stern dictates of sound and thorough argument. Always regardless of logic, and often of facts, he dashed on whithersoever his fancy listed. His best and only lasting productions, if we except some two or three tragedies, are his historical works, which are in many respects valuable. His History of Charles the Twelfth has been pronounced "a model of royal biography." But the two most important virtues of a historian — impartiality and accuracy — are so often wanting in his historical writings, as greatly to impeach their value.

"Of his witty writings," says one of his biographers, "which are very numerous, we may observe in general, that they are not only depreciated in real value, but rendered pernicious in their tendency and effect, by his frequently recurring attacks and sarcasms, levelled against revealed religion; nor shall we be thought deficient in candor if we add, that whatever instruction or amusement they afford, they have done more injury, in

a moral and religious view of them, particularly among persons of little reflection, than those of any other author."

The head and visage of Voltaire were strongly expressive of his character. As we were looking at his bust in the corner of his bed-room, and marking the smothered guile under his snakish eye and grinning lip, one of our company observed, he appears to be in the act of saying, "*Yea, hath God said, ye shall not eat of every tree of the ground?*" Another of his biographers confirms the above sentiment, in the following language. "The physiognomy of Voltaire was indicative of his disposition. It is said to have partaken of the eagle and the monkey; and to the fire and rapidity of the former animal, he united the mischievous and malicious propensities of the latter. With strong perceptions of moral excellence and elevation, he was little and mean in conduct, a victim to petty passions and caprices; never at rest either in mind or body, never tranquil or sedate. If he was a philosopher, it was in his opinions, not in his actions. He had been accustomed from his youth to pay as much homage to rank and wealth as his vanity would permit; his tastes of life were vitiated, and his manners corrupted; he could not, therefore, be a consistent friend to virtue and liberty, though he might occasionally be captivated with their charms, and even zealous in their support. He was habitually avaricious, though he performed some generous acts, which, however, he took care to make known. He was too selfish to inspire love, and too capricious to merit esteem. He had numerous admirers, but probably not one friend."

Selfish, irritable, capricious, unreasonable, he had the unenviable faculty of making all around him unhappy. Unable to find peace himself, he seemed determined that no body else should find it. It is said that they who knew him best, esteemed him least. Envious of the reputation of others, it gave him pleasure to hear them defamed, and pain to hear them praised. What other than motives of envy could have induced him to abuse such men as Newton, Shakspeare, and Rousseau? He was also licentious. With all his genius, learning, wealth and fame, he was one of the most restless and unhappy of mortals. A canker-worm was forever gnawing at the root of his temporal enjoyments; and he had no prospect beyond the grave, but such as is afforded to an earthly and sensual mind by a gloomy and uncertain deism.

Such, thought I, was the man, who, in a generation past, was owner of this princely estate; was often sitting where I now sit and looking upon this enchanting scene; was admired for his genius, honored for his wealth, and courted for his influence; was pouring forth his literary productions over Europe, sanguine of being honored, through all time, as the light of the world; who was yet one of the most unhappy of men, and was doomed, even before his humble gardener should find a grave, to be remembered by the wise and virtuous of both continents only to be pitied and avoided! Surely, "*the way of transgressors is hard.*"

As age advanced, his burning brow of ambition, instead of cooling down for the grave, seemed to gather intenser heat, and he determined to visit the capital and bring on the stage another tragedy. The one which he

selected was his "Irene." Having taken his seat in the box, amidst the repeated plaudits of the assembly, an actor advanced and placed a crown on his head. At the conclusion of the play, all the actors and actresses surrounded his bust upon the stage and threw garlands of laurel upon it, while some verses composed to his praise by a nobleman were rehearsed, amidst the pealing shouts of the auditors. This shock of honor was too severe for his enfeebled frame, and he exclaimed in a tone of deep melancholy, "*I am come to Paris to find glory and a tomb.*"

This was his last appearance in public. From the Theatre he was taken to the sick chamber, whence his body was soon after carried to the grave. He died May 30th, 1778, at the advanced age of 84 years. It may seem strange that one of such an irritable temperament and restless disposition could hold out so long, but his was one of those thin and tough frames peculiarly fitted to wear, and he was composed of such elements that the morbid tempers and excitements which exhaust and destroy most of their victims, seemed in his case to afford unnatural nourishment and support. Indeed, it appeared to be impossible for him to live without them.

The writer visited the monument that covers his dust in the Pantheon at Paris. He is exhibited in a statue of marble, holding in his hand a burning torch. That he did throw light upon many of the enormities of papacy and of royal domination, and thus bring some benefit to mankind, whatever may have been his motives, should be cordially admitted. But that in his mad zeal for liberty, and lust of vanity and self-indulgence, he aimed his weapons against all revealed

religion, and gave his talents and his example to the subversion of truth and the annihilation of the loftiest motives and brightest hopes of mankind, must forever cast a deep and gloomy shade over his memory. He will be remembered in all future time more to be rebuked than honored, more to be pitied than envied. One of his attendants in his last illness, still living, stated that he died as he had lived, a miserable man. Remorse of conscience, dread of death, fearful anticipations of an approaching judgment, made his dying pillow a pillow of thorns.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF THE FOREST.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

THE Sunset-Angel lights the leaves,
  Here, casts his wing an upward glow,
And there, his slanting finger weaves
  Bright net-work on the moss below:
Amid the pine, now fading dim,
The thresher trills its vesper hymn,
  And from the arbor'd shade,
Whose cool green depths had roof'd the heat,
The red-deer glides with timid feet
  To feed upon the glade.

Far down, the brindled porcupine
  Within his shelving cave has shrunk,
And darting in an arrowy line,
  The wild-bee seeks its hollow trunk.
Each songster, couch'd within its nest,
Is softly twittering into rest;
  Silent the partridge-drum;
The frog-marsh echoes hoarse and loud,
And from it the moscheto-cloud
  Streams with its ceaseless hum.

Along the western mountain's brow,
  The golden rim has passed away,
And a bright star is glittering now,

Out from the sheet of pearly gray:
Beneath, the woods are wrapp'd in gloom,
The cedar lifts its sombre plume,
The beech is one dark mass;
And blackness, thick and murky, lies,
Where lately glow'd the blended dies
Of blossom, moss, and grass.

But the wild forest is awake:
The gray owl sends his startling whoop,
And frequent long-drawn howls out-break,
As swiftly scours the wolfish troop;
And now and then the panther's yell
Pierces the air with shrill, keen swell,
So full of threat'ning doom;
The hunter, by his watch-fire's gleam,
Starts, with his rifle, from his dream,
And shudders at the gloom.

But now the ragged summits traced
Against the spangled dome of sky,
With glimmering silvery threads are lac'd,
And softer purple glows on high:
The East arch kindles pure and bright,
While a huge globe of blood-red light,
Through the ting'd branches glares,
Till o'er the wood-tops climbs the moon,
And earth in all its pomp of June,
Her soft, rich splendor wears.

Diamonds are scatter'd o'er the ground,
Arrows are glittering in the sprays,

And on yon rippling stream is wound
A shifting web of sparkling blaze:
The trunks are streak'd with darting gleams,
And every leaf carved silver seems,
Till column, roof, and wall
Of myriad sylvan temples, rear
Their graceful shapes, distinct and clear,
Beneath this gorgeous pall.

The shouting owl has sought his den,
Wolf-howl and panther-shriek are still,
Gaily the hunter leaves the glen
For his lone cabin on the hill.
He notes with smiles the shy raccoon
Washing its maize-ear, where the moon
Has bathed the stream with light,
And sometimes, as his footsteps crush
Dry leaf and twig, he hears a rush,
And antlers dart from sight.

The moonlight fades — dawn struggles gray,
Tree-tops in golden light are gloss'd,
A robin whistles — soon his lay
In myriad chorus-strains is lost:
The damp wind's breath of sassafras
Lifts to the boughs — stoops to the grass —
All things are fair and gay —
Night, with her sights and sounds, is flown,
And with attendants of his own
Bright smiles the summer day.

Jesse Talbot

Rockland Lake

ROCKLAND LAKE.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Around thee mountains forest-crowned and green
Majestic rise,
Above, like love's triumphal arch, are seen
The quiet skies.

How sweet to watch the sunset o'er thee weave
Celestial hues,
And mark the rosy glow of morn and eve
Thy face suffuse.

How spread thy waters like a crystal sea
When breezes die,
And in their lucent depths cloud, hill, and tree,
Reflected lie.

How loves the moon a silver path to trace
Athwart thy breast,
Or see repose in thy pellucid vase
Her virgin crest.

Then ripples play and drooping leaves awake
Her light to greet,
While their soft murmurs on the silence break
Like fairy feet.

And from the shade of some o'er-hanging cliff,
Or islet green,
Starts forth with gentle plash the lover's skiff,
To bless the scene.

Rare flowers hang their bright and fragrant urns
Around thy brink,
And the glad deer from leafy covert turns
Thy wave to drink.

The wild-birds woo thee as they coyly sweep
With downward flight,
Or cradled on thy bosom sink to sleep,
In mute delight.

Would'st thou know peace that lore can ne'er reveal?
Bend o'er the tide,
And to thy heart its tranquil clearness feel
Serenely glide.

TEACHINGS OF AUTUMN.

BY F. W. P. GREENWOOD.

The feelings excited by the autumnal season are unvaried, but they are so true, so deep, so near to the fountains of our life, that they are always fresh, always powerful. Time after time we may go into the autumnal woods, and, while the yellow leaves fall slowly down, and touch the earth with a sound so soft that it is almost silence, the self-same thoughts shall be suggested to us, and yet without appearing hackneyed or old. They shall be as affecting the last time as the first. They shall even, like the words of fine poetry, or of ancient prayer, endear themselves by repetition. Are they not poetry; are they not prayer? When nature and the heart converse together, they converse, like old friends, on familiar and domestic things, on truths which cannot lose their interest — the common but eternal truths of mortality. So complete is the system which runs through the visible universe, that there are evident analogies and sympathies between our mortal condition, and the condition of all outward things. These analogies and sympathies are the same in every age. They are observed, felt, uttered, at all times. The utterance of them is transmitted from mouth to mouth. They often arise to the same heart and the same lips; — but man cannot weary of the final truths of his mortal condition. They are his poetry — his prayer; — his poetry, while

they rest in the present world; and his prayer, when they are united with the future, and with God.

And what are the suggestions of autumn? What do we think, and what do we say, when we behold the leaves falling, the grass withering, and the flower fading? The peasant, as he pauses in his toil; the cottage dame, as she sits at her door; the man of business, when he quits the paved and crowded streets; the young as well as the old; aye, and the giddy and gay as well as the serious, all express essentially the same sentiment which poets express, and which the prophet proclaimed, and the apostle repeated long centuries ago. "All flesh is grass," says the prophet, "and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." "For all flesh is as grass," repeats the apostle, "and all the glory of man as the flower of grass." That is the moral which never tires. That is the feeling which is as old as the time when the first leaf fell dry and shrivelled at the feet of the first man, and as recent as the present season of decadence and death. The conviction that all the goodliness of man's mortal frame, that all the glory of man's earthly prospects, hopes and plans, is the beauty of withering grass, and the array of perishing flowers, is borne to all hearts by the sighing winds of autumn. Oh bond unbroken between nature's frailest children and ourselves! who is not conscious of its reality and its force? Oh primitive brotherhood between herbs and blossoms and the sons of men; between the green things which spring up and then wither, and the bright things which unfold and then fade, between these, and countenances which bloom and then change, eyes which sparkle and then are quenched, breathing and

blessed forms which appear in loveliness and then are gone! who does not acknowledge its claims of kindred? "Surely the people is grass;"—surely there is no more stability in the strongest of mankind, than in "the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven."

Go into the fields and woods, when "the wind of the Lord" has blown upon them; when the blasts and the frosts of autumn have been dealing with them. A change has passed over everything, from the loftiest and broadest tree of the forest down to the little wild plants at its roots. Winged seeds are borne about by the fitful gusts. Leaves descend in dark showers. Dry and bare stems and stalks hoarsely rattle against each other, the skeletons of what they were. You cannot raise your eyes, but you look upon the dying; you cannot move, but you step upon the dead. Leaves and flowers are returning to the dust;—can you forbear thinking, that in this universal destiny they are like yourself? Dust *thou* art, and unto dust thou shalt return. Can you forbear thinking that the successive generations of men, like the successive generations of leaves and flowers, have been cut off by the death-frost, and mingled with common earth? And are not individual names whispered to your memory by the dying fragrance, and the rustling sounds,—names of those who flourished, faded, and fell in your sight? Perhaps you think of the fair infant, who, like the last tender leaf put forth by a plant, was not spared for its tenderness, but compelled to drop like the rest. Perhaps your thoughts dwell on the young man, who, full of vigor and hope, verdant in fresh affections, generous purposes,

and high promise, and bearing to you some name which means more to the heart than to the ear, friend, brother, son, husband, — was chilled in a night, and fell from the tree of life. Or perhaps there rises up before you the form of the maiden, delicate as the flower, and as fragile also, who was breathed upon by that mysterious wind, lost the hues of health, and, though nursed and watched with unremitting care, could not be preserved, but faded away. You are not alone in the brown woods, though no living being is near you. Thin and dim shades come round you — stand with you among the withered grass — walk with you in the leaf-strewn path. Forms of the loved, shades of the lost, mind-created images of those who have taken their place with the leaves and flowers of the past summer — they speak not, they make no sound, — but how surely do they bear witness to the words of the apostle and the prophet, till you hear their burden in every breeze — the spontaneous dirge of nature. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth," is the annually repeated strain from the fields and woods, and man's heart replies, "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." The listening Psalmist heard the same theme and the same response, and he too has repeated and recorded them. "As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more."

But does the psalmist, or the prophet, or the apostle, stop at these melancholy words, and close his lips after the utterance of such plaintive tones? Neither of them does so. How could inspired and faithful men, servants

of God, proclaimers of truth and religion, stop at the boundary of decay? They pass immediately from the truth of death, to the truth of life. "But the word of our God," says the prophet, "shall stand forever."—"But the word of the Lord," says the apostle, "endureth forever."—"But the mercy of the Lord," sings the royal bard, "is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him." Happy will it be for us, if, while we feelingly perceive the transitoriness of nature and of man's mortal state, we acknowledge the steadfastness of God's word, and the everlasting mercy of his providence. That which passes away should speak to us of that which remains. The constant rotation of decay is an intimation of the Being who ever lives to superintend it; whose throne decay cannot harm, because decay itself is his ministering servant. The certainty of death reveals an eternal word which commands death, and which both killeth and maketh alive. Let that word be our trust, even when we look on the withering grass, and think of the perishing children of men. Let it be our trust, as it was the trust of those "holy men of God, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;" and as it always is the trust of those who behold the operations of that same Spirit in all the signs of the universe, and feel its promptings in all the nobler aspirations within them. If we cannot trust in verdure, freshness, beauty, which soon languish and fail, in goodliness and glory which fade and pass away, let us trust in the word which ordains their vanishing and departure, for that word is above them, and must endure. If the soul has any trust—and O how it wrongs its nature and neglects its endowments, when it has no

trust — it must place that trust in something which abides. What is abiding, but the word of God? "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand forever."

The very grass itself as it withers, and the flower as it fades, seem to express such a trust, in their humble manner, and to inculcate it on their withering and fading human brethren. How quietly the grass withers! How submissively the flower bows its head on its stalk; how sweetly it exhales its last odors; how peacefully it fades! — Nature dies gently. — Listen! Do you hear any discordance in her parting sighs? They are all harmonious; — as musical, though with a different character, as the melodies of spring. You may be affected with sadness as you listen, but it is a sadness which soothes and softens, not disturbs and terrifies. I can sympathise with the man who relieves his full heart by weeping amidst the autumnal emblems of human dissolution; but I must only wonder at him if he weeps tears of anguish or despair. I could not weep so, surrounded by such mild and uncomplaining monitors. I perceive that the honors of the forest are resigned without a struggle. Wherever I turn, all is acquiescence. There is no questioning the will of Heaven. There are no cries when the leaves part from their stems, and sink to the ground. How can I do violence to the spirit of submission and trust which is diffused about me? It rebukes my misgivings, if I have indulged any; it silences my repinings, if unthinkingly I have uttered any; it steals into and hushes my heart. Why should we not receive the lessons which nature is, even though unconsciously, teaching us? Why should we break the general peace?

Let us trust in the word of God, though it sends forth the decree, "Return, ye children of men!" Frail, fading, perishing,—what are we without trust? The support of the soul is trust in God, trust in the eternal, undecaying word of God.

And in nature's decline at this season, it may be observed further, there is not only the expression of quiet submission, but of hope and joy—such joy as they should feel, who, though in extremity, know that the word of the Lord endureth forever. There are no richer hues than those of autumn. Though the leaves wither, shrivel, and turn to darkness and dust, they wear their brightest colors just before they die. The trees are not clothed in mourning, but in triumphal robes; in scarlet and gold, like kings. Do they not prefigure the deep and solemn joy which may invest and imbue the soul, the trusting soul, in the prospect of the last change? The trees cannot anticipate the new dress which they shall put on, when the warm influences of spring return the sap into their branches; but man may contemplate the season when "mortality shall be swallowed up of life;" the season not only of restoration, as to nature, but of inconceivable addition; the time when a new earth shall be under him, and new heavens over him, and glories of which he cannot now form any distinct conception, shall clothe the spirits of the redeemed.

"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand forever." And let me ask whether it is not that very withering of the grass and fading of the flower, which most effectually bring us to rest on the word of God? The conviction of frailty which is thus impressed upon the heart, obliges it to

inquire for that which is durable and unchangeable, and to seek for its security where alone it is to be found. While the green and glossy leaves stand thickly on the trees, we walk beneath them in shadow, and only see the earth, and the things which grow out of it;—but when the leaves begin to fall, the light comes in, the view is opened upward, and we behold the ever blue and vaulted sky. The goodliness of man and his glory, are they not likewise apt to conceal the goodliness and glory which are above, infinitely above them? When they fade and are shaken down, a new radiance visits our eye, the sunbeams shine in by day and the moonbeams and starbeams by night, and heaven is revealed to the soul, which looks up, watches, and adores.

BLOODY BROOK.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

—

"September 18th, 1674, Capt. Lathrop, with a number of teams and eighty young men, the flower of Essex county, went to bring a quantity of grain from Deerfield; on their return they stopped to gather grapes at the place afterwards known as Bloody Brook. They were assailed by a body of Indians, amounting to seven or eight hundred, who were lying in wait for their approach. Seventy of their number were slain and afterwards buried in one grave: never had the country seen such a bloody hour. It is said that there was scarcely a family in Essex which did not feel the blow."

—

By Bloody Brook, at break of day,
When glanced the morn on scene more fair!
Rich pearl-dew on the greensward lay,
And many a bright flower flourish'd there:
The holy forest, all around,
Was hush as summer's sabbath noon,
And through its arches breath'd no sound
But Bloody Brook's low bubbling tune.

And rich with every gallant hue
The old trees stretch their leafy arms,
And o'er them all the morning threw
A tenderer glow of blushing charms;
And varying gold and softest green,
And crimson like the summer rose,
And deeper, through the foliage screen,
The mellow purple lives and glows.

By night, alas, that fearful night!
How sinks my heart the tale to tell!
All, all was gone, that morning light
Saw blooming there so passing well:
Those cluster'd flowers, o'er all their pride
A thousand furious steps had trod,
And many a brave heart's ebbing tide
For pearly dew-drops stained the sod.

But hark! that sound you scarce may hear,
Amidst the dry leaves scatter'd there,—
Is it the wild-wolf's step of fear?
Or fell snake, stealing to his lair?
Ah me, it is the wild-wolf's heart,
With more than wolfish vengeance warm,—
Ah me, it is the serpent's art
Incarnate in the human form!

And now 'tis still! No sound to wake
The primal forest's awful shade,—
And breathless lies the covert brake,
Where many an ambush'd form is laid:
I see the red-man's gleaming eye,—
Yet all so hush'd the gloom profound,
The summer birds flit heedless by,
And mocking nature smiles around.

Yet hark, again! a merry note
Comes pealing up the quiet stream;
And nearer still the echoes float,—
The rolling drum,—the fife's loud scream!
Yet careless was their march, the while,—
They deem no danger hovering near,

And oft the weary way beguile
With sportive laugh and friendly jeer.

Pride of their wild, romantic land,
In the first flush of manhood's day,
It was a bright and gallant band,
Which trod that morn the venturous way.
Long was the toilsome march, — and now
They pause along the shelter'd tide,
And pluck from many a cluster'd bough
The wild-fruits by the pathway side.

How gay! Alas, that direful yell!
So loud, — so wild, — so shrill, — so clear, —
As if the very fiends of Hell,
Burst from the wild-wood depths, were here!
The flame, — the shot, — the deadly gasp, —
The shout, — the shriek, — the panting breath, —
The struggle of that fearful clasp,
When man meets man for life or death!

All, all were here! No manlier forms
Than theirs, the young, the brave, the fair, —
No bolder hearts life's current warms
Than those that poured it nobly there!
In the dim forest's deep recess,
From hope, from friends, from succour far,
Fresh from home's smile and dear caress,
They stood to dare the unequal war!

Ah, gallant few! No generous foe
Had met you by that crimson'd tide;

Vain even despair's resistless blow,—
As brave men do and die,—they died!
Yet not in vain,—a cry, that shook
The inmost forest's desert glooms,
Swelled o'er their graves, until it broke
In storm around the red-man's homes!

But beating hearts, far, far away,
Broke, at their story's fearful truth,—
And maidens sweet, for many a day,
Wept o'er the vanish'd dreams of youth:
By the blue distant ocean-tide,
Wept, years, long years, to hear them tell,
How by the forest's lonely side
The FLOWER OF ESSEX fell!

And that sweet nameless stream, whose flood,
Grew dark with battle's ruddy stain,
Threw off the tinge of murder's blood
And flowed as bright and pure again:
But that wild day,—its hour of fame,—
Stamped deep its history's crimson tears,
'Till BLOODY BROOK became a name
To stir the hearts of after years!

THE YANKEE GIRL.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

EVERY land has its own "beau ideal" of woman, and its own ladies have been bepraised in certain good set terms, with which everybody the least read in polite literature is perfectly acquainted. Who has not heard of the noble bearing, the beauty and domestic virtue of the dames of England? Of the sprightliness, grace and fascination of the ladies of France? How have the light footstep of Spain, the melting eye of Italy been said and sung. And to this florist's feast of nations, may not the plain old farmer, New England, come, spade in hand, and bring the flower of his own land? Let the English lady be enthroned as the lily,—the French, the ever bright and varying tulip,—the Spanish and Italian, the full moss rose: the richest and most voluptuous of flowers. The Yankee girl is the rose laurel, whose blossoms no garden flower ever excelled in rosy delicacy and gracefulness of form, but whose root asks neither garden-bed nor gardener's care, but will take for itself strong hold where there is a handful of earth in the cleft of a rock, whose polished leaf shakes green and cheerful over the snows of the keenest winter. In her you shall find the union of womanly delicacy and refinement with manly energy and decision, womanly ingenuity and versatility in contrivance, with manly promptness and efficiency in execution.

While some ladies found their claim to interest on a delicate ignorance and inability as to all the practical parts of life, the only fear of the New England girl is that there should be anything that woman ever did, which she cannot do, and has not done a little better than ever it was done before. Born of frugal parents, who, with any other habits would be poor, she learns early to make energy and ingenuity supply the place of wealth. Born in a land where all are equal, no princess could surpass her in the feeling of self-respect. Born where the universal impulse of all is to rise, there is nothing in the way of knowledge and accomplishment, which she does not hope some day to acquire, and even without any advantages of culture, womanly tact, quickness of mind, and lady-like self-possession, add the charm of grace to her beauty. Now if you wish to find this lady of our fancy you must not look for her in our cities, where all the young ladies speak French, play on the piano, and are taught to be as much like one another as their bonnets. If you wish to investigate the flowers of a country, you do not look for them under the shade of damask curtains, in the windows of drawing rooms, but seek them, as they grow free and individual at the roots of old mossy trees, and in the clefts of overhanging ledges of rocks, or forming eye-lashes to the thousand bright eyes of merry brooks. So if you would see this Yankee girl as she is, take a flight up with us, — up — up — not to the skies, but to the north of New Hampshire. Alight with us now in this cosy little nook, where the retiring mountains have left space for cultivation, and hard hands have been found to improve it. There, on the green breasted turf, have been dropped

some dozen or so of dwellings, a meeting house, and a school house, all in very nondescript and unutterable styles of architecture. There, in that village which never was roused by the rattle and tramp of the mail coach, whose only road has a green ribband of turf in the middle, with a little turfy line on each side, you will perhaps find what I speak of. How still and sabbath-like seems the place to-day — does anybody live here? There is nobody to be seen in the streets — nothing stirring but the leaves of the dense heavy sugar maples, that shade the old brown houses, and the blue flies and humble bees which are buzzing about, with great pretension to business, in the clover fields. But stay! there are signs of life; else why the rows of shining milk pans, — and hark! by the loud drawl from the open windows of yonder school house, you perceive there is a rising generation in the land. Come with us, where a large, motherly, old-fashioned house seems to have sat down to cool itself on that velvet slope of turf, while the broad masses of the maples and the superb arches of the elms, form an array of foliage about it, truly regal. That house is the palace royal of one of the sovereign people of New Hampshire, to wit, Jonathan Parsons. Jonathan is a great man, and rich in the land, a wise man, and a man of valor, moreover. He is great, politically, for he keeps the post office. He is rich too, for he is the undisputed possessor of all that he wants. He is wise, for he knows a little more than anybody about him, and as to his valor, it is self-evident from the fact that he has been promoted with unparalleled rapidity to be Captain, Colonel, and finally General Parsons. Accordingly he is commonly recognized by

his martial title, "the General." He is a hale, upright, cheerful man of fifty or thereabouts, with a bluff, ruddy face, and a voice as cheerful and ringing as a sleigh-bell. He turns his hand to more kinds of business than any one in the village, and, what is uncommon, thrives in all. He keeps the post office, and therewith also a small assortment of groceries, thread, tape, darning needles, tin pans, and axe-heads, and the usual miscellaneous stock of a country store. He has a thriving farm, — possesses legal knowledge enough to draw deeds and contracts, and conduct all the simple law business of his neighbourhood, and besides this, he attends, in a general way, not only to the government of the United States, but of all the countries in the world; for Jonathan takes a weekly newspaper from Boston, and makes up his mind once as to all matters and things the world around, and his convictions, doubts and opinions on these points, are duly expounded to his townsmen, while he is weighing out sugar or tea, or delivering letters in the course of the week. It is a pity that the President of the United States or the crowned heads of Europe never send to Jonathan for his opinion, — for they would always find it snugly made up and ready for instant delivery. We have only to say in addition, that besides the patriarchal wealth of flocks and herds, Jonathan has a patriarchal complement of sons and daughters, among whom we shall only mention the eldest, whom we introduce by the ever verdant name of Mary. The village had called her mother a beauty before her, and Mary has borne that name ever since she shook the golden curls of careless childhood. Yet it is not the impression of mere physical beauty that she produces upon you: there is

both intelligence and energy in the deep violet of her eye, and decision as well as sweetness in the outline of her beautiful mouth. Her form, naturally slender, is developed by constant and healthful exercise, and displays in every motion the elastic grace of her own mountain sweet-brier. And, more than all this, there is a certain cool, easy air, a freedom and nobility of manner, a good taste in speaking and acting, that give to her, though untaught in the ways of the world, that charm beyond beauty, which is woman's most graceful gift. For this instinctive sense of what really is due to one's self and others — this perception of times, places and proprieties, which forms the highest attraction of the lady, though it may be wrought out by laborious drilling, and the tutelage of etiquette, is often the free gift of nature, poured on the fair head of some one who has never trod a carpet, seen a piano, or taken one step in the labyrinth of artificial life.

Mary's amount of accomplishments, so called, was small, — including not a word of French, and no more music than was comprised in the sweetest of natural voices, taught in the common evening singing school of the village. But as a daughter and sister and housewife, her accomplishments were innumerable. Enter the cool, quiet house, not a room of which boasts a carpet, but whose snowy floors need no such concealment. The chief of all that is done in the house, in providing, making, mending, cleaning, and keeping in order, is by the single hands of Mary and her mother. We know this may lead the minds of some of our readers to very prosaic particulars. We have heard a deal of heroines playing on the harp and so forth, but who ever heard

of a heroine washing or ironing? The most that has ever been accomplished in these respects, was by the lovely Charlotte of Goethe, whom he introduces to us cutting bread and butter for her little brothers and sisters. We can assure all our fair readers who are inclined to be fastidious on the point, however, that had they lived under the roof of Jonathan Parsons, they could scarcely have been scandalized by any disagreeable particulars. Even at the wash bench, our heroine, in her neat, close fitting calico, never looked so little like a lady as some fair ones we have seen in curl papers and morning gowns, before they were made up for company; and moreover, much that seems so laborious would be over with and out of sight, long before they are in the habit of having their eyes open in the morning. Many days they would find our heroine in possession of leisure to draw, read, write, sew or work muslin, quite equal to their own. They would see that by ingenuity and that quick observation in which pretty women are seldom lacking, she could fashion her attire so as not to be far from the rules of good usage; and that, though her knowledge from books was limited, her mind was active and full of thought, and as ready to flash at the entrance of knowledge, as a diamond at the entrance of light.

You are not to suppose that a lady of such accomplishments, natural and acquired, a lady of rank and station, moreover, passed to her seventeenth year unwooed. So far from it, there was scarcely a personable article in the way of a beau, who had not first or last tried a hand in this matter. There were two dilapidated old bachelors, one disconsolate widower, half a dozen school masters, one doctor and one lawyer, already numbered

among the killed and wounded, and still Miss Mary carried her head with that civil, modest, "what-do-I-care-for-you" air, that indicated that her heart remained entirely untouched — and all the wonder was, whom would she marry?

It came to pass, one bright summer afternoon, that as two young gentlemen, strangers in the village, were riding by the house of Jonathan Parsons, the sudden explosion of a gun caused the horse of one of them to start, and throw his rider, who, falling against a post in front of the door, was very seriously injured. The consequence of all this was, that the two very good looking young gentlemen were detained at the house for some two or three weeks. They were from Canada, and had come down into New Hampshire on a summer shooting and exploring expedition. The younger of them was the young Earl of Beresford, and the gentleman with him, a Mr. Vincent, his travelling companion, to whom happened the unlucky accident. He was so seriously hurt as to be confined entirely to his bed, and my young lord being thus suddenly thrown out of business, and into a dismally calm, roomy, clean, uninteresting old house, with no amusement but to tend a sick friend, and no reading but Scott's Family Bible and the Almanac, thought himself in very deplorable circumstances, until he caught a glimpse of the elegant form and face of Mary, which suddenly roused him from his apathy. Now when one is treading carpeted floors, lounging on damask sofas, and smelling cologne water, a pretty girl is very much a matter of course, unless her beauty be of a peculiarly rare and striking character. But where there are no curtains, no pictures, no carpets,

and nothing more luxurious than a very high backed, perpendicular rocking chair, a pretty girl becomes an angel forthwith, and such was the case at present. The young earl really thought, all things considered, that he would do our fair Yankee the honor to institute a flirtation with her — so at least said his manner, when he made his first advances. He was repulsed, however, with a cool and determined indifference, which seemed to him quite unaccountable. We could have told the young gentleman the reason. It was not that Mary had not a woman's love of admiration, when honestly and sincerely offered, but there was something in the gallantry of Beresford altogether too taking-for-granted and condescending. She could perceive from his travelling equipments, his general air and manner, that he had alighted among them from quite another orb of society than any of which she had ever conceived, and there was a something indefinite even in his politeness, that told her that he looked down both on her and her parents as beings of a vastly inferior order, — and the thought roused all the woman's pride within her. No princess of the blood could have been more stately, self-possessed and politely determined to keep one at a distance, than our village beauty.

The Earl of Beresford was a mere man of fashion, with no more than a barely comfortable degree of reflection and feeling. Entirely incapable of estimating the real worth of Mary's character, and valuing her merely by the rules of conventional life, he was still struck, by the quiet determination of her manner, into something like respect. Our gentleman, however, had been thoroughly accustomed to have his own way, and as is usual with such

persons, the thing he could not attain assumed in his eyes a sovereign value. He, moreover, piqued himself particularly on his success with women, and was not disposed to yield his laurels in an obscure country village. Consequently, the more Mary receded, the more eagerly he advanced, — the less she seemed disposed to value his attentions, the more obsequious they became, till at length my young lord grew so excited, that he determined on the magnanimous expedient of declaring his name and rank and making love in regular form, rather than lose the game.

"Vincent! — " said Beresford to his friend, one evening, after walking up and down the room several times, adjusting his collar and brushing up his whiskers, like a man that is getting ready to say something.

"Well, Beresford, out with it," said Vincent.

"Vincent, I have come to a very serious determination."

"I should think you might have," said Vincent, laughing. "We have been in serious circumstances lately."

"Nay, but without joking — "

"Well, without joking, then."

"I have determined to be married."

"For the two hundred and fortieth time," replied Vincent.

"Vincent, do be serious."

"Serious! have I not been dolefully serious, ever since I came head first into this philosophic retreat? — However, Will, proceed to particulars, for any news is better than no news."

"Well, then, Vincent, I am determined to marry this lovely little hostess of ours."

"Not old Mrs. Parsons, I presume," said Vincent, laughing, "there would be little eclat in an elopement with her."

Beresford grew angry, but as Vincent still continued to laugh, was at last obliged to join, though with a very poor grace.

"Now, Vincent," he resumed, "you may spare both your wit and your wisdom, for my determination is unalterable: — you know, of course, I mean the lovely Mary."

"Pshaw!" said Vincent, growing serious in his turn. "Now, Beresford, is not this just like you? Because you are here, in a stupid place, and in want of amusement, must you set yourself to ruin the peace of an honest, artless country girl: — it 's too bad, — I m ashamed of you."

"Ashamed! too bad! what do you mean? Did I not tell you that I am going to marry her?"

"And do I not know you will do no such thing!" replied Vincent, — "did you ever see a handsome woman, of honorable principles, that you have not had a six-weeks' vow of marrying?"

"But, Vincent — "

"But, Beresford," interrupted Vincent, "do you not know well enough, that all your vows and promises will wear only till you get to Quebec — and after the first ball then comes the old story, — unavoidable alteration — cruel necessity must prevent, and so forth, — and so the poor girl who has been the dupe of your good looks and

fair speeches, is forgotten. Now, Beresford, you know all this as well as I do."

"But, Vincent, you do not understand the case."

"So you have told me regularly in every flirtation since you have been in the country. Come, now, Will, for once be advised, and let this affair alone. Besides, think of the absurdity of the thing, — introducing a wife whom you have picked up, like a partridge, on a shooting tour — nobody knows when or where."

"Oh, as to that," replied Beresford, "I can take her to Quebec and put her into a convent, to acquire accomplishments. She has an air and manner worthy of a countess, now — and then one can make up some little romance as to her parentage, — at all events, marriage is the only terms on which she can be gained, so marry her I will."

"And have you gained her consent, and that of her parents, to this wise scheme?"

"Her consent!" said Beresford, — "of course, she will consent, though I have not yet opened the subject with her."

"And pray how do you know that?"

"How do I know! why, I shall tell her who I am, and plead the cause officially, you see, — and, with all deference to the élite of this region, such offers do not occur every day, — she must see this, of course."

"Well," replied Vincent, "I have seen little of her, to be sure, but from the sobriety of mind and good sense that seem to characterize the family, I have some hopes that you will not succeed."

"That 's past praying for, I fear," said Beresford, "if I may judge from certain little indications, and so forth," —

and Beresford turned on his heel and whistled himself out of the room, with a very contented and assured appearance.

His confident expectations had arisen simply from the fact that our heroine, from the joint influence of acquaintanceship and natural good humour, had grown, of late, much more approachable; besides which, for a few days past a more marked change of manner had supervened: — Mary had become absent, occasionally melancholy and more than usually excitable, — her color was varying, her eye restless, and there was a nervous tremor of manner, entirely different from any thing she had ever before exhibited. The truth was, that she was wholly engrossed by certain little perplexities and sorrows of her own; but, as Beresford knew nothing of the kind, he formed for himself a very natural and satisfactory theory, as to the cause of her altered manner.

Accordingly, at the close of a still afternoon, when Mary's mother and sisters were absent, Beresford stole suddenly upon her, as she was sitting by an open window curtained by green vines. He commenced his enterprise by a series of complimentary remarks, in just that assumed, comfortable way, that is inexpressibly vexatious to an inexperienced and sensitive woman — a manner that seems to say, "I understand all about you, and can manage you to admiration." Mary felt annoyed, yet conscious of her own inability to meet, on his own ground, the practised and ready man of the world, who addressed her.

"Mr. Beresford," she said at length, after some silence, "I presume that all this is very fine in its way, but I beg you will not waste it upon me, — I really have not the cultivation to appreciate it."

Beresford protested that he was entirely and devoutly serious in every word.

"I am very sorry for it, if you are," said Mary, smiling.

Beresford proceeded to reveal his name and title, and to make an offer in regular form.

With some surprise, but with great simplicity and decision, our heroine declined the proposal.

Beresford pleaded the advantages of station he had to offer, his own disinterestedness, and so forth.

"Indeed, Mr. Beresford," replied Mary, "I do not know enough about these things to feel in the least honored or tempted by them. It may, very possibly, seem to you that you do me a great honor by this proposal, but I have no such feeling. You are accustomed to such a different kind of society, such a different manner of estimating things, from any thing I have ever known, that I cannot very well understand your feelings. If I ever marry, it will be one who can fully appreciate the affection I give, for its own sake, and not one who will always look upon me as a sort of ornamental appendage to his station, and so forth."

"Some Yankee pedler or tinker, perhaps," replied Beresford, angrily.

"Very possibly," replied Mary, calmly, "and yet he may be more truly noble, than the only earl I ever had the honor of knowing," — and our heroine left the room.

"Handsomely done, that!" said the earl, walking up and down the room — "'pon my word, a dutchess could not have executed the thing better. I was a fool for being angry with her, for, after all, it would have been awkward if she had consented," — and the earl, who

never in his life troubled himself five minutes about any thing, made up his mind to pass off the whole as a good joke; and in less than three weeks from this time, he was desperately in love with a captivating little opera dancer at Quebec.

And yet on the evening of that very day, you might have caught glimpses of the white dress of Mary, as she stood beneath the old vine arbour, in the garden, alone with one other, listening to the oft told tale again. But this time one might perhaps see that she listens with no unwilling ear, while a manly hand clasps hers, and words of passionate feeling are poured forth.

"I must go, Mary — brightest, dearest, loveliest, — with such a form and face, such a soul, what might you not demand in one that dared hope for you, and I have nothing to offer — nothing."

"And do you think that I count a heart and soul like yours for nothing?" said Mary.

"Yes, but there is so long an uncertainty before me — so much to be done single-handed, and not a soul thinks I shall succeed — not a soul — not even my own mother."

"Yes, George, you know *I* do," said Mary, "and you know what I say is worth more than all put together."

"Indeed I do — indeed I do, — or I should have given up in despair long ago, my life, my angel."

"To be sure I am an angel," said Mary, "and so I beg of you, believe every word I say, — that six or seven years from this time, you will come back here the great Mr. George Evarts, and everybody will be making bows and shaking hands."

"Ah, Mary!" said the young man, smiling, — and immediately after his face changed; an anxious and

thoughtful cloud again seemed to settle upon it, — he took her hand and spoke with an expression of sorrow, such as she had never before seen.

"Mary, I fear I have done you wrong, to involve you in my uncertainties — to make your happiness in any respect dependent on my doubtful success in a long, hard struggle. I ought not to leave you bound to me by any promise. If, during these future years, you see one who makes you an immediate offer of heart and hand — one worthy of you — and you think that if it were not for me — "

"I am to take him, of course," said Mary. "Well, I will remember it. Oh, George, this is just like you, — always desponding, when you hope most. Come back to me five or ten years hence, and if you have any advice of the kind to give then — why, I'll think of it."

But what was said after this we will not stop to relate; we will only pause a little in our story, to explain the "who and what" of the last scene.

There dwelt in the village, a poor, pale, sickly, desponding widow, whose husband had been a carpenter, but being suddenly killed by a fall, had left to his wife no other treasure than a small house and garden, and as bright and vigorous a shoot of boyhood as ever grew up, fair and flourishing by an old, decaying stock. Little George was a manly, daring, resolute fellow, with a heart running over with affection and protecting zeal for his mother, and for a while he hoed in the garden, drove the cow, milked, and helped in various matters in-doors, with an energy and propriety that caused him to be held up as a pattern in the neighbourhood. But when the days drew on that he should be put to some effective

way of making a living, the various wise advisers of his mother began to shake their heads, — for with a deal of general ability he seemed to have no elective affinity for any thing in particular.

There was a good natured shoemaker, who offered fully to teach him the mysteries of his craft, and his mother looked upon it as a providential opening, and George was persuaded to essay upon the lapstone; but it would not do. Then Jonathan Parsons, being a neighbourly, advising man, thought he knew what was best for the boy, and offered to take him on his farm and make something of him; and so George wielded spade and hoe and axe, and a very capable young farmer he promised to be; but after a while he declared off from this also. In short, he seemed in the eyes of many to be in danger of falling into that very melancholy class of instances of clever people, who, in common phrase, "do n't seem to stick to any thing."

But the gossips of the place were for once mistaken, for there was that which George did stick to, after all. He had in his veins that instinctive something or other, which leads one to feel after and find what he is made for. George had come across various odd volumes of books — history, travels, biography, — and these had awakened in his mind a burning desire to do or be something in the world — something, he scarce knew what, and so he determined he would go to college. And what a sighing and wondering there was from his old mother, and what talking and amazement among the village worthies. Jonathan Parsons gave the young man a faithful and fatherly lecture, from the top of a codfish barrel, on the subject of tempting Providence,

and other kindred topics, enforcing his remarks by alluding to the example of Jack Simpson, a poor nondescript, who was generally reported to have lost his wits in the attempt to study Latin, as a most forcible illustration of his argument. Poor George had but one friend to encourage him amid all this opposition, and that was our warm-hearted and trusting Mary. He had become acquainted with her during his stay at her father's, and she had entered warmly into all his plans, and encouraged his scheme with all a girl's confident, undoubting enthusiasm. They had never, until the evening interview we relate, settled any definite expectations for the future, for both knew that it was not a subject to be mentioned to Jonathan Parsons, who would set it down as a clear indication of lunacy on the part of Mary, and of something worse upon that of the gentleman.

We will not tell of the year-long efforts that had been made by our hero, up to the date of his last interview — of the ragged Latin Grammar studied by firelight at his mother's hearth — the Euclid pored over during the long hours of the night, while he was tending a saw-mill for a neighbouring farmer. Suffice it to say, that alone and unassisted, he had now conquered the preparatory studies necessary to fit him for college, and had earned, beside, a small stock of money. This, his little all, he laid out in a pedler's box and the necessary outfit for it, and after bidding adieu to Mary, and promising his mother to send her a portion of all his earnings, he left his native village with the determination never to return, till he had fulfilled the destiny he appointed for himself.

Six years from this time, and Mary was a beautiful woman of three-and-twenty, and not only beautiful, but educated and accomplished; for her own efforts had procured for her advantages of culture superior to what it is the lot of many to attain. George returned to his native village, a newly admitted lawyer, with the offer of a partnership in a very extensive business in Boston. Of course, everybody in the village altered their minds about him directly. His old mother laughed and almost blushed when complimented on her son, and said that somehow George always did seem to have it in him, and his neighbours, one and all, remembered how they had prophesied that George would be a remarkable man. As to Jonathan Parsons, he shook hands with him in extra style, invited him to drop in and see him any time, and even inquired his opinion as to one or two measures of Congress, about which he professed he had not yet made up his mind; and Mary ——— ah, well! Mr. George and Miss Mary had a deal of business by themselves in the little front room, from which came in time as gay a wedding as ever made an old house ring with merriment; and then they took a house in Boston, and Mr. George Evarts began to make a figure in the papers, as a leading young man in the political world, which made Jonathan Parsons a more zealous reader of them than ever; for, as he often took occasion to remark, "he felt that he had some hand in forming that young man's mind."

Many years after this, the Earl of Beresford and our heroine again met at a court drawing room in his own land, and to her, as the wife of the American Minister,

his Lordship was formally presented. He was now a regular married man, somewhat gouty, and exceedingly fastidious in the matter of women, as his long experience on these subjects had entitled him to be. He was struck, however, with the noble simplicity of Mary's manners, and with a beauty which, though altered in style, time had done little to efface; nor did he know, till the evening was over, that he had been in close attendance on the little village beauty of New Hampshire and the wife of a Yankee Pedler.

CLASSIC MELODIES.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

—

[I have attempted, below, a series of imitations of four of the leading classes of ancient measures, namely, the Dactylic (Elegiac,) Iambic, (including the Anacreontic,) Anapestic, and Trochaic. The first I have adapted, after the manner of Tyrtæus, to the Patriotic Elegy; the Iambic proper, to a subject, not unsuited to its tragic character; the Anacreontic, to its not inappropriate purpose, as a Dithyrambic. The Anapestic has the proper movement of a march; in the longer lines, that of a dead march; in the shorter, that of an onset. The Trocahic I have adapted to the sentimental; in the longer lines, to the more tender and pathetic; in the shorter, to the lighter and more exhilarant. Here, too, in lines of equal length, at least in the shorter, the character varies, as the measure is complete or incomplete, (Acatalectic, or Catalectic;) in the former case, the movement being more gentle; in the latter, more spirited. I have aimed at classical imagery and sentiment, in all these pieces, except the first Trochaic, the character of which is rather modern; but such is the dominant influence of the Subjective, in modern poetry, that I am conscious I have not attained, as well as I could wish, to the purer Objective of the ancients.]

—

ELEGIAC.

O! IT is great for our country to die, where ranks are contending:
Bright is the wreath of our fame; Glory awaits us for aye—
Glory, that never is dim, shining on with a light never ending—
Glory that never shall fade, never, O! never away.

O! it is sweet for our country to die — how softly reposes
Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the tears of his love,
Wet by a mother's warm tears; they crown him with garlands of roses,
Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he triumphs above.

Not to the shades shall the youth descend, who for country hath perished:
Hebe awaits him in Heaven, welcomes him there with her smile;
There, at the banquet divine, the patriot spirit is cherished;
Gods love the young, who ascend pure from the funeral pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious river;
Not to the isles of the blest, over the blue rolling sea;
But on Olympian heights, shall dwell the devoted forever;
There shall assemble the good, there the wise, valiant and free.

O! then how great for our country to die, in the front rank to perish,
Firm with our breast to the foe, Victory's shout in our ear:
Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our memory cherish;
We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased the sweet music to hear.

IAMBIC.

My heart is sad, my hope is gone, my light has fled;
I sit and mourn, in silent grief, the lingering day:
Ah! never more he comes, my love; among the dead,
O! far, O! far, his fleeting shade has flown away.
Far o'er the dark and dismal wave, whence no return,
In deepest night, he wanders now, a shape of air:
He hears me not; hears not the sighs, with love that burn:
I see no more that form, so bright, so young and fair.

O! bright and fair, as shapes that oft from heaven descend,
And on Parnassus stand before the setting sun:
Bright, when he moved in shining arms, home to defend;
Bright, when a champion strong, the eager race he run:
O! fair, as rose and lily fair, when they entwine,
In asphodelian meads, their wreath of virgin bloom:
His heart was kind as brave; O! he was doubly mine,
But now I only weep beside his early tomb.

Death, with inverted torch, the young and gentle death,
Weeps o'er him now, and mourns the plucked and withered flower:
All bloom must fade — the south wind breathes its withering breath,
And the clear-blowing north sweeps on, with blasting power.
I too must soon be gone; in grief I glide away:
The rose has left my cheek; my eye looks dim through tears.
Come, gentle death! here with the youth, in silence lay
My form, ere it has felt the icy touch of years.

ANACREONTIC.

Come, crown my cup with roses;
With wine now brim it over:
My heart in joy reposes;
Around it pleasures hover.
The nectar sparkles brightly,
With light from love's full quiver:
Come, drain it, drain it lightly,
And shout: Io forever!

With wreathen ivy crown me,
Dark-eyed Eolian maiden!
In sweet oblivion drown me,
Till deep with joy o'erladen,
I sink in blissful slumber,
And dream of love and Zoe;
Till at some merry number,
I wake, and shout: Evoe!

I seize my lyre — loud ringing,
It bounds beneath my fingers:
To frantic dances springing,
What heart so cold it lingers?
Toss, toss the vine-clad thyrses!
Wine fires; extol the giver.
Shout, with a cry that pierces
The soul: Io forever!

ANAPESTIC.

I.

In the silence of night, and in solemn array, by the glimmer of torches, is wheeling,
Majestic, the funeral train, on its way, and its music is plaintively stealing —
Is plaintively stealing, in echoes, afar, awaking emotions of sorrow;
It mourns, how the youth march to-day to the war, but return to us never to-morrow.

Spear and buckler reversed, slow the army moves on, its standards and banners low trailing:
Not a shout now is heard, for the victory won; all is hushed, but the flute softly wailing.
Light and still glide their steps, and in unison all, attuned to their solemn emotion;
One faint, hollow murmur is heard at each fall, like the far echoed roar of the ocean.

Home, in urns, they are bearing the dust of the dead, dark veils o'er each urn low depending —
How sacred the relics of those, who have bled, for hearth and for altar contending.
Not a trophy they rear, till they lay in the tomb, the ashes that sleep there in glory —
Till their pæans are sung, and the words that illume, transmit their proud record to story.

So, on, through the streets of the city, they move, and the old and the young there attend them:
They meet them with greetings of sorrow and love, fondly welcome the brave, who defend them;

And they weep, from their hearts, as each urn passes by, a child or a parent enclosing:
As he left them, his patriot bosom beat high; now, in death, he is darkly reposing.

II.

O! waken the music of battle —
Let the clash of the cymbals ring loudly,
As the spears on the shields dash and rattle,
When onward the youth rushes proudly:
Let the horn and the trumpet, resounding
In long rolling echoes, inspire us,
Till our hearts, like the billow, are bounding,
And omens of victory fire us.

Hark the shout! — far its echo is rolling;
Eleleu! Eleleu, swells it onward:
Sword and shield clang in time, high controlling
Each hero, quick hurrying vanward.
On the foe moves in line, firm and steady,
To the soft breath of flutes slow advancing;
Drawn each sword, poised each spear, all are ready;
Bright the sun on their plumed helms is glancing.

To the charge! like the rush of the ocean;
Like torrents, from mountain tops dashing,
Down the gulf, where in mingled commotion,
Crag and wood 'mid the white flood are crashing.
Hark the shock! — shield on shield rings, rebounding;
As a rock, firmly set, they repel it.
On again, louder Eleleus sounding;
Ours such fire, not the Spartan can quell it.

TROCHAIC.

I.

Softly sweet the song is stealing, softly through the night afar;
Faint and low the bell is pealing; dim, through haze, the light of star:
Hushed and still is all around me; cold and still my brooding heart—
Sure some magic spell hath bound me—bid, O! bid the spell depart.

O! that song, so softly breathing—how it flows into my soul;
Memory then her twine unwreathing, tears of young emotion roll:
And, as far the knell is tolling, how my spirit floats away,
Over years, like billows, rolling, to the scenes, where youth was gay.

But the night, so hushed around me, and the sky, so dim above,
In a lonely trance have bound me, trance of mingled grief and love.
Still on early fondness dwelling, faded bloom of vernal years;
All I hear, the sigh faint swelling; all I feel, my trickling tears.

II.

Maids are sitting by the fountain;
Bright the moon o'er yonder mountain:
O'er her shepherd watching lonely,
On his sleep she looketh only.

Softly whispering by the fountain,
Oft they look unto the mountain,
Think how through the midnight hours,
There the shepherd sleeps on flowers.

Clear the fountain wave is gleaming;
Still the happy youth is dreaming:
Chastest love is watching o'er him;
Crouched his faithful dog before him.
Now the bubbling wave is sparkling;
Now beneath a shadow darkling:
O'er the moon a cloud is stealing;
Passes now, her light revealing.

Night winds o'er the fountain blowing,
Like Eolian music flowing,
Far their warbled breath is gliding,
Swelling, trembling, then subsiding.
Of the shepherd on the mountain
Sing the maids beside the fountain:
Each then seems in air to hover,
Watching o'er her sleeping lover.

III.

See the bounding bark afloat!
Steady blows the willing gale:
Joy, with merry, merry note,
Hoists and spreads the purple sail.
Far away, O! far away,
I must cross the dashing sea;
So, my dearest, do not stay;
Boldly cross the wave with me.

To the far Elysian isles,
Mid the ocean, in the west,
Where the sky forever smiles,
All the year one halcyon rest—
Shall we thither speed our flight?
Only cross the wave with me,
I shall find, my love and light,
All Elysian with thee.

On the dark Cimmerian strand,
Where eternal shadows reign;
Where Caucasian summits stand,
Towering o'er the untrodden plain;
Where, along the fatal shore,
Music lulls the soul to death;
Wastes, that hear the lion's roar;
Sands, where kills the dragon's breath:

Or in flowery gardens, where
Bends the lotus, passing sweet;
Vales, where roses fill the air;
Meads, where silent waters meet,
Lingering on through asphodel;—
With thee, all alike would be:
If with me, thou deign to dwell,
All Elysian smiles to me.

THE WELL.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

When the summer noon is glowing,
When the men are out a-mowing,
And so blithe
Swing the sithe,
Into swaths the clover throwing,
With the herdsgrass, tall and spiry,
And the red-top, light and wiry,
And when close behind them treading,
All the morning I've been tedding,
Till, as now,
On my brow
Stand the sweat-drops, bright and pearly,
Just as, in the morning early,
Stood the dews that night had shed
On the opening rose's head; —
Then it is that from the hay,
To this Well I "come away,"
And, beneath the trees that shade it,
Thank the good old man that made it.
And, as from its resting place,
On the water's dimpled face,
Where no warming ray hath struck it,
Up I draw the dripping bucket,
And my parching lips I press
To its brim — O, then I bless

The Good Being who hath given
To his creatures "rain from heaven,"
And, through earth's mysterious cells,
Leads it down to fill our WELLS.

When, in sultry harvest weather,
Not a zephyr moves a feather
Of its wing for hours together,
And one sees
On the trees
Limbs and leaves together sleeping,
All a breathless sabbath keeping,—
When the very brook is creeping
Lazily along its path,
And the sky,
Hot and dry,
Seems to scorch the world in wrath—
When the men are out a-reaping,
And when, in my wheat-field travels,
I've been gathering up the gavels
That the reapers leave behind them,
Into golden sheaves to bind them;—
Or, with neither shoes nor socks,
(When the stubble
Was a trouble)
I've been bringing into shocks
All the sheaves of bearded grain,
Or, upon the laddered wain,
Have been loading;—while the team,
Lolling in the fiery beam,
Have confessed its melting heat—
O, 't is grateful to retreat

From the flash of Phœbus' car,
To a farm-house, where there are
Shady trees,
Such as these,
Reaching out their arms afar,
With their shield of leaves above me,
As they would do, did they love me;—
Grateful to roll up my sleeves,
That the cool breath of the leaves
Over my warm arms may pass;
And to drop upon the grass
Hat and jacket, and repair
To the good old well that's there,
With my panting *Tray* and *Fido*,—
For they know, as well as I do,
What the bucket is to bring up;—
Grateful, when we see it swing up,
Yes, most grateful to our lips
Is the water, as it drips—
Rather, as it pours and dashes—
From the bucket's brim, and splashes
All our feet—for dogs and boy
Equally the bath enjoy;—
Equally, in harvest weather,
Man and beast rejoice together,
In the boon their Maker brings,
In our water-brooks and springs,
That he pours from "rifted rocks,"
For the shepherd and his flocks,
That he showers on every plain
In the earth-refreshing rain,

And that, at his bidding, swells,
In our rivers and our WELLS.

O, I bless the gracious Giver,
For the fountain and the river!
Bless him that, in summer's prime,
He hath made
Such a shade
For the sultry harvest time;—
Bless him for this cool retreat,
So reviving and so sweet;—
Bless him for this short recess
From my toil and weariness,
And for this delicious cup,
From the WELL that cometh up.

Round the wine-cup and the bowl
Wit may come, with song and laughter;—
But there come, forever after,
Pains that pierce and rack the soul.
These twain,
Sin and Pain,
Have, for aye, one chain around them,
For, together God hath bound them;
While *these* friends of Age and Youth,
Health, and Cheerfulness, and Truth,
Still dwell
In the WELL,
Where the ancient sages found them.

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

THERE is a poetry of sound, susceptibility to which is wholly independent of science. Taste for this exquisite pleasure may be cultivated to the highest degree, by those who have no musical skill, and are ignorant even of the vocabulary of the art. Perhaps, indeed, music is felt by none so much as those to whom it is a sweet mystery, a luxury never analyzed, an unexplored avenue, leading at once, and by a process too enchanting to examine, into the happy precincts of the ideal world. To such minds the vagueness of music is one of its greatest charms. To them it occasions no surprise to remember that musicians were anciently deemed seers; and that even christians followed an idolatrous example, and canonized Cecilia when the muses were no more. They can sympathize with the monk of Catania, whose dying request it was, to be buried beneath the organ whose harmonies had so long blessed him. Like the opium-eater, they love to "construct out of the raw material of organic sound, an elaborate intellectual pleasure." They delight to lose, or rather quicken their consciousness in the inspiring atmosphere of song. "Succession," says Burke, "gives the idea of continuing on to infinity." Perhaps this accounts for the spell which music exerts over imaginative spirits. It is a magic river, down which they float to the verge of

the infinite. Without the definiteness of sculpture and painting, music is, for that very reason, far more suggestive. Like Milton's Eve, an outline, an impulse is furnished, and the imagination does the rest. Anticipation, that mighty principle of happiness, is called into immediate action. Expectancy is constantly aroused. "The essence of musical feeling," says an ingenious writer, "consists in this,—that we endeavor, from a sense of pleasure, to dwell on and even to perpetuate in our minds, some kind of emotion of a joyful or painful nature." Music thus seems the prelude to that perfect satisfaction, that entire expression of itself, for which the heart is ever aspiring:—

"The golden key
That opes the palace of eternity."

Viewed in this light, as a mental excitement, an element and a means of spiritual life, it is difficult to overrate the importance and interest attached to music. Although Condillac pushed the idea to absurdity, it is very evident that sensation is the grand medium of universal impression. Through this, let abstract philosophers argue as they may, men are to be most surely reached and powerfully affected. The delicate structure of the nervous system, a branch of physiology which still baffles scientific research, proves its agency to be most subtle and extensive. Explain it as we may, a martial strain will urge a man into the front ranks of battle sooner than an argument, and a fine anthem excite his devotion more certainly than a logical discourse. Even Dr. Johnson acknowledged the effect produced upon his mental mood by riding in a post-chaise. Schiller

was indebted to champaigne, and Shelly to magnetism. Coleridge was addicted to opium, and Milton loved a pipe. Far more intellectual as a solace and pure as an excitement is music. Could we penetrate farther into the facts of nature, perhaps it would be discovered that the most ethereal of physical influences is sound, and that music is the element in which matter and spirit most nearly assimilate. A more refined sense and a deeper sensibility would doubtless reveal more of the poetry of sound than we can now imagine. It has been suggested that as the telescope enables us to see stars otherwise invisible, so auditory tubes might be constructed by which we could hear the music of the spheres. Nature's music falls upon inattentive ears. The wind awakens harmonies innumerable and too various to be transcribed. The ocean is an infinite organ of sound. Forests are mighty harps; and every brook "makes music with the enamelled stones." Yet how rare is the auditor, who, like Beethooven, could sit on a stile out in the summer noon-tide, and gather up the blending music of creation, to repeat in new combinations or more striking forms:

> "While mellow warble, sprightly trill
> The tremulous heart excite;
> And hums the balmy air to still
> The balance of delight."

There is perhaps no better definition of music than — the language of the soul. Thus regarded, it is a curious and pleasing speculation to trace its effects upon man, and note how it mingles with the experience of those distinguished by eminent gifts or rare achievements. Wherever the poetic temperament obtains, wherever

human nature is discussed by a master-spirit, we find the poetry of sound recognised as the true dialect of emotion, and adopted, as it were, spontaneously, as a medium of expression, a profound solace, a rich stimulus or a graceful diversion. As a language, then, consider its universality. The Spanish muleteer chants the ballads of his country amid her lonely hills; beneath her palaces is heard the tinkle of the guitar, and in her fields the clink of castanets. The Savoyards carry over the world their mountain songs. The German waltzes enliven the saloons of civilized Europe. The shrill bagpipe wakes the echoes of the Highlands, and Paganini's violin filled the concert room of St. Petersburgh. Amid the ruins of Rome, at Christmas, the savage Calabrian plays his wild reeds; and the streets of Paris resound with the Marsellaise. A London audience hail the national anthem, and the American Indians have their war-whoop and death-song. From the time that Tubal picked up the tortoise shell and found it a lyre, to Donizetti's last opera, how perfectly has music represented man! Italy is emphatically the land of music, and the phenomena the art there presents, afford ample evidence that its true origin and object is feeling. Public enthu siasm sustains and exalts music. An appreciating and devoted audience there awaits the children of song. In Naples, a musical plagiarism is at once detected at the theatre; and in all the principal cities, the artist is confident that every public effort of his genius will meet with instant and grateful recognition. The opera has, indeed, been often censured as an artificial institution; and it certainly requires little wit to place its incongruities in a ridiculous light. To objections of this kind it

is useless to reply. There is, happily, a large, and by no means an inferior part of our nature, which thrives upon something more mystical than the *rationalè* of life; and we are willing to admit, with a distinguished critic, that "this fairy world is not peopled by real men, but by a singular kind of singing creatures." The opera, notwithstanding, is founded in nature. The glad faces of the peasantry who fill the *parterre* on the evening of a festival, is proof enough of this. "The Romantic," says Schlegel, "delights in indissoluble mixtures;" and every individual in the friendly obscurity of an opera box, is free to yield his spirit to such of the rich and inspiring impressions as are most congenial to his character or awakening to his associations. A not less striking indication of the powerful hold this diversion has upon the popular mind in Italy, is the facility with which the artisans adopt favorite airs, and the skill with which a casual band of night strollers strike spontaneously into a new chorus. The honors lavished upon the *prima donna* are equally significant. The well-timed applause, the shower of wreaths, the torch-bearing procession and the more private tokens of admiration bestowed upon these queens of song, render their triumphs, though brief, the most brilliant of modern times. When Malibran was passing through Arezzo, the inhabitants secreted her horses, and, assembling in the principal piazza, beneath the hotel windows, refused to allow her to proceed, until she had favored them with a favorite air. Their town was too small for a large theatre, and they adopted this course in despair of ever hearing, in any other way, the voice with whose fame all Italy rung. Farinelli purchased a duchy. Pasta's residence on the banks of

Lake Como, is a beautiful evidence of her success, and the cultivated friends around her still keep alive the consideration her splendid career excited. Catalani, at the age of sixty, lives in honored retirement in one of the most delightful villas in the neighborhood of Florence. Bellini's memory is cherished in Sicily, as the redeeming genius of that unhappy island. In the old world, music is the subtle language through which restricted talent finds scope — the cheering atmosphere in which poverty seeks refreshment — the elevating element in which even the victims of despotism breathe freely. The *bravi*, who were hired to despatch Stradella, abandoned the meditated crime, with horror, after hearing him sing. Keller, a poor peruke-maker, received the still poorer Haydn into his house, merely from having enjoyed his voice at the cathedral.

It is worthy of remark that the productions of composers are finished as soon as imagined. No medium of human expression is so fresh, so directly the offspring of sentiment. That it has to do with the very depths of our nature is evident from the melancholy which characterizes all impassioned music. It addresses the memory with singular power. How often it breaks up at once the deep of the affections, and conjures back all that is beautiful and dear in the domain of the past!

Anecdotes of celebrated composers are full of interest. Haydn imagined a little romance, and then wrote it out in music. Gluck kindled his fancy by sitting at the piano in the midst of a beautiful meadow. One composer could only invent with a diamond ring upon his finger, the donative of an illustrious friend; and another read one of Petrarch's sonnets to awaken his "fine

frenzy." Many of the fragments which Bellini left are so marked as to show they were written under the influence of feelings resulting from personal experience. It was his custom to incorporate these fruits of private sentiment into his operas. Hence, doubtless, their reality of style and truth of expression.

Even the physical effects of music are but very partially explored. The beautiful story of David's consoling strains, so finely embodied in Alfieri's Saul, is probably but faintly typical of the power of harmony in cases of mental malady. "The Devil is of a melancholy cast," says Luther, "and music soon drives him away." Invalids of nervous temperament, may raise their tone of health to an astonishing degree by frequenting musical entertainments. Haydn's biographer declares himself cured of a fever by a fine mass. Philip V. of Spain, when a confirmed hypochondriac, was alive to nothing but music. Whoever has witnessed the tranquil state sometimes induced by melody, in cases of violent insanity, or traced the world of meaning which the blind realize in cultivating sound, will appreciate the undiscovered efficacy of music as a resource and a restorative. In this country we are scarcely aware of the capabilities of the human voice. Prevented by the vicissitudes of our climate from living much in the open air, accustomed to small rooms and often educated in social restraint, the voice is unnaturally subdued and rarely cultivated with freedom and science.

The occasions of the art are as various as the exigencies and aspects of human life. Our triumphs would indeed prove dull, and our wants wasting, were not this sweet resource provided. Miriam celebrated with her

timbrel, the escape of her people from bondage, and Jepthah's daughter went out to meet him with a song. The morning stars sang together at the dawn of creation, and the melody of angels hailed the rising star of Bethlehem. The fame of the moon of Spain has found its best echo in legendary songs; and Byron sums up the woes of Venice in one line, when he tells us that

"Songless rows the silent gondolier."

The lover soothes his impatient heart, and the loved plumes the wings of her affection, as the serenade floats through the moonlit air. The infant falls asleep upon its mother's bosom to the lulling strain of a nursery song; and the aged man who has died in honor, is laid in his grave with the solemn harmony of the dirge. The grace of festivity is the banquet song; and the tears of repentance become sublime amid the solemn pathos of the *miserere*. The bitterness of bondage passes from the slave's heart as his chant accompanies the plashing oar; and the fear of death is lost in valorous resolves, as the trumpet's onset falls on the ear of the soldier. The nun forgets the world she regrets, when joining in the vesper hymn; and the belle is, for a moment, redeemed from the thrall of fashion, when alone with her harp. Blind and maimed though he be, the strolling musician smiles blandly as he plays; and the peasant thinks the world his own, as his reed welcomes the sunset hour.

How nobly music mingles with the lives of the good and great! In early youth the author of the reformation endeavoured to support himself by singing in the streets. This he quaintly calls "bread music." In later years his heroic spirit found scope in hymns of devotion, and

when his great work was finished, these sacred melodies were sung by the tearful multitude that clustered around his coffin. What a sublime picture does Milton present seated at his organ, raising those sightless orbs, whose darkness only made the light within more bright, while his aspirations found a response in the solemn strain. Haydn was wont to muse upon God's goodness until the "fire burned," and then he penned those devotional compositions which have kindled a like flame in countless hearts. Mary Stuart's captivity was cheered by her lute; and Galileo turned from the abstruse researches of science to the refreshment of music. It is related of Maria Antoinette that, when standing before her inhuman judges, she thrummed the bar with her fingers, as if it were a piano, and seemed endeavouring to support her courage by wandering in fancy, through some remembered melody. The wild fancy of Salvator expatiated in the boundless domain of sound, not less than amid the forest scenes of the Appenines. Mozart, we are told, was a king at the piano, though inadequate elsewhere. His love for Constance Weber found splendid expression in an opera; while the shadow of death lost its gloom in the fervor of soul with which he composed his mysterious requiem. Old Walton, while at his favorite pastime, cheered by the singing of the birds, was wont to ejaculate, "Lord, what music hast thou provided for thy saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!" How characteristic of Thomson, that he loved to lean out of the window at Richmond, and listen to the nightingales, through the long summer nights; and what a genial resource proved Goldsmith's flute, in his wanderings over the continent.

The effects that consecrate music are chiefly chronicled by the poets. They have cherished the influence and celebrated the triumphs of the art, as kindred to their own. Indeed, the susceptibility essential to poetic power, is equally alive to the spell of harmony. Moore says he is no poet apart from the sensation of music. Dante, in his Paradise, speaks of the melody that

"Sounds sweetest here
And draws the spirit most unto itself;" —

thus recognizing one of the striking metaphysical results of the art. Petrarch poured forth his verses to the sound of the lute, which he bequeathes to a friend. His voice was sweet and of great compass. Alfieri sought at the grand opera, the inspiration under which his dramas were composed. Dryden has left a noble record of his sense of the power of music in Alexander's Feast. Wordsworth says of Lucy, in his beautiful poem of that name: —

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

Keats speaks of "music yearning like a god in pain," and in the Eve of St. Agnes, alluding to the consoling influence of church music, exquisitely says, it

"Flattered to tears the aged man and poor."

Shelley's description of music, of which he was passionately fond, and to whose every inspiration he was singularly susceptible, is equally fanciful and characteristic:

"The silver key of the fountain of tears,
Where the spirit drinks till the brain is wild,
Softest grave of a thousand fears,
Where their mother Care, like a weary child,
Is laid asleep in flowers."

Milton's deep sense of the beautiful in sound, is expressed in many instances with his usual power and felicity. To him music was an immense consolation. Pleasure at one sense "quite shut out," the other overflowed with enjoyment. In Comus, the poet recorded, in language too grand and musical ever to be forgotten, his estimation of the "soft and solemn breathing sound"

"At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled."

Can the utmost familiarity ever rob that passage of its charm? But of all the poets, Shakspeare has most perfectly suggested the philosophy of music. When suspicion has blighted the affection of the Moorish warrior, he bids a solemn farewell to the "shrill trump, the spirit-stirring drum and the ear-piercing fife." The charm they once possessed is dispelled with love's departed melody. Richard III. can find no pleasure in the art save as a rude minister to his testy ambition, a sound to drown the railings of his bereaved accuser. "Strike up, I say" — is a command, with the attendant circumstances, singularly illustrative of his tyrannical

character. Sir Toby Belch talks of rousing "the night-owl with a catch;" and Jacques declares he "can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs." What significance in Cæsar's objection to Cassius — "he hears no music." What an effective touch of description, bringing into view all the delicacy and tenderness of the female character, in Lear's observation of Cordelia: —

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low; — an excellent thing in woman."

Desdemona's baffled heart seeks a relief in the willow song, accordant with her gentle nature. Ophelia's madness finds an expression in her pensive strains most appropriate to her fanciful temperament. It comports with the ideal character of the Tempest, that Ariel's melody should draw Ferdinand to Miranda; and how finely has the poet portrayed a lover's yearning for pathetic music, in the Duke's command to his page, in Twelfth Night: —

"Now, good Cesario, that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night,
Methought it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times; —
Come, but one verse.
* * * * * * *
——— It is old and plain:
The spinners and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Did use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of woe
Like the old age."

From the tender strain which gives "an echo to the seat where love is throned," to the "sweet thunder" of the Spartan hounds; from the mysterious harmony of invisible spirits, to the hearty carolings of conviviality, Shakspeare has introduced and depicted music with a marvellous truth to human nature. How exquisitely is Cleopatra's fond caprice displayed, in this brief colloquy after Antony's departure:

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
Attendant. The music, ho!
Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards;
Come, Charmian.

The proud queen, even in reference to an art whose "voluptuous swell" was so adapted to her luxurious tastes, is still described,

"As variable as the shade
By the light, quivering aspen made."

In the Merchant of Venice, we have, as it were, an epitome of our subject. The power of music, its association with the deep things of the heart, its divine accordance with the bright serenity of nature, its sweet response to the bliss of reciprocated affection, the comfort it affords the sorrowful, all its meaning and its truth, are here casually but vividly sketched. When viewed in relation to the respective scenes and persons, these touches of the poet, if faithfully conned, are more significant than a whole volume of comments on the poetry of sound.

THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

BY R. C. WATERSTON.

[Göthe relates, that he met, in the Campagna of Rome, a young woman nursing her child, seated on the remains of an ancient column. He questioned her on the ruins with which her dwelling was surrounded: she was ignorant of every thing concerning them, being wholly devoted to the affections which filled her soul; she loved, and to her the present moment was the whole of existence.]

—

Temples, and monuments, and crumbling fanes,
Altars, and broken shafts, are scattered round:
Ages long past have sanctified these plains,
And stamped this sacred spot as classic ground,
While Art and Genius here their home have found!—
But see! where these old sculptured marbles rest,
A mother clasps her infant to her breast;
She seeks not here to learn what minds unknown,
Carved these immortal forms in breathing stone,
She smiles in joy upon her infant fair,
And that sweet babe, to her glad spirit seems
Holier than sculptured forms or poet's dreams;
And in such bliss, Oh! wherefore should she care
Who reared those shafts, by whom those towers were piled?
The present fills her soul, her heart is with her child!

THE MARINER'S SONG OF DEPARTURE.

BY H. F. GOULD.

While o'er the bright bay,
With her streamers at play,
Our ship in her beauty is gliding,
As brothers, are we,
The glad sons of the sea,
Our own darling element riding.

Good pilot, adieu!
For the skies are all blue;
And, yonder, blue billows are bounding.
We speed from the port,
To be off by the fort
While her gun to the sunrise is sounding.

We leave all behind,
That a warm heart can bind,
In home, love and friendship endearing;
While hope flies before,
For a far, foreign shore,
As the hand at the rudder is steering.

And well do we know,
The proud waters below,
That hence are by us to be ridden,

'Mid the corals and caves,
There are mariners' graves,
Dark wrecks, and lost treasures deep hidden.

Yet, before our frail bark,
Be the way light or dark,
Our sun, and the star that we follow,
Is He who unbinds,
Or enchains the strong winds;
And whose hand holds the seas in its hollow.

Then, o'er the fair skies,
Should the storm-spirit rise,
And move his black wings with loud thunder,
Our top-sail we'll reef,
And we'll tack for relief,
And bowing, his pinions pass under.

And so, 'mid the strife
And the flood-waves of life,
For help, in our ark lowly bending,
To heaven would we cry,
Till its dove from on high
Appears, with the peace-branch descending.

Thus we've friend, love and home,
Whereso'er we may roam
The wild seas, from pole to equator—
We've a light and high-tower,
In the name and the power
Of Him who is ocean's Creator.

THE POET'S DREAM,

OR, THE FLOWER SPIRIT.

BY THOMAS GRAY, JR.

WHO has not heard of Hafez, the young poet of Shirauz? Many a fair Persian girl has listened with delight to his beautiful and impassioned lays; and many a youthful heart has beaten with an ecstasy, the deeper that she dared not give it utterance, in the hope that her beauty would be celebrated in his thrilling verse. Indeed, I doubt not that there were many who would willingly have sacrificed half the term of their natural lives, to have the other half made immortal in his deathless lays. But Hafez too had felt the inspiration of a pair of the darkest eyes of Shirauz; and it was remarked that even when his strains were of the martial deeds of his own warriors, the lay was cold on his lips, compared with the fire that sent every note thrilling to the heart, when the whole soul of the young minstrel was kindled beneath the eye of his beautiful mistress.

But the heart of a lover is a sensitive thing, thrilling and trembling before the eye it loves, as the young reed thrills and trembles to the summer breeze. It was on some occasion when Hafez had seen, or fancied, some coldness in the eye or the manner of Adah, that he took his kitar, and wandered out, sad and alone, to enjoy the satisfaction of berating female fickleness and inconstan-

cy, amid the silence of the dark, solitary woods, that grand temple of nature, always such a luxury to a lover, but to a poet, his heart of hearts — the very master-chord of his lyre.

It was a hot, sultry day, and Hafez threw himself down on the bank of a stream, whose unceasing murmur, combined with the refreshing shade of the dark trees that towered above him, served to soothe and compose his mind. The passions of man are usually rebuked by the solemn calm of nature. The man who can stand in its presence, beneath the silent arches of the forest, or in the soothing hush of a summer's evening, or before the roaring cataract, without feeling the utter insignificance of his passions and himself, I will not say he is not a man, but he certainly is not a poet.

But the feelings of Hafez were too true to her power, not to reflect purely and brightly back, all pure and bright images of external objects; and he soon forgave the imagined injury — nay, the very memory of it passed away from his mind as silently, and as completely, as the image of the bright cloud that floated through the heavens passed away from the stream on whose banks he reclined.

As he lay musing in that luxurious and dreamy state, the very paradise of a poet, thought after thought floating lazily through his mind, he could not help reflecting how foolish Adah was to treat with coldness a person of his renown; one who could drag her with him into his own immortality, but who, without him, must pass away and be forgotten, as the scent of the bidmusk perishes, unless sung to and preserved by her poet bee.

As this thought passed through his mind, with a momentary feeling of pettishness he plucked a tulip that grew near, and crushed it in his hand. A few drops of dew, that the flower had preserved in the shade of its deep cup, oozed out, and trickled over his fingers. But as he gazed attentively at the ruin, he perceived, as he held it in the strong light of a straggling sunbeam, numerous little insects moving confusedly about, like the inhabitants of a city that has met with some sudden and unexpected disaster. He hastily threw it into the stream, at the same time washing from his fingers every trace of the fragile thing he had destroyed.

But as he put out his hand to pluck another tulip, he was greatly surprised to see it swing from beneath his fingers, as if swayed aside by some internal force; and as he looked attentively to discover if it were caused by a bee, suddenly alighting in its cup, he saw to his astonishment a most diminutive, but venerable looking old man, seated on the edge of one of its leaves; and it was his weight that had bowed down the flower. The astonishment of Hafez was extreme; but he could not forbear a loud and involuntary burst of laughter. The old man did not appear to notice his mirth, but after it had ceased, he very quietly addressed him, rebuking him for his wanton destruction of so many lives.

"And what imports it," replied Hafez, "if myriads of creatures so insignificant were blotted from existence. The world would go on quite as well, and no one would be more happy or miserable, though every one of them were destroyed."

"You forget," replied the little man, "that your argument applies with precisely the same force and justice

to yourself; and the very same argument in their mouths respecting you, would be just as true, and just as wise, as it is in yours respecting them. Your argument rests upon the insignificance of these little creatures, or, in other words, their size. But what is size? It is not a thing having any definite and positive existence. It is only an idea signifying the relative or comparative dimensions of an object. We speak of a small elephant, and a large mouse. If the importance of an animal be proportioned to his magnitude, the whale, the elephant, the ox, nay, even the ass is of more importance than you are."

"But," replied Hafez, "it is their mental, and not their physical insignificance for which I despise them."

"Do you know any thing of their intellects?" replied the old man. "Have you ever entered their minds, or ascertained their powers? Have you even seen their bodies? Most of them are far too small to be seen by your coarse, dull optics. How, then, have you ascertained this mental insignificance?"

"For heaven's sake, old man," returned Hafez, "tell me, at once, what you are aiming at."

"To teach you not to despise a thing, merely because you do not understand it. The visible world, which is the only definite idea in your mind when you speak of the world, I say this same visible world is an entirely different world, in all its appearances and character, to different classes of animals. As I sit here on this tulip leaf, I see whole nations, people and individuals, myriads on myriads, not one of which is visible to your coarse optics; while you can discern objects far beyond the range of my vision, but with none of the piercing

distinctness of my sight. We sit here and talk together, and yet, at this very moment, you see scarcely anything that I do, and I, though a spirit, see but little that you can. The owl does not see the same world, nor the same inhabitants that the wren does; nor does the wren see the same as the fly. To one of the little infusoriæ tribe, it would be a week's journey to travel the length of your body; what idea, then, can he form of you! and you are just as ignorant of those spiritual bodies that are equally near to you, and to whom you are perhaps more visible than the infusoriæ are to you. Not one of you all sees the same world as the other, although inhabiting the same. Individuals, it is true, are always insignificant; but classes are always important. Each class of animals, were it left to it to decide which is the most important in the scale of creation, would, doubtless, decide its own to be so. But he, who, like me, sees with a spirit's eye, knows that all creation forms but one being, of which each class of beings and objects is, in its place, a member. And for one member to undervalue another, or, worse, to consider it of no value at all, is as absurd as your own fable of the dispute between the belly and the limbs; as if the head should say to the foot, 'you are of no use to me; you must be a very insignificant member. It would be of no consequence if myriads of such members were crushed at once out of existence. But after all, it is your mental, and not your physical insignificance for which I despise you.' "

Hafez was completely puzzled by the Flower Spirit's argument, but not a whit convinced; and he had no hesitation in telling him so.

The little man smiled. "Well," he said, "if you will not believe my words, believe your own eyes. Step into this tulip, and I will convince you of the truth of my argument."

At this invitation, Hafez laughed outright. He was lying stretched luxuriously on his back upon the flowery turf, and the whole height of the tulip rose but little above his head. The weight of the Flower Spirit now bent its head to about a level with his eyes, towards which the little creature swayed it for the convenience of conversation.

The Flower Spirit seemed somewhat piqued at the manner with which his invitation had been received; and he replied, a little pettishly, "I have offered you the hospitalities of my dominions; I can see nothing very laughable in that; but if you do not choose to accept them, it is very well,—let us shake hands and part." The idea of shaking hands with a man not larger than a humblebee, threw Hafez again into convulsions of laughter, and he put out his hand with the intention of picking the little man out of the flower; but no sooner did his fingers come in contact with the Flower Spirit's, than wood, stream, flower, and Flower Spirit, all disappeared together, and he found himself floating alone, on a small wooden raft, on the wide sea. His kitar was gone; and instead of it, he held in his hand only a short spear. He strained his eyes to discover, if possible, the shore, but in vain. Wherever he directed his gaze, he could see nothing but water, till the far horizon seemed to shut down upon it, inclosing him, as it seemed, eternally in that vast prison. Hour after hour passed by,

but the sun seemed stationary in the heavens; and Hafez, in the bitterness of his heart, cursed the Flower Spirit, the tulip, and, almost, Adah herself.

Meantime, the shadows of evening began gradually to descend, and at length, the darkest night that Hafez remembered ever to have seen, settled down over him. Neither star nor moon appeared in that rayless and midnight sky; and the young poet was strongly tempted to leap from his fragile vessel into the dark waters beneath him. Day, at length, however, returned; but what words can express his delight at seeing once more the welcome shore. As he approached, he could not help noticing the myriads of strange looking fishes playing about the waters, whose forms were entirely new to him, — birds too, whose sweet voices, brilliant plumage, and peculiar forms, struck him with amazement. The earth was teeming with richness, and the air with fragrance. But, while he was gazing around him, lost in astonishment and wonder at the strangeness of every thing he saw, he was startled by the sound of shrieks of violent distress; and in an instant, a young girl appeared, flying with the utmost terror from what appeared to Hafez one of the most ferocious creatures he had ever seen, but one whose form was as strange to him as all the rest. The young poet was not wanting in courage, and the sight of so much loveliness in such distress produced its full effect upon his poetic temperament. With an arm as practised with the jerreed as with the lyre, he hurled his spear at the hideous monster, and, whether by good fortune or skill, the weapon penetrated his eye. To this fortunate circumstance Hafez owed a victory that otherwise might not

have been so easily obtained, for, dismayed and astonished, the wounded animal turned and fled.

The gratitude of the fair girl, thus rescued from impending death, was unbounded; but as she thanked him, Hafez remarked an expression of sadness, that served to throw an air of tenderness over her manners, that, I regret to say, was almost irresistible to the susceptible heart of the poet.

Meantime, they walked on till they came to an extensive encampment spread over a beautiful valley. "Here," said the fair girl, "dwells my tribe, and yonder is my father Osram, with Hejâz;" and she pointed to two men who were rapidly approaching.

"Lilla," said the old man, as he warmly embraced his daughter, "it was but this moment that Hejâz was telling me that he saw you pursued by a ferocious beast, and he came to the encampment for help."

"Yes," replied the girl, "but while he was going for aid, this young stranger himself rescued me, and saved my life at the peril of his own!"

It was easy to see that this remark was not very agreeable to Hejâz, who, it seemed, had fled, and left Lilla to take care of her own safety. But Osram was overwhelmed with gratitude, and insisted upon taking the young poet to his own tent, and adopting him as his son.

What a strange thing is the heart! But a very short time before, the whole soul of Hafez was filled with the image of Adah. Now he already felt a secret joy, scarcely acknowledged to himself, at the thought of inhabiting the same tent with the beautiful Lilla. Hafez soon learned that he had become a member of the tribe of

Ad; a tribe at that very moment engaged in hostilities with the neighboring tribe of Samh. Lilla, the only child of Osram, was betrothed to Hejâz, whom she evidently hated; submitting in the betrothal to the will of her father.

There is something extremely dangerous in the constant proximity of young hearts; especially when the feeling that it engenders is heightened by a sense of gratitude on one part, and of protection on the other; and Hafez, I regret to say, soon began to perceive that the image of Adah was already more than half disenshrined, and a new idol erected over the ruined place. What wonder, then, that the feeling should be reciprocated by a young girl, who, without any such bond upon her affection, was impelled to love, not only by every feeling of gratitude for him she loved, but even by her very feeling of aversion for him she loved not.

Meanwhile, time flew rapidly over the heads of this young couple, delighted, as they were, with the constant society of each other. They had not, indeed, spoken of love, but is the flame less ardent, though we do not call it fire? The contrast too between the characters of Hejâz and the young poet, was every way to the advantage of the latter. His frank and generous, but often imprudent character, was well opposed to the sullen demeanour and artful cunning of the former; and especially to his seeming preference for accomplishing his purposes by mysterious and underhand policy, even when a plain and straight-forward course would have been more certain and direct. Hafez had too high a sense of honor to seek to win the heart of the daughter of his benefactor in the position in which he stood, when he knew

that his views were adverse to his wishes; but he could not refrain from enjoying the luxury of her society. He was like the insect, that, while sporting in the warm and enlivening beams of the summer sun, forgets the long hours of night and of coldness that must follow.

It was in one of those elysian hours, of which Hafez had enjoyed so many, that, with Lilla and her father, he had wandered to a pleasant wood that formed the outskirts of the encampment. Flinging himself beneath the shade of a magnificent palm tree, with Lilla by his side, forgetful both of Ądah and of Osram, he was telling what only poets can tell, as only poets can tell it. Osram had wandered to a little distance, when suddenly they heard his voice calling for assistance; then the crash of horses' feet, and an instant after, a small party of horsemen swept by at a little distance, bearing Osram away a prisoner. Concealed by their situation, they escaped the notice of the horsemen, who passed on toward the encampment of the tribe of Samh, bearing their prisoner with them.

Words cannot express the dismay and the affliction of the fair Lilla at this blow. But though dismayed by its suddenness, she sunk not beneath its force. As they walked homeward together, sad and dejected, they were met by Hejâz, whose brow darkened with indignation when he heard what had happened. Hafez proposed to collect a party, and start in instant pursuit.

"But, to what purpose," replied Hejâz; "they are well mounted, and long ere we could overtake them, they will be safe within their own encampment."

The remark was just; but Hafez was not easily discouraged, and hastily collecting together a few friends,

he sallied forth at their head, in the forlorn hope of rescuing Osram. He was, however, painfully surprised when Hejâz refused to join the party.

"It is," he said, "the expedition of a fool or a madman. Of a fool, if you expect to overtake them with the start they have of you — of a madman, if you attack them, even if you could overtake them, when they must be, by that time, within the protection of their own tribe."

Hafez, however, was not quite so well satisfied of the inutility of the pursuit as was his rival, and accordingly he sallied forth after the enemy. He returned, at length, unsuccessful, as had been predicted; and was welcomed by Hejâz with a sneering inquiry after Osram; but Hafez, without regarding it, passed directly on to Osram's tent.

Meanwhile, the shadows of evening had begun to descend; one of the very few evenings that the young poet had witnessed since his arrival, although a year had elapsed since then. As he approached the tent, he saw its sides flapping loosely to the wind, that seemed to sound mournfully and ominously through it. He approached with a hasty step and a sinking heart, and called Lilla; but no answer was returned. With a trembling hand he raised the folds of the tent and entered. It was deserted and desolate. Hafez was now thoroughly alarmed. He went hastily from tent to tent, inquiring for her, and for an attendant that was her usual companion. This girl was at length found; but she professed total ignorance of where Lilla was gone. At length, however, moved either by the distress or threats of Lilla's friends, she confessed, that after the

departure of Hafez, Hejâz came to the tent, and told Lilla that a messenger from her father was in the encampment, with a most earnest request that she would instantly go to him, at the Samhite encampment. The messenger, he added, was then waiting to conduct her thither, and to assure her that it would be in her power to return at any moment that she might desire it. She acknowledged that Lilla had requested her to inform Hafez of all this, but that she had refrained at the desire of Hejâz, who, it appeared, had bribed her to silence.

The suspicions that had before flashed through the mind of the young poet, he had voluntarily dismissed; but the disclosure now made, seemed to convert them into a most fearful certainty of some foul transaction, though he hardly knew what to suspect. Hejâz was therefore instantly sought for; but it excited no additional surprise or alarm in the mind of Hafez, when he could not be found.

Meanwhile, Lilla was conducted by the messenger to the encampment of the Samhites, and to the presence of her father! But very different was his reception of her, from what she had anticipated. Instead of the pleasure and satisfaction she had expected, when he should see his beloved child, he only burst into bitter tears, mingled with execrations. "My child," he said, "Hejâz is a traitor. He is one of the most active, though one of the least courageous of our enemies. He it was who betrayed us both into their hands."

"But what could have been his motive, father?"

"Avarice and jealousy. The Samhites were willing to pay well for such services as a traitor could render. Added to this, Hejâz was jealous of Hafez. He had

rather that you had perished by the monster from which Hafez rescued you, than to have had you saved by another. Conscious that he *deserved* to sink in your estimation, he felt convinced that you would never become his; and by thus deserting to our enemies, and entrapping us, he thinks to attain the objects he most desires, at a single stroke. Your hand forms a part of the price of his treason."

But the conversation of Osram and his daughter was speedily interrupted; and the latter was conducted to the presence of Moadh, the chief of the Samhites.

"Welcome, fair girl," he said, as she entered. "The brides of our warriors, and Hejâz is among our most valued, are ever welcome to us."

The eye of the young girl kindled proudly, and her cheek flushed, as she replied: "captive I am, slave I may be, but never shall I sink so low, as to be the bride of a traitor."

"The bride of Hejâz, however, you will be ere three hours have passed over your head," coldly replied the chief.

Passionately, but vainly, did Lilla pray of the chief to save her from a doom that she now considered as worse than death. He turned a deaf ear to her entreaties, and at last ordered her to be conducted from his tent.

The order was obeyed; and the poor girl thought that now, at least, she should have the consolation of a parent's sympathy; but this too was strictly denied her. She was led to a tent apart from the rest, where a couple of old women proceeded to array her in the most sumptuous manner for her bridal.

It was evening again, when the hour at length arrived. A pompous procession approached the tent, with brilliant banners, and devices, and sounds of rejoicing, and conducted her to an open space in the midst of the encampment, surrounded by thick groves. The long procession made a most brilliant appearance. The young men, mounted on horseback, with their swords and spear-heads glittering in the glaring torch-light, their gay, fantastic dresses, and the wild bursts of music from time to time echoing over the sleeping air, and dying away among the distant hills, all seemed to give an air of the most picturesque beauty to the scene, to every eye but only hers for whom it was all made.

Weeping and dejected, the unhappy girl was placed upon a sort of throne near one extremity of the open space. Her father was seated near her, with Moadh and Hejâz; while around the open space, were seen the gazing and upturned faces of the tribe, men, women and children, all gazing upon her, who was the cause and object of all this show.

No sooner was Lilla seated, than a company of young girls entered, each bearing a flower basket upon her arm, from which she showered the area with their fragrant and beautiful contents. Then one of them advancing, crowned her with a wreath, and they danced gracefully and slowly around her, singing appropriate songs and keeping time.

Various pageants of similar nature were exhibited, one after another, till at length voices were heard calling, "Room for the sword dancers"—and in a moment, these men were seen, masked, and clad in long, fantastic

robes, and each bearing a sheathed sword in his hand. These dancers were about twelve in number, who, with great grace and nice skill, went through the mazes of that stately measure. Gradually the number of these dancers seemed to augment. Wheeling, manœuvring, but still dancing, they performed the most intricate figures, amid loud and repeated bursts of applause from the surrounding spectators. At last they had completely surrounded the area with three or four lines of dancers, each line seeming to contend with the other. Suddenly a loud blast was heard. Every dancer stood motionless as a statue, — another — the masks and fantastic robes vanished as suddenly as if a whirlwind had swept by. Again — and the waving lines of the dancers were suddenly shifted into a triple line of armed and immovable warriors, which, encompassing the area, enclosed in their square the bride and her father, the traitor Hejâz, and the Samhite chief. Never was there a surprise more complete. The Samhites flew to their arms, but they were unformed, and in confusion, while the Adites were collected and prepared. The latter were prompt to take advantage of this, and serrying their ranks still more, marched triumphantly away to the neighboring thicket, where their horses were left concealed under a strong guard. A short time after found them all mounted, and pursuing their homeward way, undisturbed by their enemies.

Arrived nearly at their own encampment, they were met by their own chief, whose anxiety had led him out, to gather the earliest intelligence of the success of Hafez and his band. The young poet took advantage of this circumstance; and dismounting, arm in arm with the

rescued and beautiful Lilla, he sauntered slowly on toward the encampment. Day was just dawning as the young lovers entered a deep grove, the last that intervened between them and home. It will be readily believed that it was with no eager footsteps that this young pair walked onward. Both had suffered too much since their separation, not to enjoy, in all its richest fullness, the delight of being once more together; of telling what, till now, their lips had scarcely dared to utter.

As they walked slowly onward, their ears drinking in with every word those accents so dear to the lover, there was a sudden sound of leaves rustling near them. Hafez heard it not; but the senses of Lilla were more acute; and turning hastily toward the spot whence the sound proceeded, to her unutterable horror, she saw Hejâz partly concealed behind a tree, with an arrow aimed at the heart of his rival. He was just in the act of drawing the bow, which was to free him forever from his hated enemy, and to give him once more possession of his mistress, when the eyes of the fair girl were turned towards him.

There was no time to warn Hafez of his danger; but, with a shriek of horror, she flung herself between her lover and his foe, with her white arms twined around his neck. At the same instant the arrow was sped through the air. The aim of the monster was fatally true; and the deadly shaft plunged remorselessly into that bosom, that a moment before was throbbing with gratitude and love; and now, with as deep devotion as ever glowed in woman's heart, was freely and nobly proffered as a shield to her lover.

The arrow did not its work by halves. Piercing the

delicate and fragile form of the maiden, the head even entered the breast of the young poet, transfixing both upon the same shaft. Hafez was as one thunderstruck, so rapidly had the whole transaction occurred; but no sooner did he realize what had happened, and saw the hand whence the blow had come, than his rage knew no bounds. Cumbered as he was with the wounded girl clinging around his neck, he seized his spear, and poising it for an instant, the next it was sparkling as it flew through the air. The aim of the young Persian was true. The right hand of Hejâz was at his breast fitting another arrow to his bow, but the spear of Hafez passed directly through it, and driving on through bone, blood, and muscle, buried its head deep in the tree against which Hejâz was standing, while its long shaft stood quivering from his breast.

Softly as the snow slides from the rock, did the girl sink to the earth from her lover's neck. Bleeding and faint, Hafez flung himself down beside her, and called on her, in his agony, for love's sake, for his, to live.

The dying girl opened her eyes at that well known and beloved voice.

"Lament me not," she said. "Trust me, it is most sweet to die thus. I know that you will not forget her who has died for you. But you too are bleeding," she said, as she saw the blood pouring from the breast of her lover. "Are you much hurt?"

"It is even so," he replied; "the same shaft has pierced us both."

"Well, then; we shall depart together. Come nearer—nearer. Place my arms once more around your

neck, that while I yet can see, I may gaze on you.—There—is not this better than life?"

Gradually her voice became feebler; her eyes grew dim, and pressing her lips with a last effort to those of her lover, she expired.

Hafez lay watching the face of his mistress, and expecting momentarily the same fate, when he suddenly heard a voice near him. Turning his languid eye slowly towards the sound, to his surprise he saw the same little old man whom he had formerly seen, again seated on a tulip leaf, which he bent towards the young poet. "Hafez," he said, "take my hand." The young Persian obeyed as it were mechanically; but no sooner had he touched it, than, to his surprise, Lilla and the whole scene vanished from before his eyes, and he found himself in a magnificent garden, seated on a stone bench, beside a basin, in whose centre played a superb fountain! Finished statuary embellished the garden, whose alleys were decorated with the most brilliant and beautiful flowers. The languid air seemed absolutely heavy with its fragrance. From time to time the voices of a thousand birds were heard, filling the air with their thrilling songs, and delighting the eye with a plumage, whose splendour the young poet could not find words to describe. Hafez would have thought that the last struggle was over, and that he had now entered the abodes of paradise, but there he saw not Lilla by his side:—but instead of her, there stood the Flower Spirit, now enlarged to the dimensions of life. Hafez turned inquiringly towards him. "Where am I?" he asked; "and what does all this mean?"

"You are in the tulip in which you but now saw me seated," replied the Flower Spirit; "and you have not left the first tulip in which I sat when you first saw me. Now listen to me. I saw you, a young poet, whose name I foresee is destined to go down to posterity, totally ignorant of the sublimest of all poetry, a knowledge of the constitution of nature. Referring every thing to your own species, every thing, in your view, was insignificant or useless, according to its remoteness from you, in the scale of Allah's creation. I have given you a lesson, which I think will cure this foolish conceit. I have endeavored to teach you that the minutest insects are no more insignificant than yourself; that they are no more created for your sole use and pleasure, than you are for theirs; that each forms a distinct feature in a grand and stupendous plan; and in that plan, they are as important as you, and both can be annihilated without any very serious disturbance to the order and harmony of creation.

When I saw you crush from existence myriads of happy beings in the tulip that you destroyed, I only pitied your ignorance: but when I heard you sneer at their insignificance, I despised your vanity. You found yourself floating over a boundless ocean. That ocean was a single dew-drop that was caught in the cup of the tulip. I had diminished your size to correspond to that of the world you had entered. One of your first feats was to deliver Lilla from the attack of what seemed to you a huge and ferocious monster. That monster was one of the meanest of those you but now deemed so utterly "insignificant," and which now must be utterly invisible to your eye, even with the aid of the most

powerful of your microscopes. You remarked at what irregular intervals night descended around you. The only night you have experienced was when a bee, alighting in the flower, darkened it for an instant with his shadow. It has seemed to you a year since you first entered the tulip, yet not one half hour of your reckoning has elapsed since I first addressed you from it. You was struck by the sight of innumerable forms of life, hitherto unknown to you. Your philosophers, by the aid of powerful glasses, have brought into view some thousands of these little beings; but how many myriads remain, and ever will remain, invisible to them. A drop of water contains an entire world, full of living and happy beings; but who have no more idea of your nature and existence, though you are constantly about them, than you have of the nature and presence of these superior beings, who, in like manner, are constantly around you, though invisible to your senses, which are limited with regard to them, precisely as are those of these little beings with regard to you. Every object in nature is to be regarded in a twofold view; its individual capacity, and its relation to every thing else. A leaf, considered by itself, is a very perfect and a very beautiful thing, with all its vessels, and fibres, its veins, its arteries and its lungs; yet it forms but a part, a very insignificant member of a tree. The tree, in its turn, is beautiful and perfect as a whole, yet is it but one among myriads that compose the solemn, but beautiful decorations of the earth. The earth itself, magnificent and beautiful as it is, is but one member of a system; and that system, in its turn, is but one of those countless myriads, that circle through the infinite space, and

which, all in their turn, at last combine to form one single being, of which the various classes of animals, though not indeed insignificant, yet form but minor parts in this stupendous machinery."

The young poet listened in silence, ashamed that he should have given occasion for such a lesson; but he inwardly resolved that he would write the finest poem that he had ever yet written upon the scenes and adventures he had undergone.

The Flower Spirit held out his hand. "Farewell," said he, "and remember my lesson." As Hafez repeated farewell, he suddenly found himself lying on the very spot where he had first seen the Flower Spirit. Beside him lay his kitar. The sun had advanced about a half hour in the heavens; and, as Hafez threw his instrument over his shoulder, and walked slowly homeward, he could not help wondering in his own mind whether Lilla or Adah had made the deepest impression upon his mind.

DREAMS.

BY ANNA MARIA WELLS.

I DREAMED my dearest friend before me lay,
With pallid cheek, and lips whence came no breath,
And eyes that gazed, — yet nothing seemed to say,
Save that the soul had been displaced by *Death!*
Ah me, what sense of sweet relief, when day
Chased the dark spirit of that dream! and how
My heart within my bosom leaped, when dawn
Brought back reality, and that sad dream was gone.

Again — within a rustic porch, we two
Were standing hand in hand; — thick woven bowers
Of leaves and odorous blossoms round us threw
A quiet shade, and at our feet were flowers.
Then, with a serious look, but fond and true,
He turned to me, and said, "This spot is ours;
We ne'er shall part again." Why did I deem
Such bliss were truly mine? Alas! it was *a dream.*

Our dreams! what are they? What do they reveal?
Like soft but subtle dews upon the flower,
They chill the heart they only seem to heal.
Old age forgets its weakness for the hour!
Down the closed lids the tears of beauty steal,
And slumbering childhood's start betrays their power.
Still they, unchecked, "*abuse the curtained sleep,*"
Or from unreal joys we only wake to weep.

THE BALLAD OF THE STRANGER.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

THE wind is moaning sadly among the pine trees high,—
But that was not it, surely, so like a human sigh.

Her list'ning face she lifted, put back her scattered hair,
And, in the growing twilight, she saw her loved one there.

"Why cam'st thou not more early? Where tarried'st thou so long?
I have waited thee from sunset till dusky even-song;

"The stars came out so slowly! It was a weary time;
I almost thought I *never* should hear the vesper chime.

"And I have had strange fancies, dim thoughts that seemed like fears,
Not sad,—yet, when they left me, mine eyes were salt with tears;

"I thought of my dead mother, her pale face I could see
Between me and the starlight, as if she waited me;—

"'Now, wherefore, blessed mother, say wherefore art thou here?
Most sure, if I had sinned, my heart would chill with fear.'

"Her lips moved not to answer, but glimmered with a smile,
That seemed to say, 'my daughter, wait yet a little while.'

"With that no more I saw her; the Pleiades alone
I saw, all dim and misty, as through my tears they shone.

"And now, when thou art with me, when I should be most glad,
I yet do feel a something that makes me well nigh sad.

"Why lookest thou so mournful? Such face to thee is new;
And why dost thou not kiss me, as thou art used to do?"

Long time his lips seemed moving, as if unwont to speak,
And, when at length he answered, his voice was dim and weak.

"Now, dearest, if thou'lt listen, I will make plain the truth;
As I to thee did hasten, I met a stranger youth;

"He seemed of other country, and he was pale and fair;
His eyes were very mournful, yet kind as thine eyes are;

"He sang to me full sweetly the songs of his own clime,
And, all along, the music interpreted the rhyme;

"They were of unknown language, yet ever, more and more,

They grew to sound like something that I had heard
before;

"His face did shine so brightly, he sang so silverly,
I knew he was an angel come down for love of me,—

"A mild and gentle spirit, and in his earnest eyes
I read the seeming riddle of all life's mysteries.

"His voice went through and through me, it was so soft
and low,
And it was very mournful, but not as if with woe;

"The voices of the lost ones, of those who've gone be-
fore,
Seemed woven with it strangely to charm me more and
more.

"With his mild eyes he drew me, he took me by the
hand,
I could not choose but follow into his pleasant land;

"And so with him I journeyed, in that fair clime to
dwell,
But of its wondrous beauty only that youth can tell;

"The gate whereby we entered, it is both green and low,
And up beyond the church door 'tis scarcely a stone's
throw.

"I shall be with thee often, but never as before,
For I wear not the vestments of clay which once I wore;

"We will not break our troth plight, though time can never bring
The day when I may claim thee, to wed thee with a ring;

"For that kind youth hath promised that, on a certain day,
He will go forth and bring thee to dwell with me alway."

His words to silence faded, when he so far had said,
And mingled with the murmur of the pine trees overhead.

She did not sink with sorrow, nor weep when he was gone,
But patiently she waited until five moons had shone.

She kept her ever ready to greet the stranger youth,
Drest in her wedding garment of purity and truth.

And, when those days were numbered, the stranger came once more,
With gentlest look, to lead her in at the low, green door;

With joy she gave him welcome, all robed in snowy white,
Her heart had told her surely that he would come that night;

A bridal wreath of amaranth he twined about her head,
And then the fair betrothed all silently forth led.

She followed him right gladly, it was not far to go
To meet and dwell forever with him who loved her so.

With many tears they prayed her to stay, but all in vain;
Long waited they her coming, but she never came again.

WOMAN'S TEARS.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

She wept—as softest dews that come
Upon the floweret's vernal bloom,
One moment's space, — then melt away
Beneath the morning's primal ray, —
So soft, so sweet, so pure, so brief,
So lightly passes childhood's grief.

She wept, — as falls the summer shower
On bended grass and glistening flower,
That lift their heads to heaven again,
The brighter for the gentle rain, —
So laughs the lip, — so lights the eye, —
As girlhood's fleeting tears pass by.

She wept, — as dreary rains at morn,
On harvest fields of gather'd corn,
Where mirth is o'er and joy is done,
And hope is wither'd up and gone; —
So fell the tears that seem'd to start
From woman's crush'd and bleeding heart.

She wept once more, — the wintry day
Sweeps bleak through branches stripp'd and gray,
And frozen falls the stormy rain
From boughs that may not bud again; —
So wither'd Eld's last tears are shed, —
Lone, — helpless, — heartless, — hopeless, — dead!

SUMMER EVENING MELODY.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

Go forth! the sky is blue above,
And cool the green sod lies below,—
'Tis such an hour as claims for love
The halcyon moments as they flow.

The glow-worm lends her twinkling lamp,
The cricket sings his soothing strain,
And fainter sounds the weary tramp
Of footsteps in the grassy lane.

Go forth! ye pallid sons of care!
Too long your thoughts to earth are given,—
To-night sweet music haunts the air,
And fragrant odors breathe of heaven.

THE CAPUCHIN MONK.

BY THOMAS GRAY, JR.

He sat him down within his narrow cell,
Lonely, yet not alone, — around him stood
The bold, but shadowed types of life and death —
The King of Terrors, and the mightier king,
The King of Righteousness — and as he gazed
On the blest Virgin and her holy child,
Then on the grisly monarch, thus he spake:

"Over the hall and hearth,
Over the stormy main,
And the battle-field, and the bowers of mirth,
Monarch! 'tis thine to reign.
Over the bleeding heart,
Where crushed affections flow;
Over affliction's dart,
And sorrow's heaviest woe,
Saviour! 'tis thine to charm the pang away,
And from the King of Terrors rend his prey.

"The social hearth, the hall,
Earth, and the stormy main,
Hearts, kindred, friendships, all
Crushed 'neath thy iron reign,
All — all did'st thou beneath thy sceptre bring —
Master! behold *thy* master — king! *thy* king.

Where are thy terrors now,
King of the conquered grave?
A mightier power than thou
Hath come with strength to save, —
And o'er thy prostrate throne it brings
The mastery of the King of Kings."

"THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN."

BY EPHRAIM PEABODY.

THIS — such is the language we often hear — is a mechanical age. The soul has left the world. The spirit to do and endure nobly, heroic purpose and achievement, faith, devotion, these are gone. Society is hard, grasping, mechanical, commercial, with little in its sentiments or pursuits to interest more generous natures. The world has become tame and common-place.

But, is it so? Is the world tame and common-place, in reality, or, does it only seem so, because the heart and eyes of him who thus complains, are sealed up, and he cannot see what is around him? It seems to us, that there was never a time, when the highest and noblest sentiments of humanity were more alive. Doubtless this is — to use the accredited phrase — a mechanical age, — an age in which outward good is sought with an ardour, and energy, and enterprise never seen before; — but what moves the busy wheels of this visible mechanism? It does not go of itself. There must be some power beneath and out of sight, competent to produce these vast results. That power is in the soul of man. If there is more visible activity and accomplishment in the world around us, it is because the invisible life of the soul is more intense. Could we see the depths as well as the surface, we should see that passion and affection have not decayed — that the central fires remain

—and that, though old volcanoes may be extinct, new ones are ever ready to burst out. Even if the sharp contrasts of one of our best poets are true, if

"Ours are the days of fact, not fable,"

though it be true that

"Noble name and cultured land,
Palace, and park, and vassal band,
Are powerless to the notes of hand
Of Rothschild, or the Barings,"

it does not by any means follow, that poetry, or enthusiasm, or nobility of sentiment have diminished. So far from it, there is, probably, at this moment, in "Alnwick," in the midst of its petty traffic, more of living faith, and pure affection, and enthusiasm directed towards noble ends, than in the best days of the Percies. These sentiments always flourish, just in proportion as an improved civilization, by furnishing a greater variety of resources, and opening wider spheres of action to individual enterprise, enables men to become more independent and self-dependent.

There is a spiritual element interfused through the whole material world, and which lies at the source of all action. It is this which lifts the world out of chaos, and clothes it with light and order. The most ordinary act springs out of the soul and derives its character from the soul. It seems trifling, only because its spiritual origin is forgotten. While on the surface of life all may be calm, it is startling to think what mysteries of passion and affection may be beneath. Though heedless of it,

we move in a universe of spiritual life. It is with us as with men that lie dreaming in their beds at sea, between whom and the ocean is but a single plank. Cabined, cribbed, confined in our narrow, individual existence, there is all the time rushing by us, its moanings in our ears, its tremblings reaching to our hearts, the mystic tide of spiritual life.

"The spirit giveth life." We need not go far, if we will but open our eyes, to see how the most ordinary acts of man are penetrated by a spiritual element. And where this is, nothing can be tame or common-place. Nothing, at first sight, is more worldly and unspiritual than a commercial newspaper. It deals solely with the affairs of the day, and with material interests. Yet, when we come to consider them, its driest details are instinct with human hopes, and fears, and affections; and these illuminate what was dark, and make the dead letter breathe with life.

For example: — in the paper of to-day, a middle-aged man seeks employment in a certain kind of business. The advertisement has, in substance, been the same for weeks. For a time, he sought some place which presupposed the possession of business habits and attainments. Then there was a change in the close of the advertisement, indicating that he would do any thing by which he could render himself generally useful to an employer. And this morning there is another change. He is willing to commence with low wages, as employment is what he especially wants. All this is uninteresting enough. Yet what depths of life may lie underneath this icy surface of business detail. It is easy for the fancy to seek out and make the acquaint-

ance of this man. He is a foreigner, in poverty, with a family, brought to this country by the hopes which have brought so many hither, only that they might be overwhelmed with disappointment. He is a stranger and finds all places of business full. Already his family is parting with every superfluous article of dress and furniture; their food grows daily more scanty and meagre; broken down in heart and hope, he seeks, through all the avenues of business, some employment, and cannot find it. The decent pride, and the desire to enter that business for which his previous habits had fitted him, have kept him up for a time, — but these are fast departing under the pressure of penury; and this morning's advertisement means, that the day seems near at hand when his children may cry for bread and he have none to give. Not always, by any means, but how often might such advertisements tell tales like this.

Could we but look, through these long lines of advertisements, into the hearts of those who have published them, what a revelation would there be of human life. Here are partnerships formed and closed; young men entering into business, old men going out of it; new inventions and speculations; failures, sales of household furniture and dwellings. These have been attended by the most sanguine hopes, by utter hopelessness, by every form of fear, anxiety and sorrow. This young man, just entering business, looks forward, with anticipations bright as the morning, to his marriage day. This sale of furniture speaks of death, diminished fortunes, a scattered family. There is not a sale of stocks, which does not straiten or increase the narrow means of widows and orphans. This long column of ship news — a thou-

sand hearts are this moment beating with joy and thankfulness, or are oppressed by anxiety, or crushed down by sorrow, because of these records which to others seem so meaningless. One reads here of his prosperity; another of ruined fortunes; and the wrecked ship, whose crew was swept by the surge into the breakers, and dashed on the rocks — how many in their solitary homes are mourning for those who sailed with bright hopes in that ship, but who shall never return. And more than this, — could these lines which record the transactions of daily business, tell of the hearts which indited them, what temptations and struggles would they reveal. They would tell of inexperience deceived or protected, of integrity fallen or made steadfast as the rock, of moral trials, in which noble natures have been broken down or built up. Had we the key and the interpretation of what we here read, this daily chronicle of traffic would be a sadder tragedy than any which Shakspeare wrote.

It is the same with all human labor. "The spirit giveth life." Were it not so, earth would be a dungeon. If toil were only toil, or if it had no object but the supply of one's own bodily wants, to gratify hunger and thirst, or to minister to luxurious appetites, if this were all, the labor of man would be as the labor of brutes. But all the products of man's labor, are but symbols of a spiritual life beneath. To the outward eye, what toilsome drudgery is oftentimes the life of a mother of a family. She labors by day, she watches by night; her years are worn out in disconnected, trifling occupations. And yet, could we look beneath, when the mind is right, we should find all these details bound together, elevated, hallowed by the spiritual element blended with them.

While, with housewifely care, she goes from room to room, under the labor of her hands grow up, as under the sunshine and dew, the affections and virtues of a happy home. That toy which she takes out and pauses over with tearful eye, and lays away again so carefully, is not a toy; it speaks, in a living language, of a sweet child, the music of whose voice shall never charm her ear, whose smiles shall never warm her heart, again, on earth. It is not mere toilsome care, when, before she herself sleeps, she visits her children's bedside and smooths their pillows. Her heart runs over with love; she folds them about with affections; she drives away every evil thing with her prayers.

It is melancholy enough that the places of human labor should be darkened and degraded by so many unworthy passions, so much sordid worldliness, and doubtful honesty, and unequal gains. But there is no labor which is not more or less hallowed by sentiments which give a new value to its products and a higher notion of the nature and character of man.

Here is a whaling vessel in the harbor, her anchors up and her sails unfurled. The last boat has left her, and she is now departing on a voyage of three, and, perhaps, four years in length. All that the eye sees, is, that she is a fine ship, and that it has cost much labor to fit her out. Those on board will spend years of toil, and will then return, while the profits of the voyage will be distributed, as the case may be, to be squandered, or to be added to already existing hoards. So much appears. But there is an unpublished history, which, could it be revealed and brought vividly before the mind, would transfigure her, and enshrine her in an almost awful light.

There is not a stick of timber in her whole frame, not a plank or a rope, which is not, in some mysterious way, enveloped with human interests and sympathies. Let us trace this part of her history, while she circles the globe and returns to the harbor from which she sailed. At the outset, the labor of the merchant, the carpenter, and of all employed on her, has not been mere sordid labor. The thought of their homes, of their children, and of what this labor may secure for them, has been in their hearts.

And they who sail in her, leave behind, homes, wives, children, parents; and years before they return, those who are dearest to them may be in their tombs. What bitter partings, as if by the grave's brink, are those which take place when the signal to unmoor calls them on board. There are among them, young men, married, perhaps, but a few weeks before, and those of maturer years, whose young children cleave to their hearts as they go. How deeply, as the good ship sails out into the open sea, is she freighted with memories and affections. Every eye is turned towards the receding coast, as if the pangs of another farewell were to be endured. Fade slowly, shores that encircle their homes! Shine brightly, ye skies, over those dear ones whom they leave behind! They round the capes of continents, they traverse every zone, their keel crosses every sea, but still, brighter than the southern cross or the polar star, shines on their souls the light of their distant home. In the calm moonlight rise before the mariner the forms of those whom he loves; in the pauses of the gale he hears the voices of his children. Beat upon by the tempest, worn down with labor, he endures all. Wel-

come care and toil, if these may bring peace and happiness to those dear ones, who meet around his distant fireside!

And the thoughts of those in that home, compassing the globe, follow him wherever he goes. Their prayers blend with all the winds which swell his sails. Their affections hover over his dreams. Children count the months and the days of a father's absence. The babe learns to love him and to lisp his name. Not a midnight storm strikes their dwelling, but the wife starts from her sleep, as if she heard, in the wailings of the wind, the sad forebodings of danger and wreck. Not a soft wind blows, but comes to her heart as a gentle messenger from the distant seas.

And after years of absence, they approach their native shores. As the day closes, they can see the summits of the distant highlands, hanging like stationary clouds on the horizon. And long before the night is over, their sleepless eyes catch the light glancing across the rim of the seas, from the light house at the entrance of the bay. With the morning they are moored in the harbor. The newspapers announce her arrival. But here again, how little of her cargo is of that material kind which can be reckoned in dollars and cents. She is freighted with human hearts, with anxieties and hopes and fears. There are many there, who have not dared to ask the pilot of home. The souls of many, which yesterday were full of joy, are now overshadowed with anxiety. They almost hesitate to leave the ship, and pause for some one from the shore to answer those questions of home and of those they love, which they dare not utter. There are many joyful meetings, and some that are full of sorrow.

Let us follow one of this crew. He is still a youth. Years ago, of a wild, and reckless, and roving spirit, he left his home. He had fallen into temptations which had been too strong for his feeble virtue. His feet had been familiar with the paths of sin and shame. But during the present voyage, sickness and reflection have "brought him to himself." Full of remorse for evil courses, and for that parental love which he has slighted, he has said, "I will arise and go to my father's house;" they who gave me birth shall no longer mourn over me as lost. I will smooth the pathway of age for them, and be the support of their feeble steps. He is on his way to where they dwell in the country. As the sun is setting, he can see, from an eminence over which the road passes, their solitary home on a distant hill-side. O scene of beauty, such as, to him, no other land can show! There is the church, here a school house, and the homes of those whom he knew in childhood. He can see the places where he used to watch the golden sunset, not, as now, with a heart full of penitence, and fear, and sorrow, for wasted years, but in the innocent days of youth. There are the pastures and the woods, where he wandered full of the dreams and hopes of childhood — fond hopes and dreams that have issued in such sad realities. The scene to others would be but an ordinary one. But to him, the spirit gives it life. It is covered all over with the golden hues of memory. His heart leaps forward to his home, but his feet linger. May not death have been there? May not those lips be hushed in the silence of the grave, from which he hoped to hear the words of love and forgiveness. He pauses on the way, and does not approach till he beholds a

light shining through the uncurtained windows of the humble dwelling. And even now his hand is drawn back, which was raised to lift the latch. He would see if all are there. With a trembling heart he looks into the window, — and there — blessed sight! — he beholds his mother, busy as was her wont, and his father, only grown more reverend with increasing age, reading that holy book which he had taught his son to revere, but which that son had so forgotten. But there were others; and lo! one by one they enter, young sisters, who, when he last saw them, were but children that sate on the knee, but have now grown up almost to womanly years. And now another fear seizes him. How shall they receive him? May not he be forgotten? May they not reject him? But he will, at least, enter. He raises the latch, — with a heart too full for utterance, he stands, silent and timid, in the doorway. The father raises his head, the mother pauses and turns to look at the guest who enters. It is but a moment, when burst from their lips the fond words of recognition — my son! my son! Blessed words, which have told, so fully that nothing remains to be told, the undying strength of parental love. To a traveller, who might that night have passed this cottage among the hills, if he had observed it all, it would have spoken of nothing but daily toil, of decent comfort, of obscure fortunes. Yet at that very hour, it was filled with thanksgivings which rose like incense to the heavens, because that "he who was lost, was found; and he that was dead, was alive again."

Thus ever under the visible is the invisible. Through dead material forms circulate the currents of spiritual

life. Desert rocks, and seas, and shores, are humanized by the presence of man, and become alive with memories and affections. There is a life which appears, and under it, in every heart, is a life which does not appear, which is, to the former, as the depths of the sea to the waves, and the bubbles, and the spray, on its surface. There is not an obscure house among the mountains, where the whole romance of life, from its dawn to its setting, through its brightness and through its gloom, is not lived through. The commonest events of the day are products of the same passions and affections, which, in other spheres, decide the fate of kingdoms. Outwardly, the ongoings of ordinary life are like the movements of machinery, lifeless, mechanical, common-place repetitions of the same trifling events. But they are neither lifeless, nor old, nor trifling. The passions and affections make them ever new and original, and the most unimportant acts of the day reach forward in their results into the shadows of eternity.

Our object has been to illustrate, from common and familiar scenes and events, the truth, that things, in themselves dead and trifling, if but a soul be present beneath them, producing them, or affected by them, become raised, illuminated, and receive something of that importance, which belongs to the soul which is connected with them.

Open but the eye, and we live in the midst of wonders. The enthusiastic and ardent pine for scenes of excitement. They fly to seek them to foreign lands; they bury themselves in the pages of poetry and romance; the every day world around them seems to them stale, flat and unprofitable. But it is only in seem-

ing. At our very doors transpire realities, by whose side, were the veil taken away which hides them, the fictions of romance would grow pale. Around us, all the time, in light and in darkness, is going on the mighty mystery of life, and passing before us in shadow is the dread mystery of death. Want and prosperity, anxieties which wear out the heart of youth, passions which sink it to the dust, hopes that lift it to the heaven, —hid by the veil of custom and the senses, — these are alive all around us.

The moralist would teach us that such considerations should make one thoughtful of the happiness of others. If we look only on the surface of life, every thing appears calm and smooth. Yet under this smooth and icy surface, flow, deep and dark, the rushing waters of life. What capacities of pain and joy lie in every bosom! How few there are, whose hearts, at one time or another, are not tried and tortured by the sharpest anxieties! — how many that bear about with them thoughts that weigh them down to the earth! They may never be spoken; they may be hid from the scrutiny of man; yet he has had small experience of life, who has not seen enough of it to know that there are few who pass through the world, without having, in some way, to taste of its bitterest cup.

Surely, in such a world, man should be considerate of the happiness of man. And because so much of the suffering of the world must always remain unknown, the last thing spoken of even to the nearest friend, this thoughtfulness of the happiness of others should take the form of a perpetual kindness of spirit, the disposition at all times to promote the happiness, and to be lenient

to the defects of others. He who has this spirit, does good often when he knows not of it. He is among men like the showers which pass over the earth, which, falling every where, sometimes may fall on the desert, but more often on the soil that needs and is prepared for them. A virtue goes out from him, which heals those, who, unwitnessed, but touch the hem of his garments. He whose trouble is unknown to all save himself and God, has his spirit often soothed and brightened by a friendly act or friendly words from one, who is as ignorant as all others of that secret trouble. The kind and considerate spirit cheers despondency, and encourages wavering consciences, often when it does not suspect their existence. Such is the power and the reward of true kindness, that it does good often when it dreams not of it.

There is, in addition to this, a religious view of the subject, which can hardly fail of suggesting itself to any thoughtful person. The true life of man is passed in the retirement of his own bosom. How little that passes in any soul, is, or can be, known to any other. The greatest struggles against the power of habit, or for a higher life, the deepest remorse or penitence, the keenest anguish, the most wearing anxieties — these are rarely communicated. Often the soul dwells in such retirement, that these things are not known, and are not suspected by the nearest and dearest friends. This inward life cannot be brought out to the day, — it shrinks from the public gaze, — it retreats behind the common places of society into the solitude of the soul. Yet in all this, man craves sympathy and aid. This seems wisely and kindly determined to be so by Provi-

dence, that it might keep alive within his creatures, a sense of their dependence on his care. Those feelings which cannot be spoken to others, are already known to Him, and he is ready to help. By the very difficulty which man finds in expressing such feelings to man, God would draw him, in the confidence of the child, to himself. He would thus connect himself, in the closest manner, to his creatures, by being their helper and friend in their deepest and most unshared wants and trials. Alone in the world, he who has this feeling of trust shall no longer be alone. Outcast from men, he shall more earnestly look towards heaven. Into him, as into the saints of old, a spirit of life from God shall enter. The hardest trials of the soul, trials in which we shrink from the sympathy of men, thus easily and naturally lead to a higher confidence in God, and to an enduring peace.

SONGS.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

I.

EVENING.

THE evening star now sparkles bright;
  Full shines the rising moon;
And fleetly fades the rosy light
  Around the horizon.
The bosom swells with holy joy;
  The heart beats soft and low:
No longer care and pain annoy;
  Unchecked the feelings flow.

The meadow brook now dances light;
  Its wave shines silver clear:
The stars are dancing strangely bright,
  Along yon azure sphere.
The nightingale her melody
  Trills lightly from the brake;
And trembling floats, in harmony,
  The moonbeam on the lake.

The lovelorn maiden listens long,
  As trills the melody:
Her tender bosom feels it strong;
  Her tears are flowing free.

She fondly thinks her lover then
  Is serenading nigh;
And sadly sweet in dreams again
  She sees him standing by.

O! evening is the time for me;
  Be thine the garish day:
My spirit is so full and free,
  As fades the light away.
My bosom swells with holy joy;
  My heart beats soft and low;
And fondly then, without annoy,
  My gentler feelings flow.

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II.

AWAKE, MY LYRE.

Awake, my lyre, awake!
  Breathe aloud the choral strain;
From thy heavy slumber break;
  Wake to life and joy again.

Hark! how on thy trembling strings
  Songs of hope and love rebound;
Brushed as by an angel's wings,
  How the vocal chords resound.

Now thy long, deep sleep has flown;
  Spirit burns along thy wire:
How the swelling peals roll on,
  Full, instinct with living fire.

O! be silent never more;
Soar to day's eternal blue;
Through the solemn midnight pour
Notes that fall like starry dew.

As on eagles' pinions, take
High to heaven thy sweep again;
Light and music o'er us shake,
Like a shower of golden rain—
Awake, my lyre, awake!
Breathe aloud the choral strain.

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III.

HUNTING SONG.

O! see how the red-deer boundeth,
As he hears the horn in the morning:
He leaps, as the blast resoundeth;
In his flight, the hunter scorning.
And away, away, O! away,
He fleets through the forest drear:
'Tis more wild freedom's play,
Than the hurried speed of fear.
He leaps, as the blast resoundeth,
In his flight, the hunter scorning:
And away, away he boundeth,
As he hears the horn in the morning.
Then oho! oho! oho!
Away to chase the deer—
Oho! oho! oho!
The free, the free are here!

And on, through the forest fleeting,
He hies to the rock-built fountain,
And hears but the echo, retreating
To the dells and glens of the mountain.
He stands by the welcome spring,
And looks in the mirror below,—
When, hark! through the green wood ring
The horn and the loud oho!
He leaps, as the blast resoundeth;
In his flight, the hunter scorning:
And away, away he boundeth,
As he hears the horn in the morning.
Then oho! oho! oho!
Away to chase the deer—
Oho! oho! oho!
The free, the free are here!

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IV.

MEMORY.

O! when Memory brings her light,
And sweetly calls me home,
Swifter than the swallow's flight,
Bright visions to me come.
Such fond Memory brings
On her golden wings,—
O! she brings them with her light,
And sweetly calls me home.

Visions veiled in roseate light,
Then gently round me throng;
Softest tones of young delight,

Sweet tones, forgotten long,
Melt into my soul,
While with blest control,
Hopes and fancies, starry bright,
Mingle in the song.

Memory, be thou ever near
To glad me on my way:
Thy light to greet, thy voice to hear,
O! I would fondly stay.
Days, that knew no shade,
Ah! they never fade—
Beams, from heaven's eternal year,
Still lightly o'er them play.

THE WHITE LADY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PFEFFEL.

The knight Wolfgang, of Wolfsberg, with the lady Ida, his only daughter, lived in his ancient castle in the Black Forest. He had been three years a widower, and as, at that time, there was, neither in Palestine nor Germany, any one to make war upon, he undertook a never ceasing campaign against the boars and hares of his far reaching forests.

He had instructed his daughter, from her early childhood, in the arts of horsemanship and archery. "If I have no son," said he, "I will at least make a half boy of the little girl." His gentle wife had exerted all her powers to counteract this singular course of education. She took as much pains to instil into her daughter every thing feminine and delicate, as her husband did to inspire the little girl with masculine courage. After the death of the mother, the paternal system preponderated. Ida went every day to the chase with her father, and thus the heroic bearing of Diana was added to the features of a Venus, which the poets of the time, especially those who frequented her father's table, had already discovered to belong to the young lady.

Wolfgang was, on the whole, however, a good-hearted man,—all his neighbors were his friends, and, as he was the great man of his region, they often visited him at his castle, and while they tasted his wine, they listen-

ed to the exploits of his youth. But this hero, who had so often been a terror to the Saracens, could not, without a shudder, ride by the churchyard or the gallows. As the crowing of a cock affrights the lion, so was the soul of the knight alarmed by the voice of the screech-owl. He believed in cobolds and ghosts, and any one who denied their existence, was, in his opinion, a heathen, who had no faith in God, and what he perhaps thought as bad, none in the devil.

Among his neighbours, were two young knights, Chuno, of Louenstein, and Adelbert, of Schonborn, who had always maintained an intimacy with honest Wolfsberg, and who, since his daughter had left behind her the sixteenth summer, had been more than ever constant in their visits to the castle. Wolfgang suspected some particular object in their visits, and he often wished he had two daughters, that he might become father-in-law to the two. They were both well formed, respected and brave country gentlemen, who were already lords, each of a handsome fortune, which had descended to him by inheritance.

Chuno, however, was an artful flatterer, who had carefully studied Wolfgang's humor, while Adelbert, by his honest, open conduct, had drawn upon himself the notice of the daughter, more than that of her father. He had also the misfortune not to believe in witches or wizards, not even in Numbernips; and once, when Wolfgang was recounting the last occasion upon which the wild hunter, with his raging pack, was seen in the castle forest, an involuntary smile played about the lips of Adelbert. Wolfgang perceived it, and the credit of the young disbeliever fell the lower, because Chuno

availed himself of this accident, and followed up the narrative of the old man, by a dozen nurse's tales, which perfectly established the superiority of his character.

The artful Chuno did not neglect his advantage. He seized the occasion of the old gentleman's favorable disposition toward him, and the next day, offered himself to him as the husband of his daughter.

"Your proposal is very agreeable to me," answered Wolfgang, "but I promised my dear, blessed Gertrude, never to marry her daughter against her own will. If you can win Ida's love, you may carry her away as your bride."

Chuno was very well aware that the young lady did not regard him with the same favor as he enjoyed with her father; he cursed in his heart the last prayer of the departed lady Gertrude, and courted her daughter with redoubled zeal. Ida, on the contrary, punished him by her increased coldness for the diligence with which he strove to nourish her father's increasing dislike to Adelbert.

A new accident extinguished the last spark of kindness which glimmered in the mind of the old man for Adelbert. Wolfgang, one evening, declared, that in the half ruined portion of his castle, the White Lady, who at that time played a distinguished part among the prophets and prophetesses of Germany, announced, by her appearance, when any event of importance was to take place in his family, and that she had, the night before, been seen by the sentinel of the castle, at the great window in the eastern tower. "I should like to see her," said Adelbert, "and have a little talk with her." "Jest no further, on such a subject," said the lord of the

castle. "Why not?" continued the other. "See, my lord, here is my Turquoise ring, — it is the dearest legacy of my mother. Now I will place this ring on the finger of the White Lady, if she will have the goodness to reach it out to me." Wolfgang turned pale, Chuno looked up to heaven, and Ida laughed.

A few days after this conversation, Adelbert found an opportunity to declare his love to the young lady. A little indisposition had prevented her joining her father's hunting party. She was as much surprised at hearing his declaration as one usually is at being told a secret which he already knows, but which he must not appear to know. The modest Ida blushed, however, at the proposal of Adelbert, and for the very same reason that she would not have blushed if the same thing had happened to her from Chuno. "Sir knight," said she, "I must refer you to my father; if your wishes meet with no obstacles from him, there will none arise on my side." Adelbert took the hand of the lady and bent his knee, while he pressed it to his lips.

Wolfgang soon after returned from hunting to the castle, bringing a fawn and seven hares, as the fruits of his morning's expedition. Adelbert begged for a few moments' conversation with him, and made his proposal to him with honest frankness, without any parade of speech, and without playing the courtier to the father, as Chuno would have done. Wolfgang was somewhat embarrassed, and, in his haste, could think of but one way to get out of his difficulty, and this one happened to be particularly favorable to Adelbert. He gave the latter the same answer he had given Chuno. "Now, then," replied the young lover, "the lady has known

me long, and perhaps she will be so good as to decide my fate in your presence."

"Not so fast," answered Wolfgang, with increased embarrassment, "this may not well be, for I cannot conceal from you, that the knight Chuno, some weeks since, asked from me the hand of my daughter, and I have not given him a refusal." "Well," replied Adelbert, "Chuno and I are good neighbours and friends, — I will talk the matter over with him, and next Sunday we will desire the lady to choose between us, in your presence; he, also, is no stranger to her, and she will not ask a longer time to consider the subject." Saying these words, Adelbert left the father of his beloved.

The next morning, at breakfast, Wolfgang said to his daughter, "Listen to me, Ida: two brave knights, Chuno and Adelbert, desire you for a wife. You know both; Chuno is a gentle, discreet, and God fearing man, who will take care of you, body and soul. Adelbert has his virtues. His father was my companion in battle, — he died in my arms; the young man is the perfect image of him, but his unbelief troubles me. His joking upon holy things often vexes and grieves me. I will exercise no power over your heart, but consider well before you make a choice. Next Sunday, if you please, you may let them know your decision."

"My dear father," said Ida, kissing his hand, "I will choose, and you shall be satisfied with my choice. I will not try to exculpate Adelbert, he may do it himself." "He cannot," cried Wolfgang, "by the Holy Cross, he cannot. Have I not, the very last night, seen the White Lady, with my own eyes? She stood at the entrance of the castle tower. I heard the dogs howling,

and went to the window; there I saw her as plainly as I see you, and when she saw me, hush—she was gone." "I wish only," answered the lady, "that Adelbert could have seen her himself. Yet how does it happen, father, that he, with all his unbelief, is so much more constant at church than Chuno? How does it happen, that all his vassals are rich, and all those of Chuno are poor? How happened it, that when Adelbert was so sick, the past year, all his people were weeping for him, and caused three masses to be said daily for his recovery." "It is all true, all right," answered Wolfgang, "and he has every where a good name, of which I would not deprive him, but—" "Dear father, I will not only consult my own happiness, but your peace, in my choice." With these words, Ida cleared away the breakfast table, and ordered her horse to be saddled, that she might accompany her father in a ride through the forest.

Sunday came, and the two lovers appeared at the castle, in their embroidered collars, with herons' plumes in their caps, and accompanied each by his servant. The dinner was social and pleasant. Chuno depended on the favor of the father, whose daughter had never been disobedient to him; and Adelbert founded his hopes upon the heart of the daughter, who knew well how to move the heart of her father. Ida had, at the desire of Wolfgang, dressed herself in the bridal suit of her deceased mother, and adorned herself with her jewels. When Wolfgang saw her at the table, dressed with such splendor, and doing, so gracefully, the honors of the house, his eyes filled with tears. "By the Holy Cross," said he, "it is my own living Trudchen, only that she

has more fire in her eye, and more heart in her body; but that is my own work. If her mother had brought her up, she would have been just such a timid dove as herself."

After dinner, agreeably to the old knight's custom, they proceeded to business. "Lady," said Wolfgang to his daughter, "the two honorable knights here present, desire your hand. They are both dear to me, and I know their worth, but one only of them can be my son-in-law. The choice between the two I leave to yourself." The lady curtsied very politely to the two rivals and her father, and said, "the bridegroom on whom I will bestow my love, must give me, in the first place, a proof of his courage, which will be, at the same time, a proof of his clear conscience. He shall keep watch for three nights, without an attendant, without light or arms, on the floor of the old castle tower, or, if he can, he may sleep there."

"That will I do," "and I," said both the knights at the same time, while Wolfgang opened his mouth to reprove his daughter for the rashness of this fancy. "It is well," said the lady; "it may be determined by lot, which shall make a beginning. He who watches the first night shall rest the succeeding one, and so in turn till each has finished his trial." The lot decided that Chuno should undertake the first adventure, which was fixed for the next night. Adelbert hastened back to his castle. In taking leave of Ida, he said to her, "I need not premise you, noble lady, to be here to-morrow in time."

The night came, and Chuno went alone, without light, and even without arms, into the old gray tower,

from the crannies of which the bats and the owls flew to salute him. Wolfgang retired to his own room, where, in impatient expectation of the morning, he passed a sleepless night. The day had but just dawned, when he went to his window, and blew a note on his hunter's horn, to call on Chuno for some signal of his life or death. The knight understood the sign, and showed himself immediately, with tokens of friendly greeting, at the entrance of the tower. Wolfgang hastened to meet him, and received him as a man receives his son who has been driven ashore on a broken plank from a wrecked vessel.

"Now, sir knight, how has it gone with you?" said he to Chuno, as he released him from his hearty embrace. "I live still," answered the latter, — "let that suffice you, — more I can and dare not say." At table Ida was gay and talkative, from which the father and lover drew the most favorable conclusions.

At evening Adelbert appeared, after the usual meal, and when the castle watchman called the hour of ten, he repaired, like his predecessor, to his peaceful lodgings. He threw himself down upon a camp bed, covered with a wolf skin, and saw by the pale rays of the moon, now one, then two, and then three bats flapping about his head. Midnight sounded. The wall opposite the bed opened, — a pale white figure approached him, with slow steps. Adelbert arose, stood for a second, and then advanced toward her with a firm pace. When he was at a sword's length from her, he said, "who are you?" "The White Lady," answered a hollow, thick voice. "What will you have?" continued Adelbert. "The ring which you lately promised

me." "That you shall have,—give me your hand." Saying this, Adelbert drew off his ring. The White Lady stretched out her hand, and the knight placed the ring on her finger. At the same moment, however, he threw his arm about the figure, and cried, "but I must become a little more closely acquainted with you."

He pressed the ghost so tightly, that, half crying, half laughing, it cried out—"take care, sir knight." "Holy Virgin," said Adelbert, throwing himself at her feet, "is it you, noble lady,—is it possible? This apparition is as incomprehensible to me, as if it were the White Lady herself." "It is not yet the time to explain to you the riddle," answered the lady. "I hope to be able to do it soon. In the mean time, farewell,—keep silent respecting what you have seen." Saying these words, the figure vanished through the wall, and now Adelbert would have believed in the waking dream as little as he did in ghosts, if his finger, deprived of the ring, had not convinced him of the reality of the apparition. Wolfgang awaited him, the next morning, at his window, and, though he did not welcome him with his hunting horn, yet he showed unfeigned pleasure at meeting him. "How went it with you, sir knight?" said he. "My tongue is tied," answered Adelbert; "as soon as I dare I will tell all."

At breakfast the lady appeared somewhat confused. She spoke less than she had done the day before, and as often as Adelbert looked at her, she blushed and cast down her eyes. The knight also betrayed a similar confusion; his conversation was broken and forced, and often as he was invited by father Wolfgang, he did not half empty his glass. Now, thought the latter,

something must have happened to destroy Adelbert's hopes and favor my wishes. When the young knight took leave, Ida drew off, by accident, her glove, and displayed the Turquoise ring upon her finger. The presence of Wolfgang could hardly restrain him from seizing the hand which had given him so flattering a gleam of hope.

This same goddess, who so willingly deceives the knight and the beggar, filled the fancy of his rival with the sweetest visions. Excited by her nectar, he came the third evening to the castle of Wolfgang, to take his second watch. Wolfgang saw him repair to his post, with gay security. He laid his gray head quietly down, and had already sunk into a gentle slumber, when a violent knocking at his chamber door aroused him. It was Chuno, who was pounding with both his fists, and praying him, in a trembling voice, to open the door.

"In the name of all the saints, what has happened?" said the old man, while he drew in the trembling knight, and could hardly support his own weight. "Sir knight," stammered Chuno, "the ghost — now — I — ah, I cannot describe the horrible figure in which it has appeared to me." Wolfgang made the sign of the cross, and Chuno continued. "It was, at least, six ells high, and spoke with a voice — oh, it still rings in my ears — 'take my hand, or you cannot be the son-in-law of Wolfgang.' With these words, she actually stretched out her skeleton finger, which gleamed like fire. I sunk powerless to the ground, and when I came to myself, the monster was gone.—Heavenly powers, here it is," said he, interrupting himself, when the door opened, and Ida, in a long white dress, entered the room.

"Indeed, sir knight," said she, with a smile, "you exaggerate a little. Here is the six ells high ghost, that appeared to you. That your courage does not bear trial, I have myself seen, — that your conscience cannot maintain itself any better, I will convince my deceived father. Elsy, come in, and do not be afraid." Elsy, the daughter of the castle watchman, entered the room. Chuno grew more pale, and wished to retreat. "Stay, stay, sir knight," cried Ida, holding him by the sleeve, "and hear first the testimony of this woman." Elsy related how Chuno had promised her fifteen crowns, if she, for three Saturday nights in succession, would ascend the castle tower, in a white dress, and show herself, at midnight, for an hour, at the entrance of it, or at the window at the top. "I did it," said she, "without knowing what this mummery was for. But when the lady talked with me, I understood the whole, and promised her, at her request, to keep silent. Here, valiant knight, is the money which seduced me." She threw herself on her knees, laid the gold upon the floor, and prayed for mercy.

"Rise up, Elsy, and keep the money. I will give you fifty crowns in addition, for having opened my eyes." He then said to Chuno, "sir knight, you may go home, — for your own honor and for mine, I will say nothing of your vile trick." "And now," said Ida, stretching out her hand, "see Adelbert's ring here upon my finger. He himself placed it there yesternight, and I give you my word of honor that he knew me not, till he had put the ring where you see it, and until I was obliged to discover myself, to prevent my falling a

victim to his courage. Farewell, sir Chuno, I have nothing more to say to you."

Chuno made his retreat, and the good Wolfgang wept for joy upon the neck of his triumphant daughter. "If your blessed mother knew this, how would she thank me for having taught you to fear nothing." Ida laughed. "I understand you," said she, "the pupil was a little in advance of the teacher,—such things have happened before now."

As soon as day dawned, Wolfgang despatched a servant to invite Adelbert to breakfast. The message surprised him. "Is the knight Chuno still at the castle?" inquired he of the servant. "No, valiant knight; before the watchman called the hour of two, he went away in silence." This intelligence had nearly proved the death of Adelbert's brown mare. When he reached the castle the poor animal was almost exhausted.

As Adelbert entered the saloon of the castle, Wolfgang led the lady toward him, and said, "here, sir knight, I surrender you the prize, which your courage and honest heart so well merit. You shall learn from the lips of your bride herself, how she has managed to unmask your rival, and convince me that a man may be a good christian without believing in ghosts."

THE DROWNED MARINER.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

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[The following was suggested by the story of an old sailor. "Once," said he, "having fallen overboard, I went down, down, till I reached the bottom of the sea; and there, ranged upon every side, were the dead. Some were face to face; some, side by side; all standing upon their feet, their arms hanging down. As the waters moved over them, they swayed back and forth with the tide. It was an awful sight to behold." The story, for its wildness, and graphic effect, is superior to any poetry.]

—

A MARINER sat on the shrouds one night,
The wind was piping free,—
Now bright, now dimm'd was the moonlight pale,
And the phosphor gleam'd in the wake of the whale,
As it floundered in the sea,—
The scud was flying athwart the sky,
The gathering winds went whistl'ing by,
And the wave, as it towered, then fell in spray,
Look'd an emerald wall in the moonlight ray.

The mariner swayed and rocked on the mast,
But the tumult pleased him well,—
Down the yawning wave his eye he cast,
And the monsters watched as they hurried past,
Or lightly rose and fell,—
For their broad, damp fins were under the tide,
And they lash'd as they pass'd the vessel's side,

And their filmy eyes, all huge and grim,
Glared fiercely up, and they glared at him.

Now freshens the gale, and the brave ship goes
Like an uncurbed steed along,—
A sheet of flame is the spray she throws,
As her gallant bow the water ploughs,
But the ship is fleet and strong;
The topsail is reef'd, and the sails are furled,
And onward she sweeps o'er the watery world,
And dippeth her spars in the surging flood;
But there cometh no chill to the mariner's blood.

Wildly she rocks, but he swingeth at ease,
And holdeth by the shroud;
And as she careens to the crowding breeze,
The gaping deep the mariner sees,
And the surging heareth loud.
Was that a face, looking up at him,
With its pallid cheek, and its cold eyes dim?
Did it beckon him down? Did it call his name?
Now rolleth the ship the way whence it came.

The mariner look'd, and he saw, with dread,
A face he knew too well;
And the cold eyes glared, the eyes of the dead,
And its long hair out on the wave was spread,—
Was there a tale to tell?
The stout ship rocked with a reeling speed,
And the mariner groaned, as well he need,—
For ever down, as she plunged on her side,
The dead face gleamed from the briny tide.

Bethink thee, mariner, well of the past,
A voice calls loud for thee, —
There's a stifled prayer, the first, the last, —
The plunging ship on her beams is cast, —
Oh, where shall thy burial be?
Bethink thee of oaths, that were lightly spoken;
Bethink thee of vows, that were lightly broken;
Bethink thee of all that is dear to thee —
For thou art alone on the raging sea: —

Alone in the dark, alone on the wave —
To buffet the storm alone —
To struggle aghast at thy watery grave,
To struggle, and feel there is none to save, —
God shield thee, helpless one!
The stout limbs yield, for their strength is past —
The trembling hands on the deep are cast —
The white brow gleams a moment more,
Then slowly sinks, — the struggle is o'er.

Down, down where the storm is hushed to sleep,
Where the sea its dirge shall swell;
Where the amber drops for thee shall weep,
And the rose-lip'd shell its music keep —
There thou shalt slumber well.
The gem and the pearl lie heap'd at thy side;
They fell from the neck of the beautiful bride,
From the strong man's hand, from the maiden's brow,
As they slowly sunk to the wave below.

A peopled home is the ocean bed,—
The mother and child are there,—
The fervent youth and the hoary head,
The maid, with her floating locks outspread,
The babe with its silken hair,—
As the water moveth they lightly sway,
And the tranquil lights on their features play;
And there is each cherish'd and beautiful form,
Away from decay, and away from the storm.

Frederick S. Agate. Rawdon Wright Hatch & Smillie.

[illegible] Published by D.H. Williams.

THE LAST OF THE WAMPANOAGS.

BY I. M'LELLAN, JR.

With the tough bow of savage war,
And feathered arrow in his hand,
Last of his race, an Indian chief
Gazed forth upon his native land; —
The scene was green with woods around,
The sod was sown with flowering blooms,
And every sighing breeze that blew
Was laden with wild-wood perfumes.
High o'er the groves a mountain chain
Uplifted its blue cones in air, —
Smiling and shining in the light,
The setting sunbeams showered there,
Till craggy cliff and purple cone,
In heaven's own radiant glory shone.

It was a lovely sight to see,
On which the dullest eye might feast;
Where wood and mountain, lake and stream,
By many a bubbling rill increased,
Joined their soft beauties to complete
One of boon Nature's fairest scenes;
Nor marvel is it, that the chief,
Long gazing, on his weapon leans.
He mused upon the glowing sky,
Resting a-weary on the eve:
He listened where the voiceful woods

Sigh as their massy draperies heave;—
Fondly he threw o'er mount and lake
The last look he might ever take.

"Land of my sires,"—the Indian spake—
"Land of my brave forefathers' reign,
Land of wild flood, and boundless grove,
Broad-heaving mount and rolling plain,
Dear to my heart each lovely scene,
Dim-swimming now in twilight's haze;
Oppressed is all my soul with grief,
As wide I cast my latest gaze;
Each rustling grove that o'er me bends,
Each tangled alley of the wood,
Reminds me of the olden days,
When, lord of all, the Indian stood,
King of the realm where'er he went,
In all its limitless extent.

"Yonder, where slopes the waving sward
Along the brimming river's bed,
The birchen cabins of our race
Upon the flowery banks were spread:
And there the curling smoke arose
From many an ancient social hearth,
And voices in the olden time
Filled the wide air with tones of mirth.
Childhood its jocund sports pursued,
And graceful maidens wove the dance,
The youthful warriors proved their shafts,
Or practised with the unerring lance,
While the old sachems gravely sate
Employed in serious debate.

"But silent all is childhood's voice,
And silent all the virgin's song,
And silent is the warrior's shout,
The melancholy groves along,
And finished is the deep debate,
And quenched is the deserted hearth,
And wild weeds grow above the walls
Once vocal with the household's mirth,—
The bow, the arrow, and the spear,
The war-club and the painted shield,
Crumbling and trampled in the sod
The plough upturneth in the field,
And his wild slogan ne'er again
May sound upon the Indian's plain.

"I hear the sullen white man's tread
Amid the wilderness resound,
I see his flocks and herds at graze
Where once our forests slept profound,
I see his sickle and his sithe
Amid the yellow harvests gleam,
I see his rural dwellings rise
By lonesome wood and rushing stream,—
He comes — he comes — his thirsty sword
Hath swept the red man's tribe away,
E'en as his axe hath bowed the groves,
Admitting the broad light of day,—
And Metamora leaves the place,
Last of the Wampanoag race."

One parting look on stream and sky,
On hill and vale, the Indian cast,

Then sorrowfully turned away,
And on his toilsome journey pass'd: —
Yet often would his mournful eye
Turn back to scan the scene anew,
Till evening, with its falling shades,
Shut out the landscape from his view: —
But ne'er upon his ancient hills,
The chief's halloo was heard again,
And ne'er the branching stag and moose
Were by his whistling arrow slain.
Last of his race! he came no more,
But perished on some distant shore!

RECOLLECTIONS OF SWITZERLAND.

BY GEO. E. ELLIS.

INTRODUCTORY OBSERVATIONS.

The history of Switzerland, though full of romantic and stirring narratives, has not, as yet, engaged any very general attention. A part of the region which now bears the name of Switzerland, was known to the Romans, in the time of Julius Cæsar, as Helvetia, and by the Romans that part was subjugated to their universal empire. The conquest of its original barbarous inhabitants, sheltered among their awful mountain fastnesses, and protected against their enemies, by bulwarks which the Almighty had planted, was made with great difficulty. About the year 450, the Germans made themselves masters of different portions of the country, and thus broke the yoke of Rome. Christianity was introduced into Switzerland before the year 300. In the terrible and never ceasing wars of Western Europe, previous to the Reformation, the vallies of the country were the battle-fields of contending powers, and every accessible mountain cliff was the foundation of a feudal castle. The people, hardy, and determined upon freedom for themselves, yet sold their swords, in turn, to the adverse parties — being found, in the course of a single year, to change sides as often as the moon waxed and waned. They belonged, at inter-

vals, to the muster-roll of every state and kingdom of Europe. It was at this period that the Swiss earned their character, for dauntless courage and endurance, and for the basely mercenary spirit of selling their swords where they would receive the most pay for their services, let the cause or the purchaser be what or whom they might. Many European monarchs have hired the republican Swiss for their body-guards.

The Confederacy, by the terms of the federal compact formed in 1815, consists of a federative state of twenty-two independent republics.

GENERAL FEATURES OF THE COUNTRY.

The general features of the country, as they present themselves to the eye of a foreign observer, are the most marked and striking which any country on the face of the earth can offer. An ingenious mode has been devised for exhibiting to a traveller the characteristics of its scenery, by an invention adapted peculiarly to illustrate its grand and beautiful combinations of earth and water. This invention consists of a casting in plaster, in which the mountains protrude, and the valleys sink, lakes and rivers, torrents and waterfalls, snow peaks and forests, cities, villages, hamlets, and isolated cottages, being designated by paints of various colors, by lines and dots, which speak to the eye of the traveller. These plaster castings of different portions of Switzerland, may be seen in all the large towns, and when viewed from a gallery suspended over them, they present, in beautiful contrast, the grand features of that unrivalled region of the earth.

There, a traveller, in the course of one day, may pass through all the seasons of the year — from summer to winter — through spring and autumn. He may gather the fruits of the tropics from a luxuriant garden, beneath a burning sun, in the morning, and at noon may wade in deep snows, shivering with the dreary blasts of the mountains. The roar of icy torrents will mingle in his ears with the soft notes of tropical birds. He may leave the hay-makers, with their sithes, at the base of the mountain, and as he climbs upward, may pass the stubble of the gathered crop — the thick wood — the stunted pines — the sober vegetation, and the short grass of an ungenial spot, till the dry lichen will show him Nature's last effort of fruitfulness, and then his pathway is over barren rocks and icy crags. Some of the inhabitants of those regions may boast a summer of eight months' duration, while others enjoy the action of the sun upon the earth for only three weeks. Nature, too, exhibits here the same variety in its vegetable productions. Some of our choicest green-house plants are there found growing luxuriantly in the open air, mingled in with the richest velvet turf. The gentian, the lily, the hyacinth, and the rhododendron, there bloom and blush unseen. Some of the most daring tourists venture all perils and hazards, to snatch from overhanging precipices, and to pluck up from deep abysses, the rare plants which are peculiar to the Alps. The most beautiful painted insects sip their nectar from the bowls of flowers — fat herds graze in the pastures — the goat is seen biting the scanty turf on some sunny slopes — the chamois leaps the dizzy heights — the marmot whistles its shrill notes — the raven repeats its melancholy caw, and the lammergeyer,

or wild condor, flaps its wide wings as it sweeps to prey upon a stolen kid, or upon the carcass of an animal or a human being which has fallen a victim to the terrible dangers of the Alps.

Amid all this variety in climate, and in the works of nature, the stupendous devices of human art present their wonders. Across the deep abyss in which lie the shivered memorials of the storms of ages, there springs a bridge of solid masonry, over which an army may pass in safety. Following the valley formed by an icy torrent, the engineer constructs a carriage road of gentle slope, secure from the overhanging avalanche and the beating winter tempest. If the mountain sends out its spur of granite to deny all further passage, the blasts of gunpowder will perforate it through and through, and thus, by surmounting such a difficulty, the road will be protected against all its attendant perils. If you find there an unusual obstacle, a hard feature, a stern provision of nature, be sure that you will find, too, new human energies and devices, with which to meet, overcome, or endure it.

ROADS AND VEHICLES.

As far as human skill can avail, the roads in Switzerland deserve high commendation. For safety and comfort both, considering the nature and position of the soil, they surpass what we should have any reason to expect. It is a very difficult task, at first, to open them; and then to keep them in order, amidst the constant washing of the torrents, requires constant toil. The high hills are very hard for horses to ascend, and

in descending them, every ingenious contrivance, in the shape of shoes and skids, is requisite. To complain of a mountain road would be a piece of excessive captiousness. Drenched and devastated as they are, every season, almost to their total obliteration, by waterfalls, avalanches, freshets and snows, it is wellnigh a miracle that they are barely passable.

We often hear of a person's making a pedestrian tour over Switzerland. But every one will have walking enough to do, even if he have formed the fullest determination to ride, and is furnished with all the means of so doing. The horses and mules of the country, and their drivers, are better acquainted with the rules for discreet locomotion than any stranger can be. In Switzerland, as likewise in Southern Germany and in Italy, a large class of men obtain their living by possessing themselves of one or more horses and carriages, of different kinds, for the purpose of conveying travellers from place to place. As there are few post-horses in Switzerland, these carriers, or voituriers, nearly monopolize the means of travelling. They may be found hanging about an inn, crowding the market square, or attending upon a place where strangers are likely to visit. They stand ready to go any where at a moment's notice, and he is a shrewd man who can make a shrewd bargain with them. They are a strange set of beings, as men must be who spend their time and their lives in making hard contracts to transport pleasure travellers. Their animals and their vehicles are their all, and they know well how to favor them. They plod along day after day, the year through, on a slow jog, resting long and frequently. The traveller must be patient, however slow his progress,—he must be prepared to walk every

now and then, or to have his corporeal nature sadly jolted. It will not advance him one rod, to scold or to flatter the driver. For it is very plain that the driver has a mutual understanding with his horses or mules; that a particular crack of the whip, though it be loud and sharp, is intended merely to satisfy the impatient traveller, not to urge on the beasts, though the latter may seem to be the object. At any rate, the beasts act as if such an understanding existed, for not only cracks, but heavy blows, are often wholly unheeded by them. The drivers are possessed of a great share of cunning. Being constantly on the same road, they know it inch by inch, and the traveller is much at their mercy. They often have understandings with inn-keepers, and it is not without an object that they direct the stranger to one or another inn; for, if he is made to pay well for his fare, of course the coachman may feed for nothing. When these voituriers have brought a traveller from some great distance, they stop, where they leave him, and look out for some one who wishes to ride in the direction of their own home. By law they are entitled to back fare, from the first employer, and he generally compensates them according to a pre-agreement. But while they are looking out for a return passenger, it would be impolitic for them to have it known. Indeed, they would make another bargain, by demanding return fare, as if they were leaving home, and he would be a wise traveller who discovered that his driver was not, all the while, leaving his own abode farther behind him. However, a careful observer of men and beasts may pry out the deception, if he watch the marvellous philosophy and ease with which the driver and the cattle draw up by the doors of the inns,

and exchange compliments with their brethren on the road. Such rogues, however, have already become familiar with the name yankee, by having been more than once outwitted by a bearer of it.

The vehicle best adapted for service, on the more difficult roads, is called a "char a banc." This, as its name implies, is a chair body, or seat, hung very low between four wheels, protected against the weather by leathern curtains, and drawn by one or more beasts, according to its size. Its occupants sit sideways, facing the rims of the wheels, and are thus able to spring out at pleasure, without stopping the vehicle. Till within a few years, however, the principal mode of travelling, from place to place, in mountainous regions, was upon the backs of mules, and now they are necessary in some of the most interesting excursions. Nature has adapted them, as well as the human inhabitants of these regions, to the stern features and the dangerous characteristics of the Alps. The sagacity and endurance of the mule are wonderful. Day after day they will toil, without flagging, upon the poorest food. They will mount and descend, with never faltering sureness of foot. A step of three feet, or more, if necessary, they will take, and by a remarkable instinct, when they are walking upon a narrow footway, on one side of which is a high wall of rock, and on the other a sheer and dreadful precipice, they will walk upon the very edge of the precipice, instead of close to the wall. They acquire this habit by being frequently laden with billets of wood, or other burdens, which extend each side beyond their bodies, and thus they learn to keep their load clear of the wall; for if it were suddenly to strike, the blow might jostle

them off the precipice. It is always best to leave them to their own instinct, without attempting to guide them with the reins, or to hurry them on. They will smell or feel their way in safety, even if they are long in proving it.

In mountain excursions, the services of one or more guides are necessary. They are trained to their work from infancy. They can carry heavy burdens, endure great fatigue, and perform feats of daring skill and agility. They are familiar with the signs of the weather, can often discover a path in a snow-storm, and so much depends upon their capacity and faithfulness, that they are approved by certificates from the government.

The towns and cities of Switzerland present many interesting objects of antiquity and history. Many of them are built with great solidity, and are surrounded with walls which tell of ancient warfare. As for libraries, museums, and works of art, it is surpassed by almost every other nation in Europe. Republics never seem to favor the accumulation of such treasures. The city of Geneva has a magnificent situation, at the foot of its clear blue lake, and in front of the snowy majesty of Mont Blanc. The principal interest of its history is identified with the life and labors of the reformer Calvin.

CITY OF BERNE.

The city of Berne is the capital of the most populous of the Swiss cantons, and alternately with Zurich and Lucerne, it is the seat of the general government, or diet. It may be looked upon as the capital of the

country, as it is the place of residence of the foreign ministers and consuls. It is built with great solidity; streams of fresh water run constantly through the centre of the principal streets, and the lower stories of the houses being uniformly built in the shape of arcades, afford side walks protected from the weather. A lofty hill, with a table summit, behind the town, affords a magnificent view of the Bernese Alps, of which we shall soon make mention.

The word Berne, in the Suabian dialect of German, means Bear. That animal is the favorite sign of the canton, — it affords its crest or armorial bearing, on their coin, and in stone or painted effigies, it surmounts fountains, gateways, and public buildings. Nor is this all the honor which bruin receives from the Bernese. The kingdoms of Europe, we know, have their royal families, which, however numerous, are maintained, and feasted, and flattered, at the public expense. Why should not Berne, though a republic, have its royal family? It has, in a way which treats with cutting sarcasm and ridicule, the puerile custom of the kingdoms which surround it. Several bears have, for centuries, been maintained, and fattened, till they can scarcely roll, at the public expense, in a garden on the edge of the town. The stranger never neglects to visit them, though a formal introduction and a court dress are not necessary, — a few apples and bunns satisfying all the requisitions of etiquette. An old lady, a century and a half ago, left her fortune of £60,000 to the bears, and though her will was disputed, the ablest lawyer in the canton argued and gained the cause for the animals. The French, in the revolution, stole the funds from the

treasury, and took the bears to Paris. The money was never recovered, but the bears were reinstated. As they die, successors immediately fill their places, and a small estate is funded for their maintenance.

There is a venerable specimen of ingenious machinery in Berne, which deserves particular mention. It is a clock tower, which occupies the most conspicuous place in the principal street of the town. The dials are of enormous size, so that each motion of the hands may be seen from below. By the side of one of the dials there is a figure which very well represents a cock. Near to this is an image of old father Time, seated in an arm-chair as his throne, holding in his right hand an hour-glass, and in his left a sceptre. He is surrounded by a circle of artificial bears, in different postures; at his side is a larger bear, and over him a harlequin with two bells. Five minutes before the hour is completed, the cock claps his wings and crows twice; then the ring of bears move in procession around the throne of Time; the harlequin dances and gesticulates, and strikes the quarters of the hour on his small bells; the large bear nods his head; old Time turns his glass, and waves his sceptre, and counts the hour with sedately moving jaws; a full-length figure, in steel armor, high up in the tower, strikes the great bell; the cock again crows and flaps his wings; and all these sounds and sights tell that another hour has passed — certainly doing something to disprove the truth of Dr. Young's oft-quoted line,

"We take no note of Time, but by its loss."

That strange puppet-show has a wonderful attraction, for the oldest citizens seem to watch it with an interest equal to that of a stranger.

SWISS COTTAGES.

In some gardens and country scenes in England and our own country, are certain fantastical erections designed to be quite picturesque, and called "Swiss cottages." It would be difficult, however, to find the originals of these in Switzerland. Houses here are evidently built, not for picturesque effect, but for comfort and convenience. Indeed, appearances are wholly sacrificed, unless one may say, that intentional effect is so far set at nought, as to produce a very striking unintentional effect. Swiss cottages, on their own soil, combine together, a dwelling, a farm yard, a barn and a granary, with much beside. They are immense and peculiarly original structures, having no copies any where, unless it may be here and there in our own western regions. Timber and boards are used in profusion. They have large, overhanging roofs, to discharge the snow, often heavily laden with large, flat stones, as a protection against tempestuous winds. Sometimes the houses are completely covered with very small shingles, rounded at the ends, and looking neat, if not finical, and there are galleries outside the windows of each story. The panes of glass are of fantastic shapes, only one opening in each window, so that a head, looking out, seems as if squeezing itself from a prison. Often a row of bright flowers surrounds the galleries with blossoms, and generally hay and straw may be seen beneath the roofs. No paint is used externally, but oil or varnish answers the same purpose. The sleds for winter, commonly find their summer quarters in the upper story. A mound of earth is raised at a little distance from the

dwelling, and rises in height as it approaches it. From this, a covered passage mounts up to the very roof of the house, by which the crops are carried in carts or barrows. Thus all the necessaries of life, including even the wood-pile, are covered by the same wide, extended shelter.

SNOW PEAKS AND MOUNTAINS.

It is time for us now to come to the great distinguishing glories of Switzerland, its snow peaks and mountains. Upon a lofty terrace behind the town of Berne, is one of the first views of these sublime spectacles. While a blazing sun is scorching your cheeks, and, in your immediate neighbourhood, there is one wide prospect of luxuriant fertility, the Bernese Oberland Alps lie stretched out before you, through half a quadrant in the horizon, covered with a mantle of virgin snow. You are tempted to dispute your eyesight, and to charge it as having leagued with some beautiful clouds to deceive you, for you doubt whether so grand a sight can be real. Yet it is real. How faint, indeed, will be your highest conception of its solemn grandeur! Thirty summits spring out from the earth, in a gentle curve, and, with the ridge which unites them, they are all covered with the purest snow. Thus they have stood for ages, and, while whole kingdoms have arisen, have flourished, and are forgotten, that fleecy covering, which we take as the very emblem of instability, and of a momentary life, has never, for one moment, been unveiled. And here, in full view of that prospect, the husbandman has, for centuries, committed his seed to

the ground. The sun has ripened the most juicy fruits, while he could not pierce that delicate mantle,—and the autumn skies, with mild warmth, have found their gentle and continued agency unavailing. There is no sternness in that spectacle, but rather the solemn and benignant counsel which comes from the man of white hairs. When in our youth we look at his venerable locks, we shrink from approaching him, yet not with fear. We are unwilling to lessen the distance between the blood which is warmed by hope, and that which has been chilled by age and cares. We reverence his experience, and the outward lines of a wisdom which has been true amid many changes. The secrets of his heart would rather intimidate than interest us; his experience would not touch our full sympathies, while we do not seek to share his far advance on the way to heaven, save by the gradual process by which he has attained it. So it is with us all, in the view of those icy glaciers, those hoary Alpine mountains. We would not fear to gaze on them alone for hours, but we are satisfied that the view should be from a distance. They do not frown upon us, but they awe us; neither do they smile, but they wear a placid serenity. Their region is not our region, for we are far below, on a warmer and greener soil. Their secrets are in their own caverns. Their height in the heavens is the Creator's work, and he has clothed them in the garb befitting his nearer presence. The sublimity of the spectacle which they present, is unsurpassed by any conception which we can form of merely physical grandeur, and we must turn over many leaves of history, before we find the human character, in which moral and intellectual eminence present a spectacle as sublime as this scene of nature.

AVALANCHES.

They who inhabit the regions which are bounded by these lofty mountains, with their snowy summits, purchase their lives and habitations, at the risk of many frightful dangers. Those numerous lakes, which are hemmed in by hills and mountains, are subject to the most violent storms. Their deep blue waters, in the stillness of a summer calm, reflect, in beautiful curves and shades, the surrounding majesty, and the bather or boatman may then enjoy a delight which pleases and captivates many of the senses. But when the fierce gusts sweep down from the mountains, and the tempest draws its compressed currents of air through the valleys, those lakes are lashed into the fury of a boiling ocean; — their short waves and shifting eddies — their whirlpools and swells, forbid the most daring adventurer to risk their frequently fatal dangers. A storm will arise upon them without any warning, except to the weatherwise; and one half hour after their placid surfaces have reflected the beams of the sun upon the white summits, they may threaten the villages on their banks with a destructive inundation.

The avalanches of the Alps remind us, as we hear the words, of those frequent and direful calamities, which destroy whole villages, with every vestige of life, both human and brute. Avalanches are distinguished, in Switzerland, into two classes, viz: those which are caused by the descent of a light, rolling mass of fresh snow, which accumulates in its progress, and those which are caused by the sliding down of a hard and compact mass of ice or snow, over another bed of the same material. The imagination can form but a faint

conception of the devastation which they cause, and of the horrors which attend it, as their effects are often experienced at a distance of ten miles from their origin. To realize the grand and fearful implements of ruin which they control, we must either stand below, and look upward to the overhanging mass, or we must pass over the melancholy track in which it made its melancholy passage. The tall pines which skirt the forest, are first bowed and shivered by the avalanche, and then, with the speed of lightning, every thing that stands in its way yields to its impetuous fury. Experience, though it has made the inhabitants familiar with the ravages of the avalanche, and has taught them to consult certain probabilities of safety in the places which they select for habitations, still finds many who slight its warnings, and contribute the sadness of their own fate to the sorrowful instruction of others. Even when the avalanche falls, as frequently it does, without hazarding life or property, there is something fearful in its far-off thunders. Some of the most judicious inhabitants, and best trained guides, by carefully marking several little tokens, can discern the scene and season of danger. They learn to watch the shape of a summit, or of a ridge, as it changes under the influence of accumulated snows; they are mistrustful of the sloping side, or the precipitous front of a mountain, and they know the time when the power of the sun is most likely to affect any particular spot. Attendant on the motion of the avalanche, is a sharp concussion, and a violent pressure of the air, in a long and furious blast, which extends its power to unroof and destroy houses, and to work much other ruin, beyond the utmost havoc effected by the tumbling snow.

And while the snow on the mountain, can, by itself, make such dreary havoc, it not unfrequently happens, that parts of the very mountains, with their forests, their rocks and their soil, become disengaged by the action of storms and torrents, and rush down upon a devoted valley, staying their progress only when they have mounted half-way up towards an opposite summit. The traveller will pass over many wide tracks of land which have been thus desolated. Looking up to the mountains, he may discern narrow lines of barrenness, which look like the dry beds of waterfalls; but from these seemingly narrow lines, which the immensity of the mountains alone makes to appear diminutive, have rushed down the rocks which are strewed over whole acres, involving chalets, cottages, farm-houses, orchards and green fields, in promiscuous devastation.

The gloominess of such a scene is wellnigh indescribable. Every idea of beauty fades from the mind, as it contemplates an accumulation of horrors. Loneliness and cheerlessness, an absence of every means for the support of the life of man or beast, and an appearance of recentness in the occurrence of the accident, on account of the clean and fresh surface of the scattered rocks, are the prominent characteristics of the scene.

One of the most disastrous of these land slips occurred in this century. Near the lakes of Lucerne, Zug and Arth, and at the foot of mount Righi, there formerly stood the towns of Goldau and Lowertz, and the hamlets of Rothen, Busingen, and Zuzloch. Behind them rose a mountain, called the Rossberg, which is chiefly composed of Brescia, a conglomerate, or pudding-stone. A part of this mountain, called the Guipenspitz, was de-

tached from it by long and severe rains, upon the first and second of September, 1806. Crevices were seen to open, and rocks to start, and fissures to gap in the mountain, and some fearful calamity was dreaded. About five o'clock on the afternoon of the second day, while the forest trees were reeling, and the birds screamed as they flew, the enormous mass slid down into the valley, covering an area of from ten to fifteen miles with a chaos of ruins, while a flood of waters inundated the surrounding country. In five minutes, the fearful work was all accomplished. Four hundred and fifty-seven human beings perished, among whom were seven of a bridal party of eleven, on their way to ascend the mountain. From three hundred to four hundred dwellings and stables were completely buried, beside two churches. A few of the inhabitants escaped with their lives. The site even now looks as if the fearful tragedy had been acted only yesterday. Masses of rock as large as some of the cottages, driven up towards the opposite summit, attest the gigantic impetus of their fall. Puddles of water, and barren gravel patches, cover the once beautiful gardens. A heavy price do the Swiss pay for the mountain air which nurses their youth and invigorates their age. From time to time, we shall hear of similar catastrophes; even now the winding torrents are preparing them.

ASCENT OF THE RIGHI.

An object which all tourists in Switzerland keep in view, is to make the ascent of the Righi, a mountain, or rather a group of mountain summits, occupying an

isolated position between the lakes of Zug and Lucerne. At its highest point it attains an elevation of 5700 feet above the sea, and though, compared with the loftiest of the Alps, it is but a hill, yet, from its position, occupying the centre of a sublime panorama, which embraces a circle of three hundred miles, it offers a point of observation wholly unrivalled for extent, grandeur, beauty, and imposing majesty. Its base is luxuriantly wooded, and its summit, in summer, is green with verdure. Thousands of travellers annually ascend it, to enjoy the magnificent spectacle of the rising or setting sun. There are several inns along the path of ascent, and one at the top, where most visitors, who can obtain accommodations, pass the night. The way is marked by holy emblems, as such pilgrimages often are in catholic countries, viz: with thirteen small oratories, each presenting, in an appropriate, though rude picture, the stages of the Saviour's sufferings in bearing his cross. Two thirds of the way up is a chapel, served by three Capuchin friars, and dedicated to Our Lady of the Snows. It has been famed among pilgrims, who, for nearly two centuries, have resorted hither, on the fifth of August, to obtain certain indulgences promised by the pope.

The ascent of mount Righi is usually made from the ruined village of Goldau, which lay between this mountain and the opposite Rossberg. That traveller is fortunate who reaches the summit in season, and is blessed with fair weather, to behold the glories of the setting sun. If he be disappointed in this, he will be ready an hour before sunrise, to leave the inn, protected by warm clothing against the piercing blast, and to wait for a

scene, the splendors of which are unrivalled upon this earth. The sensation of health which he feels at every nerve, in the fresh and invigorating air, is worth the purchase of a long pilgrimage. He must not allow the magnificent view of the glaciers, and of the snow-covered peaks around, to detain him, till he reach the highest point. While he watches for the first glimpse of the Lord of Day, he is, in one moment, presented with a blaze of light streaming from half his disk. Then all his conceptions of the sublimity of nature, fade before the indescribable glories of the scene. He resolves that henceforward, when he contemplates the august majesty of the Creator, in his own mind, his thoughts shall be kindled and awed by the vivid remembrance of that scene, where it was blazoned forth by the wide radiance of the infinite dome of heaven as one vast reflector. The sun, as we observe it, from day to day, may seem to show its years, not by any feebleness in its rays, nor by any pause in its motion, but by its constant and faithful repetition of its task. If it goes forth each day rejoicing like a giant, it has seemed to glory in its patience and dutifulness in completing its round. If we detect any traces of its years, we imagine them to be such as we observe in a venerable man, who has long pursued, unwearied, a daily circle of duties, with a sedate and unfaltering step, and a mechanical choice of the accustomed path. But stand upon that mountain top, and you will no longer imagine that the sun, which measures out the succession of time, can be marked by its ages. For there it springs forth as young and as joyous as on its first morning. Before its first direct rays dart upon the eye, the view is fearfully

grand. The mountain, half-way up from its base, is surrounded by a circle of fleecy clouds, resembling immense piles of the whitest lamb's wool, and looking like an ocean suddenly arrested, in a wild uproar which had covered its whole surface with foam. Then a few black peaks burst forth from this sea of whiteness, which extends all around to a distant horizon. When the full, bright orb stands over the eastern hills, the beakers, and curving lines of the fleecy clouds, which before were of a delicate sky blue, are converted into brilliant gold. While this robe of glory covers the whole prospect, even the long range of glaciers and of snow-covered summits in the south, the Alps of Appenzel, and the Grisons, glow in the sunlight, as if they would burst into a blaze. In the southwest, the Bernese Alps, high as they rise to heaven, cannot even then bound the view. The French Vosges in the east, and the Black Forest in the west, are parts of the picture. Two of the neighbouring summits alone frown, and seem unwilling to glow in the general radiance: the first, mount Pilatus, as if intending to admit the truth of the wild superstition, that the exiled governor of Judea committed suicide by leaping from its throne-like top into the lake below; and the second, the Rossberg, as if bound to perpetual gloom, in memory of its dread desolation.

An interesting fact connected with the perpetual circuit of the waters, may present itself to notice, when you ascend these elevated mountains. For instance, as the traveller stands upon mount Righi, during a summer shower, the umbrella which he holds over his head, may divide the falling water into streams which shall flow

towards the most distant quarters of the world. The drops which fall at his right hand, may pass, by the Danube, to the Black Sea; those which fall before him, may reach the German Ocean, at Leyden, by the Rhine; while those which fall at his left hand, shall be conveyed into the Mediterranean, by the Rhone. Combining these facts with the imaginations which arise in the mind, a view from such a summit, fixes impressions which never can be effaced. If nature presents such majestic prospects, and the eye, faithful to its office of taking in each feature, conveys it, safe and perfect, to the mind, the agents have done their work, and it remains that the idea of beauty, or of grandeur, should find a faithful recipient in the human soul. It is observed, that under a favorable disposition of the sun and the atmosphere on mount Righi, the human body casts a shadow of fifty miles in length. How much higher does the mind soar?

THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

The vast chain of the Alps which separate the frontiers of Switzerland and Italy, seems to have been interposed by nature, as an eternal barrier to all intercourse between the two countries. As we stand and look upon that high-fenced wall, and remember what fearful dangers rest upon its summit, and hang upon its sides, we might well regard it as one of nature's boundary lines, which cannot be overleaped. Yet that barrier of rock, of ice and snow, coursed by the wildest tempests, and washed by the fiercest torrents, has been pierced by human feet, in more than fifty places. The

Romans first made a pathway there for their arms, and over it their legions passed to their northern conquests. It has long been a point debated among scholars, by what route Hannibal crossed the Alps. The local features of the region, and the testimony of the historian Polybius, have now established a general decision, that his route lay over the pass of the Little St. Bernard. Undoubtedly the various tribes of northern savages, who successively descended, with the doom of Italy in their barbarous strength, made a way for themselves over many Alpine passes. Now, for business, for pleasure, and for war, that long extended barrier may be crossed at more than fifty points, either by the well appointed carriage, the sagacious mule, or the persevering pedestrian. But not one of these routes is without its dangers. In discovering a feasible pathway, it is plain that art must avail itself, as far as possible, of the allowances, and the helps of nature. The path must be selected with reference to safety, and accessibility, and must therefore be traced along the course of a mountain torrent, to a notch formed between two summits, and then complete the ascent by spiral evolutions. A minute description of two of these most famous passes, will give us a general idea of the main features of all of them.

The pass of the Great St. Bernard, which furnishes a direct line of communication between Geneva and Turin, by a mule path, much traversed, as it is the most ancient, so perhaps it is the most interesting. Commencing at Martigny, in the valley of the Rhone, and following the valley of the Drance, a mountain torrent, we arrive at the village of St. Pierre, which is the last

collection of human dwellings. The object to be attained, by most travellers, is to visit the hospice, or convent, on the summit of the pass. Though a descent into Italy would lead by an expeditious route to Turin, yet, as the transportation of luggage is attended with cost and trouble, travellers generally return to Martigny, and enter Italy by one of the passes over which there is a carriage road. But the pass of the St. Bernard has been, for ages, and still is, much used by peasants, pedlers, and smugglers. A hospice, or convent, stands upon the summit, as upon most of the Alpine passes, to furnish relief to travellers—a custom of consecrating scenes of danger and trial, by the offices of christian charity, for which the catholic church deserves an exalted praise. This pass has its dangers, and seven months in the year, those dangers are fearful, and frequently fatal. Snow may always be seen upon it, and in the spring, autumn, and winter, large masses of it stand gently poised in the air, ready to descend in thundering avalanches. The slightest motion, or concussion of the air, the crack of a pistol, the sound of the human voice, will cause them to start on their desolating path. In passing by the most exposed spots, the peasants keep a perfect silence,—they often muffle the bells on their mules, and they keep at a great distance from each other, in order to render mutual aid, if one of the party should be overwhelmed. Even under the most favorable influences of a calm summer's sun, safety is secured only by keeping strictly in the path, for if you wander from it but one yard, you are confused by the uniform surface of broken stone around you. Tall timber shafts, with cross-beams, indicating the route,

are placed at intervals along the way, to designate it, when there has been a fresh fall of snow. But all precautions, and the longest experience, will not secure the most robust peasant from the dangers of a winter passage. The snow does not there fall moist and even upon the earth. It sweeps in wild gusts,—it forms drifts of fifty feet in depth,—its separate particles, as sharp as sand, lacerate the face, and completely blind the eyes of the traveller. He is utterly helpless, unable to see the length of his arm, and must be ready to meet his fate, if it be the worst.

After leaving the village of St. Pierre, and some rude chapels, the scene begins to wear the nakedness of desolation—cold, cheerless and forbidding, when regarded as the neighbourhood of human habitations, but of terribly impressive sublimity to the senses. Here and there, for a time, may still be seen a lonely chalet, perched upon a spot where a rod of smooth grass ground will afford pasture for sheep, which is, of course, deserted in the winter. In a dreary hollow is seated the last house where a traveller might look for human sympathy, and then the path lies through a maze of rocks. A little further on are two small, low buildings of stone. One of these, called the hospital, serves as a refuge for storm-bewildered travellers. There, during the severe weather, wood, and sundry refreshments, are left by one of the monks, sent from the convent above. Awfully dreary as is the scene around, these rough walls have often been hailed with inexpressible joy. The other building is called the morgue, or receptacle for the dead, who, in this stony and frozen region, cannot be buried in the earth. For, notwithstanding the constant care

of the monks and their dogs, in searching daily in the snow, for travellers who have lost the path, or sunk in fatigue, the summer of every year discovers the body of one or more victims to the fearful horrors of the passage. The body is placed where it may be recognized, as the rarity of the air allows it slowly to dry up, or decay, without putrefaction. The spectacle is a repulsive one, as the mortal remains are bent and distorted by the frost which drove out the life. The passing traveller, before such a sight, is presented with a vivid picture of an Alpine winter and its merciless storms. The ghastly form of the victim seems to live again, and to shiver before us. We see him clutch every shred of his clothing, and struggle with despair, summoning every energy, every fond hope of life, every dear remembrance of home, and family, and friends, into one mighty effort — finding it all in vain, praying with agony for succor, and then, at last, when madness would precede death, did not heavenly mercy soothe the final pangs — a calm thought enters his breast, dissolving his life by the sweet ministry of hope. He thinks he will lie down for a few moments, and rise refreshed. A soft enchantment seems to wile his senses, as it sings his requiem. So sweet is the sleep which attends death by freezing. Yes, mercy is mingled even in the direst cup of human woe.

The gay holyday traveller, under the summer's sun, must think of such a scene, as he leaves the receptacle of the dead behind him, and mounts higher. He will soon feel the need of the warmest clothing, as the heavy mist of the evening is chilled by the icy air. The deep, full baying of dogs will announce that his approach is known, long before he turns around the last angle,

which, as it has heretofore obstructed his view, now displays the convent, seated in a basin by the side of a small lake, surrounded by pinnacles capped with snow.

The ascent from the base of the mountain to the hospice, occupies at least ten hours. The edifice, which stands eight thousand two hundred feet above the sea, is the highest habitation in Europe. It is a massive and irregular edifice of dull gray stone, and, though sheltered as much as possible, it is exposed to furious storms, in which the snow frequently rises to its roof. It will shelter three hundred persons, and provide eighty with beds. It includes a chapel, with its organ, and paintings, and ornaments, and large cellars for cattle, provender and fuel. There is a saloon, or parlour, for pleasure travellers, and, connected with this, a museum of antiquities, and a good library. Rich presents are often sent hither by grateful visitors. On the opposite side of the path is another edifice, intended as a retreat in case of fire. It has twice served its purpose. The duties of the convent are discharged by twelve monks, of the order of St. Augustine. Their dress consists of a long, close robe, buttoned from their breast to their ankles, a white belt extending over the shoulder, with the ends attached to their girdles, and a black, conical cap, tufted at the top. At the age of eighteen they bind themselves for fifteen years, by a vow to discharge the duties of their station. But few survive that period, as their health is undermined by the severities of their occupation. During some years the ice never melts. There is snow every week, and frost every evening. The greatest cold ever known there was twenty-nine below zero,—the greatest summer heat, at midday, sixty-eight above.

Upon, or near, this spot, there once stood a Roman temple, dedicated to Jupiter, many relics of which are deposited in the cabinet. There was a christian hospice here, at least one thousand years ago. When the Saracens overran the country, in the eleventh century, they established themselves in these wild Alpine regions, burnt the convent, and, as a band of marauders, exacted toll of the pilgrims to and from Rome. The convent was rebuilt, and, in the palmy days of the catholic church, it was possessed of immense wealth, having at its disposal a hundred curative offices, owning castles, and possessing estates in Flanders, England, and Sicily. Now its revenues are small. Its wood is brought to it, on the backs of mules, from a forest in its possession, sixteen miles distant. Indigent travellers receive its hospitalities gratis. Those who are able, are expected to deposit, in the box in the chapel, a sum equal, at least, to what they would have paid for the same hospitalities at an inn.

From November to May, some of the monks, attended by their dogs, descend, daily, half-way down each side of the mountain, to aid travellers. Sometimes the dogs proceed on this errand alone. They are of a peculiar breed, and go by the name of the pass. They are of great strength, never offer to bite, and are very affectionate in their caresses. They are somewhat larger than the Newfoundland dogs, and their sagacity enables them to find a path under deep snow, and to discover travellers when buried under an avalanche. They have a warm cloak strapped around them, and a flask of brandy under their throat, for the service of the necessitous. They will draw out a traveller from the snow, prevent his

sleeping, lie upon, rub, and warm him, carry him, if he will mount them, to the hospice, or return thither and bring back human aid. They have saved many lives. But we know not whether to admire most, the devotion of the monks, the instinct of the dogs, or the foolhardiness of the traveller, who will peril himself, when the necessity of their aid is sure.

The passage of the Great St. Bernard, by Napoleon Bonaparte, and the French army under his command, forms one of the many narratives in his life, which show his daring and determined resolution. We often see paintings representing that stupendous undertaking, in which he is placed at the head of the troops, mounted upon a high-mettled war horse. This representation does not conform to the truth. Napoleon, having sent two divisions of his army, destined for an Italian campaign, over other passes of the Alps, on May 15th, 1800, took the lead of the main body of more than thirty thousand men, and marched them from Lausanne, on the shore of the lake of Geneva, to the village of St. Pierre, on the St. Bernard. It was early in the season for such a hazardous and laborious enterprise. At that village, all appearance of a carriage road ceases, and there begins a winding, rocky mule path, at first leading through pine woods, a dreary, bleak, and comfortless route, even to peasants and smugglers. The weather was then most dismal, and the path was obstructed with ice, and with deep, wet snow. The gigantic barrier of heaven-piled rocks, which rose up in the way of this extraordinary man, did not in the least daunt him. Its awful desolation, its eternal snows, which, with a fair exterior, concealed the most treacherous pitfalls, and the

deepest abysses — these were but playthings to him. He knew that the wild chamois, and the daring Swiss hunter, would venture to leap the most toppling icy crag, and he determined, if necessary, that he would follow. The valley through which the path ascends, is appropriately called the Valley of Desolation. The immense army climbed, with untiring patience, each man unaided, save by his own feet, but burdened with other weights beside his own frame. The infantry, in full military dress, carried their arms, equipments, and camp furniture, while the cavalry led their horses. Unencumbered with any load, the pedestrian now finds that ascent difficult, and it is scarcely less fatiguing, on account of the jolting, on the back of a mule. But each man in that army, was loaded with a weight of from sixty to seventy pounds. The cannon were dismounted from their carriages, and each placed in the trunk of a tree, hollowed out for the purpose, was drawn by an hundred men. The carriages were taken by piecemeal, on the backs of men or mules. The powder and shot was shifted from hand to hand. It is said that the soldiers performed their severely fatiguing duties, not only with faithfulness, but with enthusiasm and alacrity, those who drew the guns even keeping proudly in advance. We may well imagine this enthusiasm in so vast a multitude. The bands occasionally played inspiring airs, and in presence of the most formidable obstacles, the drums beat a charge, as against the ranks of a foe. Napoleon was seen with his guide, at different points along the line, and at the rear, as we may say, to gather the fragments. One private incident and one private remark, as concerns him, were all that the guide could

afterwards remember. He seemed to be sullen and silent. He slipped once from his mule, and the guide saved him from falling over a precipice, by catching at his coarse gray surtout. Taking off his hat, which was new, to shake the water from it, he observed to the guide, that he had spoilt it on this side of the mountain, but would secure another new one on the other side.

The army reached the convent without having taken any refreshment, except biscuits dipped in snow. There the monks, who had had opportunity to provide some stores, distributed to each man a piece of bread and cheese, and a cup of wine, for which kindness Napoleon presented the convent with a donation of one hundred thousand francs. The descent, which was equally, if not more difficult, was achieved, and the inspirited army was ready for its momentous action on the fair plains of northern Italy.

THE SIMPLON ROAD.

Napoleon did not forget the toil and dangers of the passage of the Great St. Bernard. They dwelt upon his mind, and after the battle of Marengo, he commenced that great military road, which, under the name of the Simplon Pass, connects Paris with Milan, by Geneva and the valley of the Rhone. Considering the obstacles which were to be surmounted, and the perfect success of the undertaking, the completion of a carriage road over the Simplon Pass of the Alps, must be allowed to be the most wonderful and imposing of all the works of human art. A pleasant ride from Geneva, by the southern shore of the lake, to Martigny, and thence, by

the wild valley of the arrowy Rhone, to Brigg, conducts the traveller to the base of the pass. Napoleon should have one brilliant page in history, without a blot or a tear, for having carried through such a gigantic and formidable undertaking. Though the road crosses one of the highest Alpine ridges, on the edge of frightful precipices, through mountains of solid rock, and amid hanging avalanches of earth and snow, it is made with the regularity and beauty of a turnpike, the ascent in no case exceeding an inch in a foot, macadamized, and strengthened each rod of the way by a hewn granite post.

It is wellnigh impossible to write such a description as will do justice to this mountain pass. To form a just idea of it, even when it is spread before our eyes, we must imagine the work as conceived, but not yet accomplished, and standing at the little village of Brigg, we must look up over a million tree tops, amid awful crags and dells, which have never been cheered by a single sun-ray, across the paths of furious torrents, which bear down equal measures of ice and soil; we must boldly front the threatening precipice, which needs the removal of but one spade full of earth, to set it free for its ruinous descent, and we must estimate how many tons of powder will be needed to perforate a projecting rock. Under a summer's sun, these characteristics, seen from below, are much softened. The towering summits become smiling knolls, rivalling each other to catch the nearest sunbeam; the abrupt precipices dwindle into terraces, which invite the grape; the ragged pines which cover the rocks, resemble a green carpet of moss; the solid ice, and the leaping torrent, are but the

fixed jewels in the robes of the mountain, gleaming with the waving motion of the breeze. There are but few days in a year when the scene will wear this garden splendor. Some of the most obdurate features of a hard winter reign over it eternally, and have not relaxed their severity for one day since the mountains were piled so high. Thousands of victims attest the uncontrolled sovereignty of the winter's storm. The contemplated passage must not only face these dangers in its execution, but must provide the most ingenious safeguards against the attempts which the mountain, through all time, will make, to regain its ascendency. To attempt to scale the summit, by a direct and abrupt ascent, would be madness. A year's toil of thousands, would be set at nought by the accident of an hour. The summit must be approached in sinuous windings, and taken by stratagem, as by the coils of the serpent. The mountains must be pierced for a passage in one spot, and in another, the fragments of stone must be used to bind up the precipitous way, and to pile a barrier against the mass which threatens from above. Here is a huge glacier, a sea of ice, frozen while tossed by a tempest, and which the strongest heat of summer does not perceptibly lessen. This must be tunnelled, and then, a strong granite arch, built within it, will protect the traveller from its icy fragments or torrents. The excavation for the road on the side of the mountain, will leave an immense overhanging mass, which a concussion of the air will precipitate. So galleries must be made, one above another, and all above the road, to receive what may fall, and to shoot it forward harmlessly into the abyss. Those torrents, too, which in summer are stupendous

sights, in winter are dangerous cataracts, — they must be overleaped by arches of iron and stone, and aqueducts must be constructed beneath the road to discharge them in the valleys. Then there are frequent gorges, deep, though narrow, which require that the road spring from mountain to mountain; again, there must be bridges of adamantine strength. These are merely slight details of the road. Beyond all these, there was the direction of the long route, the choice of that bearing and elevation which might save the labor of a thousand hands for a year. All these facts, and a thousand others which do not come under the casual observance of the senses, are to enter into the conception of the idea in his mind, who planned this route. Throughout its whole construction, the workmen were exposed to the greatest dangers. Avalanches and slides of earth constantly nullified the labor of months. A careful humanity appears along the road, in the construction of "refuges," in the most exposed situations. They are caravansaries, built with great strength and solidity, and furnished with fire-wood and provisions for bewildered and storm-beaten travellers. There is a chill and dreary desolation in the view from the pass of the mountain, all around, which assures us that God never designed it as a place of human abode. There is a large and well-furnished hospice, built by Napoleon, near the summit of the Simplon Pass. The length of the whole road from Martigny to Milan, is one hundred and seventy-six miles; of the ascent and descent of the mountain, forty miles. The road was commenced on the Italian side, in the year 1800; on the Swiss side the year after. It was completed in six years. Thirty thousand men labored upon

it at one time. It cost about twenty-five thousand dollars a mile, and the highest point to which it rises, is six thousand five hundred and seventy-two feet above the sea. The road is from twenty-five to thirty feet wide; along its course, six hundred and eleven bridges leap the mountain cataracts; many more stupendous terraces and galleries are built of solid masonry, as a protection from avalanches; twenty houses of refuge offer shelter to the traveller; and there are ten tunnels or perforations through granite and ice, the longest of which, that of Gondo, is five hundred and ninety-six feet long, and employed a hundred workmen in blasting, during day and night, for eighteen months. While the road was in progress, Napoleon's sole question, constantly repeated, was, "when may cannon be transported over it?" The road now constitutes the great route for business and pleasure travel, and for the Italian mails.

MONT BLANC.

The blanched and hoary head of Mont Blanc, designates him as the monarch of the Alps. A large number of travellers are not content with a near view of this sublime spectacle, but are tormented with a wish to ascend. This wish is heightened by the thought, that the ascent, though full of startling and various dangers, is yet possible. The first known attempt to reach the summit was in 1762, and failed, as likewise did five others, after that date, up to the year 1786, when the first successful attempt was made by Dr. Paccard, and a guide. M. de Saussure had made several of these

unsuccessful attempts. One of his guides told him that it was useless to carry provisions, as one could not eat, and that if he tried it again, he should carry only a light parasol, and a bottle of scent. M. de Saussure adds:— "When I pictured to myself this strong and robust mountaineer, climbing these mountains of snow, in one hand holding a parasol, and in the other a bottle of scent, it presented so strange and ridiculous an image, that nothing could give me a better idea of the difficulty of the enterprise, and of the absolute impossibility that any man, who had not the head and legs of a Chamouix guide, could ever accomplish it." He, however, succeeded in an attempt, in 1787, and made some valuable scientific observations. For such a purpose, the dangers may lawfully be hazarded; but it is perfect folly for pleasure travellers, however worthless their own lives, to hazard the lives of their guides, who are bribed by high pay to ascend. Several have perished in their folly. Up to the year 1828, eighteen persons had stood upon the summit. Now, scarcely a summer passes, without an attempt, which is oftener abandoned than carried through. The end of July is the most favorable time, not because there are then no avalanches, but because there are the fewest. The passage is at first over immense glaciers, and sloping fields of ice. A most resolute determination is required for the adventurer; generally, he makes his last will. The dangers arise from sudden atmospheric changes, from avalanches of snow, and from fissures or cracks in the glaciers, which are often slightly covered from the eye. The adventurers, with their guides, are tied together by a strong line, with a space of six yards between each two, so if one slips over a precipice, or

slides into a fissure, the others may save him from falling. Each is furnished with a long and stout baton or staff, which is of use to balance the body, and to feel the security of the path in advance. Sometimes a wide crevice or fissure in the glacier may present itself, opening into an unfathomable abyss, and crossed by a slight bridge of snow, too weak to be trodden upon, and too wide to be leaped. In such an emergency, the batons are laid across it, side by side, a strong-nerved guide passes, and draws the rest of the party over by the rope, with their head and shoulders buried in snow. Hatchets are always necessary to cut steps in the ice, and holes for the hand in climbing. The cold is intense, yet the adventurer must walk slowly and guardedly, trusting to warm clothing, rather than to quick motion. Very painful sensations attend the ascent, such as oppression at the chest, difficulty of breathing, great pulsation, thirst, fullness of the veins in the head, general lassitude, pains in the knees and muscles of the thigh, blindness, and a cracking of the skin. Yet all these pains, and a host of threatening dangers, men will dare, in order to boast of having ascended Mont Blanc. For, as to the view from it, this is far surpassed by a view of it from the Breven, a neighbouring summit easy to reach. The Sardinian government furnishes a certificate signed by the magistrate of the vale of Chamouni, and the chief of the guides, to each individual who makes the ascent. The height of the mountain is fifteen thousand six hundred and sixty-five feet.

THE BRACELET.

BY I. M'LELLAN, JR.

SWEET MARY! in thy merry eye,
I see a happy spirit shine:
Joy, innocence, and heaven-born truth,
A mingled wreath for thee entwine.
No cloudy glooms e'er dim the smiles
That o'er thy lovely features play,
No earthly storm e'er darkened all
The dewy brightness of thy day.
Far be the cankered care that rusts
So oft the light and buoyant heart;
Far be the stinging pang of grief,
And disappointment's aching smart;
Death's wounding thorn and rankling weed,
That make so many bosoms bleed.

Those curling locks of waving gold,
That on thy snowy temples play,
Will one day tarnish in the mould—
May one day in old age turn gray.
But ere the silky ringlets fade,
May a wide round of sunny years
Be thine, without a passing shade
To cast a sadness o'er thy way.
The lily and the snow-white rose—
Emblems of innocent delight—

Be woven in a chaplet green,
For that young brow, so purely white,—
May they, all beauty and perfume,
Flourish in undecaying bloom.

A sparkling hoop of burnished gold,
Encircles that well-rounded arm—
An emblem of the spotless truth
That keeps thy innocence from harm.
Rich gems of many-blended hues
Are with the fretted gold enwrought:
Diamonds from the dusky mine,
Pearls from the ocean cavern brought;
The ruby shows its glowing flame,
The emerald, its lively green,
The amethyst, its purple light,
The opal bright, its rainbow sheen:
Fair emblems are they, all combined,
Of the pure graces of thy mind.

A fair youth on some gentle eve,
Where thick the honeysuckles grew,
When only the round moon looked on,
Or the bright twinkling stars peeped through,
With many a honied word of love,
Enraptured, that pale forehead kiss'd,
And, breathing the impassioned vow,
That trinket clasped upon thy wrist.
Rude were it to recall the blush,
As thou the glittering gaud did'st take,
Plighting thy troth to prize the gem
Life-long, for the dear giver's sake,

Half yielding that fair form and face,
To the young lover's fond embrace.

It is not for the bard to tell,
The mutual promise given there,—
Together, all life's varied joys,
Together, all life's ills to share,—
For sacred is the blissful hour,
When lovers their full hearts confess,
And with irrevocable vows,
Exchange the mutual fond caress.
Soon at the altar may'st thou kneel,
In bridal garments fair arrayed,
Pure tears, but not from sorrow's fount,
Dimming those blue eyes with a shade,—
Thyself a beautiful young bride!
Blushing thy manly groom beside.

And when upon the pilgrimage
Of life, your loving footsteps go,
May the broad skies shine bright above,
And earth smile fair and green below.
Linked hand in hand, knit heart to heart,
Young pilgrims, as ye onward fare!
May life's thick wilderness of weeds,
Show only flowers and fruitage rare;
Each day a new delight present,
Each month some added blessing bring,
Each year some new-blown wreath of bliss
Upon the wedded couple fling;
Each year, as it careereth past,
Seeming more prosperous than the last.

And when the chills and frosts of age,
Upon that beaming brow descend,
And those rich clustering locks shall wear
The cold white blossoms of life's end;
And when that taper waist shall lose
Its beauty in some coming year,
And when that blooming cheek is seamed
With wrinkles, as decay draws near,
And when that little arm no more,
May bear the gem that clasps it now;
When all of loveliness has pass'd
From that superb, imperial brow,
Sweetly and softly may thy glass
Of life, to its last moments pass!

A RAMBLING ESSAY UPON ROOMS.

I AM inclined to think that the romance of life lies upon its outskirts. Society is but human nature seen through a prism, with its rim only fringed with the tints of poetry. In a little seacoast town, in Massachusetts, I found more of the pure spirit of romance, than I have ever met in the most crowded cities, or the most fashionable society. It was a gloomy morning, and a drizzling rain roughened the air, when I set out upon my expedition. But seated in a high-backed chair, in an old weather-beaten and time-worn room, I defied the day, and plotted the writing of this essay on rooms.

On first entering, I knocked my head against the low rafters, which projected from the ceiling. I forgave the injury in consideration of the compliment to my stature. The occupant of the room, an old withered woman, rose at my entrance, greeted me cordially, and gave me the old-fashioned, high-backed chair for my seat. I had now leisure to look about me, and make an accurate survey of the room. The unplastered, rough walls, and the bold, out-jutting rafters of the ceiling, were imbued with a brown rich color, which the smoke of many years had lent. A small fire was burning on the broad hearth, over which swung a simmering kettle, while the faint line of blue smoke curled up the deep black throat of the chimney. The chimney was of no modern date, and constructed on no utilitarian principles. Its breadth and depth were so great, that, without incon-

venience from the heat, three or four could sit within its wide arms, and enliven a long winter evening with gossiping tales. Bending forward, I could look out into the sky and see the lazy clouds trailing overhead. The unpainted floor was thinly spread with scattered patches of carpet, and on the faded rug, which covered the hearth, sat an old gray, purring cat. Through the diamonded panes of the narrow windows, the eye looked out upon the leaden gray of the ocean, fringed with white foam, where the surge kept beating upon the ragged line of rocks. An old oaken chest of drawers stood in the corner, crowned with a row of old cups, and the high mantel-piece was covered with bits of china, and dingy broken glass. These, with the rusty bluish-brown coverlid, thrown over the bed in the corner, and strangely harmonizing with the general color of the room, completed its contents. Opposite me sat my aged hostess, with her mob-cap tied snugly under her chin, and sitting in a stuffed high chair, from which to the wall, was swung an old green cloak, to protect her back from the cold air which whistled through the chinks of a closet door behind her. In a low, tremulous voice, interrupted by asthmatic pauses, she went on crooning to me of the old legends of the place. She told me of dreadful ghosts, and signs, and omens, authenticating them all, and throwing the weight of her own belief into the balance, — of dead men, lost at sea, who came, all dripping, up the rigging of other ships, at night, — of sailors, who returned, after death, to their widows, while sitting over their lonely fires at midnight, listening to the howling of the storm, — until the air grew misty, and a sort of thrill came over me, and I

waited to see some supernatural shape rise up before me. Nowhere else than in that old, dim room, could such stories have been told with effect, in the noon of the day. But the place was weather-beaten and rusty, the light was deprived of its cheerfulness by the dingy panes, and the hoarse under-tone of the surge kept up a ghastly accompaniment to her quavering voice. When I left her, the day seemed unnatural and too bright. So I wandered to the shore to hear the breaking surf, and accustom myself to the daylight.

We are all pieces of furniture. As the trees across a stream grow toward each other, and interclasp their boughs, grow these natures of ours to that which is next them. The invisible tendrils of affection spread out on every side, and, like the innumerable threads that bound Gulliver to the ground, they fasten us to places, and things, and persons. No one can separate himself from his room. His home is a sacred place, and a sacred feeling. The young spirit seems to have left some traces of itself there. In our room, the spirits of our friends are around us. The old conversations, that once moulded the air into music, are there still. The consciousness of having been happy in a place, lends a reflection of light to cheer our overshaded moods. All our thoughts have a dwelling-place in our room. What an old, familiar greeting do the chairs, books and tables give! They seem to invite us to them. The sunlight there is appropriated. It is not common sunlight, but the same that slanted through the windows years ago. It comes back every morning laden with the freight of all preceding mornings. All the joys of the summer days of our youth, are in the breeze that

stirs through the room, and ruffles the leaves of our books. It seems as if joy was a perfume, that time could never efface from the places wherein the spirit exhaled it.

Man is as much a thing as a thinker. We are uneasy at writing in a foreign place. It takes weeks and months ere we can become accustomed to a new room, and then it is but a poor substitute for the old, time-hallowed one. The mind cannot break away from the thraldom of place. The boy who could not spell his word because he had not got the "hang" of the new school-house, was not altogether in the wrong; and the world may have done injustice to the old traveller, who had jumped a great jump in the island of Rhodes, but could do it nowhere else. We seem made up of little sympathies, which take a bias from the most trivial facts and occurrences. The strongest tide of thought is turned aside by a feather. Even thinking seems to be but a constant series of impulses from external facts and incidents, and from recollections and reminiscences. Goethe would have no luxurious furniture in his room, for fear that his thoughts would lose their masculine vigor and force, by receiving an insensible inflection from them. His study is barren of ornament and studiously simple. So is his style. Some people write their lives by tables, and chairs, and sofas; others with pen, and ink, and thought. We think that we may see the peculiar character of certain of our writers, expressed quite distinctly, by their rooms. The hard, nervous strength of Luther was begotten of that mine in which his youth was spent, and his emergence into day aptly typifies the part he played in after life. Tennyson's "little room so

exquisite," accounts for all the defects in his style. So is Walter Scott's room, with its suits of armour, and claymore, and shield, and antlers, and staghound, and its thousand old curiosities, the happiest illustration of his style and character as a writer — both a curious piece of grotesque patchwork — the bold energy and endurance of the age of chivalry, still keeping a place among the refinements and effeminacies of modern life. No corner of his mind was destitute of some quaint bit of a story and ballad, and his collection of facts was a perfect "curiosity shop." The grand back-ground of his room, is nature bold and strong, but distant and in perspective. The same is the fact in his writings. Nature is boldly sketched, but its minute traits and workings are lost by distance, and are subordinated to the love of costume and tradition.

By a room, I mean a room *par excellence*, not a general rendezvous of the whole family, but the private room of the individual — the library of the literary man — the studio of the artist — the inmost shrine — the appropriated spot. The parlour is no room at all, — it is a compromise of all the tastes of the house. All the arrangements are referred to the standard of fashion, and there is almost no scope for the individual fancy of the owner.

I would always have a room in one of the upper stories, if I lived in the city. In the country, it is not of so much importance. There, one may have vines curling about the window-sills, and peeping into the room — the green trees waving their broad arms in the air, and the dancing shadows on the greensward beneath you. Then, in the country, and in summer, one can

make the whole sky his roof, and, embowered in a "place of nestling green," almost forget his walled-in room. But in the city, that world of brick and mortar, give me the top-most room. It is a wearisome trudge up over three flights of stairs, but you get your recompense. There is less dust and noise, — people are not forever tramping by your door, — it is too high to make it a convenient lounging place for idlers, and if friendship is not a sufficient inducement to your friends, they are not worth regretting. You see the diminished people walking noiselessly through the streets, as in a panorama. If you have a lower room, your sunset is the light shining from the opposite wall of brick. Having become thoroughly tired of this, I have a room in the fourth story. I can sit now, above the city, and be "alone with the night." Beneath me gleam the lamps in the sleeping chambers, — all around me a thousand hearts are beating, and a thousand heads rest upon their pillows. The mighty shadow of sleep is upon the city. The silent moonlight glances upon the vanes and the skylights, and freckles the distant, slowly-gliding river. The noise of revelry comes dim and faint from the streets. Now and then, some one goes whistling by, and the sharp ring of his heel upon the pavement, echoes through the deserted courts. In the daytime, a thousand roofs send up their thin, curling lines of smoke, that, mingling, hang a cloudy veil over the city. Overlooking the tops of the houses, I can see the rim of the ocean; countless ships, with lithe spars and fluttering streamers, lie sleeping at their posts; vessels, with their sails wide spread, are coming up the horizon, and, as the sunlight strikes flat against the white canvass, they

look like seagulls spreading their wings for flight. Looking in another direction, I see the undulating line of hills, shrouded in a bluish haze, and melting into the sky. Is not all this worth coming up two more flights of stairs to have?

A room should always have a picture in it; either an ideal head, or some dreamed landscape. A picture is like a beautiful window to the blank wall, which the sunshine never leaves, whereon the eye, weary with reading, may luxuriate and bathe, in a new and exhilarating atmosphere. They refine us, insensibly; they help thinking, and are full of suggestion. They are peaceful, unobtrusive friends, who wait your leisure. They are the cherished thought of some human mind — the fixed fragrance of some passing sentiment and emotion — and are transcripts of the happiest moments. I would have flowers, too, in my room. They are so full of the warmth of humanity. Nothing is so like a human being as a flower. Then what an air of delicacy and refinement is lent to a room, by pictures and flowers. Surely we read the clear, kind nature, and genial humour of Jean Paul, when we saw the rose in his button-hole. Here was the token that he was a poet.

The influences under which we are bred, domineer over us. We are like soft wax, taking the impression of all about us. The country child, whose room is nature, whose roof is the sky, whose curtains are the purple clouds of sunset, and whose carpet is the grass, is free, vigorous, and healthy, in her movements and thoughts, as the air that she breathes. The city belle, who grows up under the shade of brick walls, inhaling noisome vapours, deprived of the healthy exercise of her

limbs, and "cribbed, coffined and confined," in narrow streets, becomes puny and sickly, and fades early. The eyes of the one see the cows and sheep feeding far out on the distant hills, while those of the other hardly distinguish a face across the room. The thoughts of the one are bold, free, and untrammelled, like the flights of the eagle,—those of the other, forced and conventional, like the feeble hoppings of a caged canary.

One may easily trace the rise and progress of a nation out of its barbarism, by the simple observation of their rooms. From the rude hut of the savage, which was common to all the occupants, to the modern commodious house, with its appropriated rooms—what a distance! So out of a general clannish nature, grows, slowly, the individual nature. Society, at first one mass, becomes articulated into persons, as the body separates into fingers at the extremities. Each man has his peculiar employment, according to his individual genius. And thus the huge machine of society becomes gradually perfected in all its parts. Among savages there is one general trait and employment, and therefore, there is one common room. In civilized life each has a different part to perform; all work is apportioned, and each has his own room.

As we can tell the size and formation of the tortoise, from the shell which remains, so, were all history washed away, and the ancient cities left, we could easily tell the manners, habits and genius of the people, who built and inhabited them. Within one century, the city of Pompeii has been excavated—that crumbled shell of a dead people. The perfect preservation of this one city has thrown a flood of light over the Roman

institutions and character, as well as given us the perfect knowledge of the habits and genius of the Pompeiians. The soul of it has, indeed, passed away. But the naturalist easily tells the psyche, from the crysalis that remains.

Observe how perfectly the genius of the Grecian age, and even of its different districts, is developed in its architecture — the graceful and ornate Corinthian, with its curling leaves and fluted columns — the delicate and chaste Ionic, and the more stately and sober Doric. Then, the transplanted composite order of Roman architecture; and last, that splendid stone flower of the middle ages, the Gothic cathedral, so perfectly allegorizing the petrifaction of Religion into forms and ritual observances. The curiously carved ornaments, the grotesque crockets, the outstanding buttresses, are but representatives of the mighty edifice of catholicism, propped up by government, grinning at every point from beneath the hideous mask of hypocrisy, and enveloped in splendour; while the pure light of heaven, streaming through its diamonded oriels, and curiously painting the tessellated pavement of its aisles, seems to typify the tinge which the splendid shows and ordinances of the Romish church gave to the pure and simple religion of Jesus.

What but a narrow room, wherein the spirit dwelleth, is this body — this frame of bones — this covering of muscle, — but a moving house. The soul sits looking from the windows of the eyes, and cannot hide itself from observation. Out of the mouth, which is its door, issue the softly coined words, that tissue of melodious air, whose invisible nets are woven around the soul of

him who hears. Within the brain lie stored, as in a magazine, the curiously elaborated thoughts, the wild project, the dreams, fancies, experiences and facts, that we have gathered from foreign sources, or that have had their birth in our own soul. Then, how strangely out of order seem these materials, in some brains, — how perfectly and precisely arranged in others! How gracefully and easily does one spirit move about this strange house, while another can never fit himself to his home, but is ever awkward and ungainly! In this natural house, the soul makes its marks and leaves its impressions, moulding and modifying continually, until the strong soul draws this outward covering closely around it, and fits it to itself, as perfectly as the kernel of the nut to its intersected shell.

For all my friends, my wish is, that they may possess the chamber, wherein the pilgrim lodged, according to the allegory of old John Bunyan. Somehow, the passage has a sweet flavour and delicious quaintness, which he, among those earnest and sincere old English writers, most especially possesses. "The pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sunrising. The name of this chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang."

How full of character is the room of the painter! All there is dim and hazy with sentiment. From the moment that you close the door behind you, you feel as if you had shut out the world. There, rank takes no preëminence. The artist is the monarch. Here is the true luxury of work — the intellectual married to the mechanical, and love of the art prompting each motion

of the pencil. The light streams in, deprived of its sunshine, through the partly closed blind. Slanting towards it, stands the easel, upon which lies a half-finished picture. The painter, with his palette and brushes in one hand, and his magical wand in the other, moves this way and that, lends a tint here and a shadow there, all the time throwing in, carelessly, an observation. The outlines are all dim and rounded, and there is a smell of paint in the room. Here stands the velvet chair, on its slightly elevated platform — the throne of the sitter. There stands the graceless draped lay-figure. There are no harsh noises — no bustle; all is quiet, and has a secluded air of silence. The noise of the passing waggons in the streets, if it attracts attention, seems foreign, and a consciousness that you are alone, seems diffused through it. The painter talks much of his art — tells an anecdote of this artist and that — speaks of such and such a picture, and illustrates his remark, by turning round to you one of the faces of those canvasses which have piqued your curiosity ever since your entrance. And thus in his studio lives the artist. The painting room must be like Eden, before the fall; no joyous turbulent passions must enter there, says Richardson.

Time out of mind, the garret has been appropriated to genius, perhaps from an occult pun. Whether attic wit has received, latterly, a different modification or not, I leave to the opinion of my reader. But the struggles of genius, under the weight of poverty and sickness, and "all the ills that flesh is heir to," have made it, in some respects, a sacred place. Sorrow and misfortune, and the fierce flame of longing, and the illu-

mination of hope, blend into an aureole to crown it. From its sill, the winged bird of poetry has flown, — on its hearth, the flame of humour and wit has burned, — from its windows, the stinging arrows of sarcasm have been shot, and within its walls, the souls of men have become mailed and armed by misfortune.

I have but one thing more to say about rooms, and that is a remark couched in pure old Saxon English, by Donne. How much of its nervousness and strength has been since rubbed away, by the polishing finger of later times!

"Be thine own home, and in thyself dwell,
Inn, every where;
And seeing the snail, which every where doth roam,
Carrying his own home still, still is at home,
Follow, for he is easy-paced, the snail, —
Be thine own palace, or the world 's thy jail."

THE BIRTHNIGHT OF THE HUMMING BIRDS.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

I.

I'LL tell you a fairy tale that 's new—
How the merry elves o'er the ocean flew,
From the Emerald isle to this far-off shore,
As they were wont in the days of yore—
And played their pranks one moonlit night,
Where the zephyrs alone could see the sight.

II.

Ere the Old world yet had found the New,
The fairies oft in their frolics flew,
To the fragrant isles of the Caribbee—
Bright bosom gems of a golden sea.
Too dark was the film of the Indian's eye,
These gossamer sprites to suspect or spy,—
So they danced 'mid the spicy groves unseen,
And mad were their merry pranks, I ween;
For the fairies, like other discreet little elves,
Are freest and fondest when all by themselves.
No thought had they that in after time,
The muse would echo their deeds in rhyme;
So gaily doffing light stocking and shoe,
They tripped o'er the meadow all dappled in dew.
I could tell, if I would, some right merry tales,
Of unslippered fairies that danced in the vales—

But the lovers of scandal I leave in the lurch—
And besides—these elves don't belong to the church.
If they danced—be it known—'t was not in the clime
Of your Mathers and Hookers, where laughter was crime;
Where sentinel virtue kept guard o'er the lip,
Though witchcraft stole into the heart by a slip.
Oh no! 't was the land of the fruit and the flower—
Where summer and spring both dwelt in one bower—
Where one hung the citron, all ripe from the bough,
And the other with blossoms encircled its brow,—
Where the mountains embosomed rich tissues of gold,
And the rivers o'er rubies and diamonds rolled.
It was there, where the seasons came only to bless,
And the fashions of Eden still lingered, in dress,
That these gay little fairies were wont, as I say,
To steal in their merriest gambols away.
But dropping the curtain o'er frolic and fun,
Too good to be told, or too bad to be done,
I give you a legend from Fancy's own sketch,
Though I warn you he 's given to fibbing—the wretch!
But I learn by the legends of breezes and brooks,
'T is as true as the fairy tales told in the books.

III.

One night, when the moon shone fair on the main,
Choice spirits were gathered 'twixt Derry and Spain,
And lightly embarking from Erin's bold cliffs,
They slid o'er the wave in their moonbeam skiffs.
A ray for a rudder—a thought for a sail,
Swift, swift was each bark as the wing of the gale.

Yet long were the tale, should I linger to say
What gambol and frolic enlivened the way —
How they flirted with bubbles that danced on the wave,
Or listened to mermaids that sang from the cave —
Or slid with the moonbeams down deep to the grove
Of coral, "where mullet and gold-fish rove" —
How there, in long vistas of silence and sleep,
They waltzed, as if mocking the death of the deep:
How oft, where the wreck lay scattered and torn,
They peeped in the scull now ghastly and lorn;
Or deep, 'mid wild rocks, quizzed the goggling shark,
And mouthed at the sea-wolf — so solemn and stark —
Each seeming to think that the earth and the sea
Were made but for fairies — for gambol and glee!
Enough, that at last they came to the isle,
Where moonlight and fragrance were rivals the while.
Not yet had those vessels from Palos been here,
To turn the bright gem to the blood-mingled tear.
Oh no! still blissful and peaceful the land, —
And the merry elves flew from the sea to the strand.
Right happy and joyous seemed now the bright crew,
As they tripped 'mid the orange groves flashing in dew,
For they were to hold a revel that night,
A gay fancy ball, and each to be dight
In the gem or the flower that fancy might choose
From mountain or vale, for its fragrance or hues.

IV.

Away sped the maskers like arrows of light,
To gather their gear for the revel bright.
To the dazzling peaks of far-off Peru,
In emulous speed some sportively flew —

And deep in the mine, or 'mid glaciers on high,
For ruby and sapphire searched heedful and sly.
For diamonds rare that gleam in the bed
Of Brazilian streams, some merrily sped,
While others for emeralds daintily stray,
'Mid the cradle peaks of the Paraguay.
As these are gathering the rarest of gems,
Others are plucking the rarest of stems.
They range wild dells where the zephyr alone,
To the blushing blossoms before was known;
Through forests they fly, whose branches are hung
By creeping plants, with fair flowerets strung—
Where temples of nature with arches of bloom,
Are lit by the moonlight, and faint with perfume.
They stray where the mangrove and clematis twine,
Where azalia and laurel in rivalry shine;
Where, tall as the oak, the passion-tree glows,
And jasmine is blent with rhodora and rose.
O'er blooming savannas and meadows of light,
'Mid regions of summer they sweep in their flight—
And gathering the fairest, they speed to their bower,
Each one with his favorite brilliant or flower.

V.

The hour is come, and the fairies are seen
In their plunder arrayed on the moonlit green.
The music is breathed — 'tis a soft strain of pleasure,
And the light giddy throng whirl into the measure.
'Twas a joyous dance, and the dresses were bright,
Such as never were known till that famous night;
For the jems and the flowers that shone in the scene,
O'ermatched the regalia of princess and queen.

No gaudy slave to a fair one's brow
Was the rose, or the ruby, or emerald now,
But lighted with souls by the playful elves,
The brilliants and blossoms seemed dancing themselves.

VI.

Of all that did chance, 't were a long tale to tell,
Of the dresses and waltzes, and who was the belle —
But each was so happy, and all were so fair,
That night stole away and the dawn caught them there!
Such a scampering never before was seen
As was witnessed now on that island green.
They rushed to the bay with swift, twinkling feet,
But vain was their haste, for the moonlight fleet
Had passed with the dawn, and never again
Were those fairies permitted to traverse the main, —
But 'mid the groves, when the sun was high,
The Indian marked with a worshiping eye,
The Humming Birds, all unknown before,
Glancing like thoughts from flower to flower,
And seeming as if earth's loveliest things,
The brilliants and blossoms, had taken wings: —
And fancy hath whispered in numbers light,
That these are the fairies who danced that night,
And linger yet in the garb they wore,
Content in our clime, and more blest than before.

A TALE OF MIZRAIM.

The afternoon sun was shining on the mild waters of the Nile. A superb city towered beneath its beams, which gave to the fanes and palaces of dark red granite a dusky lustre. This city lay in an almost pulseless silence: life was suspended till the breezes of evening should reinvigorate it.

At some distance from the city stood a sumptuous edifice. The broad road from the city swept by its portal, whose colossal frieze was supported on huge square pillars, the upper halves of whose shafts were adorned with hieroglyphics. Entering here, you came in view of the house, to whose marble porch led a short, straight avenue, whose sides were defined by sphinxes. As far as the eye could see, on this side of the house, extended formal parterres, interspersed here and there by orange or acacia trees. This garden, on the other side of the house, sloped down, from an open colonnade, to the river.

Up this avenue a person was now advancing, undeterred by the extreme heat—a woman past the prime of life, but of great beauty. She was tall and rather slender. Her long, dark robe was confined by a broad girdle, embroidered with a motto in singular, uncouth characters. Her long, black hair was withdrawn from a high, pale forehead, by a white fillet, one of whose ends fell upon her shoulder. Her profile was almost too sharply defined in its delicacy, her large eyes, of a

downward tendency, her lips finely shaped, but almost too compressed in silence. Having reached the portico, she clapped her hands, and a tall, richly dressed slave appeared at the inner door. She delivered to him a message, and he passed into the garden. He murmured to himself, as he walked down a long avenue of date palms, "No, no,—no entering here without a permit. I doubt if the maid herself would be well pleased." As he spoke, he entered a small thicket of acacia trees, along whose slender trunks vines were twined, and paused there a few moments to listen. Beyond, was a fountain. On the brink of its broad basin, into which the water was made to fall from the mouths of two monsters of the Nile, sat a young maid, with a child in her arms. Her dress was, in shape, like that of the visitor in the porch, but of far richer materials; a shorter robe displayed her lovely foot, with its gem-studded sandals; large gold bracelets terminated her long, straight sleeves; her hair was confined by a gold chain, of large links, fastened above her forehead by a square tablet of lapis lazuli, on which was engraved the sacred lotus. Behind, her silken ringlets fell beneath her waist. Her complexion was dark, but clear, and enlivened by a faint glow. Its olive was very unlike the berry-like tinge of the child in her arms, or of the stately youth who sat by her side. The eyes of the latter were fixed upon her with intense earnestness, while hers were bent upon the child, who, glittering with gold and gems, leaned languidly on her bosom, while its little hands played with her long tresses.

"You will not, then," said he, "answer me, Zilpah. You will not tell me whether you persevere in your

wild intention. The madness of your nation has entered your heart, and hardened it against me."

"My lord,—" said the maiden—

"Talk not so," interrupted he. "We are alone,—I am Armais, and thou—no, thou art not Zilpah—not the Zilpah I have known."

"We are, indeed, alone, else could not Armais thus torture the heart of his slave."

"Unkind! insulting! Is it thus you answer the offer of all a son of Osiris has to bestow!"

"A place in thy harem," she replied, raising her liquid orbs with momentary haughtiness,—"to strew flowers at thy feet, or fan my prince as he sleeps."

"Zilpah—Zilpah! have I not sworn by the most sacred mysteries of our religion, that I would be thine own according to the law of thine own bondman sect? Have I not sworn—"

At this moment the slave entered. Three times he touched, with his brow, the brink of the marble basin, then stood erect and silent.

"Speak," cried prince Armais,—"do thine errand quickly."

"It is to the Hebrew maiden, O prince."

"Speak, she hears."

"The sister of thy father, Miriam the Hebrew, waits at the outer gate, and would speak with thee."

"Haste," said the Prince,—"conduct her to the inner court; there will the maiden visit her."

The slave left them,—Zilpah rose. The child, smiling in her face, twisted one of her ringlets round a shrub close by. She stooped to disengage it.

"Wilt thou, then, leave me, Zilpah, these few free moments, which the rule of Thermutis permits thee to pass where I can approach thee? Thou, who once couldst love — has the cruel magician, to whom thou art so near of kin, deadened thy heart to every natural feeling?"

A tear trembled on her cheek. "O Armais," said she, "he is not a magician; he is our people's pride, and a priest, like Pharaoh himself."

"A priest! a degraded one, — Isis has rejected him."

"Our God is with him."

"Aye! some god aids him, not friendly to Egypt. Zilpah, hast thou heard what passed at the palace, this morning?"

"Something I have heard, but Miriam will tell me all."

"The tale, indeed, better befits her tongue than mine. Yet much is there I would say. Hearken; thou art going to hear the delegates of thy nation rejoice over the wounds which their chief has inflicted on Egypt; yet will I not believe, in spite of all thy coldness of manner, that thou canst rejoice with them, or hate the house which fostered thee, and was so long gladdened by thy smiles. If thou wouldst but hear me — thou *hast* loved me?"

"Prince, have I ever denied it?"

"Then grant this one request. To-night, a slave will be sent for thee. Koru is all that I would have him, and secret at my will. I will assume his garb, and bring thee by the river. One hour in our little boat, and I will be content. If thou wilt not then hearken to me, — go, follow the barbarous, servile horde thou art so unlike, — leave me — I consent — only wilt thou grant me this one hour. Hesitate not. By the

Nile — by Isis herself, I swear; my sister — my Amurre herself should not be more holy to me."

"I will," said the maid, and with her little charge disappeared.

The youth gazed after her. "I stoop for her," said he, "but who loved more ardently than Sesostris, and his beloved had not a nobler soul than this slave. When her tribe shall have passed away, as they must, the stain of her connexion with them will be forgotten; and if the king had hearkened to me, they had, ere this, perished in the desert. What of their paltry services! Egypt's sword need but wave, and she can supply their place. But I go to speak to Koru." And he entered the broad colonnade of the palace.

A scene in the city. The interior of a large, but not a magnificent dwelling; the room was of an oval shape; its walls were covered with paintings representing fishing, and then the preparation of the fish for the table. The low-placed lamps cast an imperfect gleam on the faces of those who were there assembled. There were about fifty persons, of an Asiatic complexion, with sharp profiles, and keen black eyes. The dress of most of them, was a coarse robe, confined by a leathern girdle. They were seated round the room on low benches. At the upper end were three seats, two of which were filled by persons who appeared of some distinction. The one on the right was a man past the meridian of life; his features were harsh in their outline, but the whole not unpleasant. His smile at once heightened and softened his expression, which generally was eager and mobile, like one in the habit of much speaking. The other man was of nearly the same age, in appear-

ance, and so far like the other, that you could not doubt the connexion which existed between them. But oh, how superior a being was he! How stately his mien! how ample, how dignified his gestures! His forehead was lofty; his eye, — large, steadfast — looked as if all its light came from within; his lips were compressed, and his stern, though smooth cheek, could, even in earliest youth, have known no dimple.

"Why tarrieth our sister!" said he, breaking silence, in a voice which had the hollow, majestic sound of the advancing surge.

"I know not," replied that weaker likeness of himself. "She went out, ere sunset, in quest of the maiden Zilpah, and thou best knowest the distance to the palace, or what might detain her there."

The other smiled. That smile passed over his features with the keen glitter, if not with the swiftness of lightning. He paused a moment, and then said, "since she cometh not, we must begin our evening council without her aid."

Aaron arose to speak, when a knock was heard at the door, and Zilpah and Miriam were admitted. Miriam advanced, with a commanding step, to a seat beside her brothers, and signed to Zilpah to place herself near her.

"We have tarried unwillingly," said she. "The sister of Pharaoh detained me with questionings about thee, my brother, thy purposes, and the marvels of the day, till the sun had sunk."

"Thinks she, my sister, that Pharaoh will even yet let us go."

"Verily she deems that he will, and she has been earnest with me to let Zilpah stay, seeing the maiden

hath neither father nor mother whom she must follow, and the maiden hath much favor in her eyes, and the eyes of all her household, and the child of Amurre loveth her as his mother."

The same stern smile, — then Moses signed to his brother, and Aaron arose and spake, saying: —

"It is known to you, brethren, how our Lord God, even the Lord God of Israel, hath dealt with us, and with Pharaoh, — how he spake to our brother from the burning bush, and sent him back to deliver us from bondage, — also what wonders he hath wrought for us. But Pharaoh hath not heeded the wonders which our brother hath wrought, for the Lord suffered the magicians of Egypt to do the same, and the priests to say, 'of our gods, even of Egypt, hath he learned this wisdom,' — for God hath said, 'ye shall not surely go out from the land till Pharaoh and all his hosts shall have said, I am the Lord.'

"Now, brethren, once again hath Pharaoh broken his vows, even the word of his fear hath he broken, and said, this day, in the hall of his pride — in the hall of his captives, hath he said it, 'I will not let Israel go.' And the Lord God hath spoken to our brother and said, 'yet one more plague — one more grievous plague, and Pharaoh will let you out of his bound. The first-born of Egypt will I slay — the pride of the noble, and the prop of the peasant, — yea, as one man will I cut them off.'"

Then Zilpah burst into weeping, and bowed herself at the feet of the prophet. Miriam raised her, with a frown. Aaron continued —

"My brethren, in two days go we up; therefore, let ten of you, strong and swift men, arise and go to the

homes of our people, — bid them collect all that they have, and prepare their cattle and their household stuff, and borrow, each of his neighbour, his jewels, as if for a sacrifice. We have made for the Egyptians, bricks without straw, — many years have we served them without hire; it is meet now that they should be a spoil unto us."

And he went on more particularly to state what the conduct of the Jews should be, on the following night, when the angel of Death should pass over their dwellings, on his desolating progress through the land.

"Now go, my brethren," said he, "and do as I have said. Let all make ready, and set forth at the first word of warning, lest, peradventure, the heart of Pharaoh should harden again, ere the sun can go down upon his repentance. My brother and I must abide here his will. Go in peace; and the blessing of the God of Jacob be with you. Amen."

And all the dark ones echoed that deep Amen — all save one.

Zilpah had restrained her sobs at her kinswoman's command, but had turned away from the assembly, and hid her face in her robe. All the Hebrews, except the prophetess and her two brothers, had withdrawn, making low obeisance. The maiden then arose, and casting herself at the feet of that lofty man, and holding his garment, looked up in his face with soft, beseeching eyes, from which the tears fell fast.

His stern features relaxed, as he gazed on the lovely suppliant, and said, in a mild tone, "what aileth thee, my daughter?"

"My child," said she, "the child of my love — the innocent creature, whose smiles were my stars in the

dark night of bondage! Must he die — must he be carried so soon to the dark dwelling of the hundred kings?"

"Not I, my daughter — the Most High hath spoken it."

"O my Father! will He not spare one — not one?"

"He hath spoken, and His word stands fast. Who shall question with Him? Thinkest thou, that I, whose infancy was sheltered by the womanly heart of Thermutis, would not willingly save her grandchild? Was it not through her means that the wisdom of priests and conquerors was taught to the slave, and I was fashioned for my present mission? But He hath spoken; His ways are not as our ways — by His name, Jehovah, do we know Him."

"Yet wilt thou not intercede for the child? Peradventure He will hearken to thy voice."

"Thinkest thou, maiden, that the Creator of heaven and earth will stay his destroying angel for thy tears?"

"He who spake to our father Abraham, and forbade him to offer up Isaac, as a sacrifice, may not refuse to lend an ear to thy entreaty."

Miriam, who had listened with a displeased air, now said, "evil was the hour in which we gave the daughter of Jacob for a handmaid to the Egyptian. Her soul is knit with them, in the bonds of love, and she sorrows more that one blossom should fall from their tree, than for all the oppressions and miseries of her father's house."

"Chide her not, my sister, — I also have been knit with them in the bonds of love, — my soul hath entered into their deepest secret — I passed within the veil of their idols, — at the head of their hosts I fought. Pharaoh hailed me captain, prince and priest — his marble halls of pride trembled at my footsteps, — yet my heart

drew not back from my people, nor my hand from doing the will of their God. He will bring back the maiden to the house of her fathers, and she shall teach, in the groves of Canaan, all she hath learned of the Egyptian. Nor will I disdain her prayer. Zilpah, thou hast heard the commands which thy kinsman Aaron laid on the people in my name. He speaks my bidding, for I have heard a higher voice, and love not the converse of men, while his words are like rivers of honey, and his lips open the fountains of delight. Return to the dwelling of Thermutis, and this shall be a sign unto thee. If, when to-morrow's sun hastens to his setting, no purple spot deface his skin, the Lord hath hearkened to my prayer, and the angel of Death shall pass over the dwelling of Thermutis. But if at that hour a round purple spot arise on his face or neck, the child shall die — the Lord hath not hearkened to my prayer — he shall surely die. Bow to His will, and keep thyself in readiness to attend us even as I have said. Now go, my daughter, — for many things must we take counsel this night. Miriam will attend thee to the outer hall, and give thee a guide to the house of the princess."

Miriam conducted her young kinswoman, accordingly, into an adjoining wide room, which opened into the porch. She clapped her hands, and one of her nation answered.

"Reuben," said she, "waits any one without?"

"A slave of the princess Thermutis attends the maiden Zilpah."

The maiden bowed herself, and kissed the hem of Miriam's garment. "Go in peace," said the prophetess, "and forget not, Zilpah, all I have said to thee this

afternoon. Tame thy rebel heart to our law. Were it possible, I would prevent thy return into those halls of the spoiler. But our hour cometh not yet, and in sorrow must we do their bidding. When we next meet" — and her eye flashed — "Israel will be free."

The maiden passed out silently. In the porch stood a muffled figure, — beneath the servile disguise, she knew the form of her royal lover.

He led the way through the streets, now filled with groups of people, inhaling the cool evening air; for in those burning climates the city's heart beats strongest during the night-watches. Yet no sound of merriment was heard; the stately porch, and broad terrace, resounded not to laugh or song. An eager hum of voices, conversing in the tones of awe and hatred, broke the natural stillness of night. They passed on to the river's side, where a little bark, garlanded with the fairest flowers, was moored.

The maiden here first spoke. "Armais," said she, "thou knowest I must return ere the princess retires to rest."

"Fear not," he replied; "Verri banquets with her, and they will prolong the feast to a late hour."

He then pushed the bark into the stream. When it begun to float with the current, he dropped his oar, and gently drawing near his sad companion, took her hand. It was not withdrawn. Zilpah was leaning a little forward, her long ringlets blown aside by the gentle breeze, her eyes fixed upon the moon, which, nearly at full, was beaming down upon them in sorrowful sweetness.

"Beautiful goddess!" said the youth. "O Zilpah, so lovely thyself, how canst thou gaze upon her, and not adore as I do."

"I do adore this lesser, but lovelier light, and Him who made it, our God, the God of Abraham."

"Can the legend of thy tribe teach thee to think of an unknown, shadowy, terrible being, when thou lookest on that orb, whose rays have such power to fill, and calm the soul. Thou deemest it but a lamp held up on high; how is it, then, that our souls feel such sweet sadness, such strong bliss, when the greater luminary is withdrawn, and these pale rays are cast over the scene."

"Is it not a great thought, that there exists a being who made both, and our souls also, and who can maintain my happiness as he upholds that silvery lamp?"

"Talk not of happiness and thy gloomy God in a breath. We can no longer doubt his existence; but to us he has been as the deity of Hades — the dispenser of war, pestilence, and death. But for thy sweet sake, I would curse him and his people, who have brought such calamities on this once happy and glorious land. And thou, even while thou speakest of happiness, — is not thy voice full of sadness? O leave this dark deity, this god of wrath, and return to the worship of nature. Love the gracious Isis, who forbids none to love and be happy."

"Armais, Armais, I cannot — nay, in these last moments, I would not conceal from thee that I love thee — oh, more than life itself. But it cannot be — I cannot join thy worship. Our God is — must be, the true. Has Isis been able to protect you against his vengeance?"

"Our priests allege, that your great magician, by his admission to the mysteries, has acquired strange influence over the unseen powers. They say, too, Isis is angry that they dared, in order to win the favor of

Thermutis, to admit a foundling, of ignoble race, to her most sacred rites, and therefore will not defend us, but gives us up to punishment from the same hand."

"Talk of it as they will, it is done," said Zilpah; "and our people must be permitted to return to the blooming fields where rest the bones of their fathers, and I must follow them."

"Not so!—by all our love! Hear,—your people must go. Pharaoh delays—he feels the dignity of religion injured—he cannot brook the triumph of the Hebrews; yet they must go. And well for us that it is so. Had they remained in the land, though they could not have kept thee from me, yet their frowns and silent hatred would have stung thy tender soul. But when they depart, to starve in the wilderness, or to perish beneath the swords of the tribes they must plunder for a subsistence, I will, at the moment of their dismission, hasten to thee. In this boat I will conduct thee to a flower-wreathed island, dedicated to Isis, over which the magic arts of thy kinsman can have no power. There, under the care of our priestesses, thou shalt pass thy hours in a superb temple, where I myself have known many happy hours. Thou shalt be instructed in our faith, and wilt soon learn to detest thy own barren and blood-stained worship. Ere many days, I shall return to claim my bride; and, lest Egypt should visit on thy innocence some of the injuries which thy nation have done them, I will take thee with me to the fragrant Saba, and we will not return till all this is forgotten, and thou shalt be hailed the niece of Pharaoh and the bride of Armais. Thou art silent—thou givest consent."

"O no, no," she said, raising a pale face from the hand in which she had drooped it. "Armais, our God, who, the prophet assures me, can see every thought of our hearts, and who, perhaps, hears the words we are now saying, would not permit me to desert my people. He would come in his awful might to snatch me from you, or he would make my name accursed to my nation, and my soul miserable through endless changes."

"Believe it not, sweet Hebrew. This lore is taught thee, by thy priests, to enforce obedience to their behests. Isis has power to protect thee, and thou wilt not, for such groundless fears, forsake me, who will, for thy sake, brave all the prejudices of my nation, and forget that the blood of Sesostris flows in my veins. The voices of thy kin are still in thy ear, and thy mind is still overawed by the apostate priest. To-morrow will bring better thoughts. But we approach the palace, and I hear the song of the departing guests. We must go in, but first listen. When Pharaoh, this morning, once more deferred the departure of the Hebrews, your prophet denounced a yet heavier plague, which should, ere three days be past, compel consent. The king, though determined to abide it, is not without apprehension. To-morrow, and to-morrow night, the royal family and the chief nobles of the realm, devote to the most solemn sacrifices to Isis: to-morrow night, being full moon, is the propitious season, and we hope to move her to protect us. The next day I must pass in making preparations for thy flight. On the third day I return for thee, and we meet again, never, I trust, to part. Answer me not now. When I return, thou canst, if thou wilt, refuse me, and sacrifice the happiness of both to thy dark religion. But till then, be silent."

He drew the bark to the shore,—they landed, and passed up the perfumed garden in silence. At the garden door they parted, the heart of the one full of hope and love, of the other, and the weaker, full of fear, anguish, and the weight of a dreadful secret.

The maiden passed into a long gallery, and, lying down on a couch, sought to compose her thoughts. But ere a few minutes had passed, the door of an inner chamber opened, and a voice said, "is the Hebrew maiden in attendance?"

Zilpah advanced, and bowing herself three times, so low that the tablet on her brow touched the marble pavement, she stood within the threshold. The apartment was of considerable size, and a wide door on one side opened upon a terrace, which looked towards the gently rolling river. This had not yet been closed for the night, and the moonlight falling in, dimmed the light of the torches. These were placed in large candelabras, on each side of an elegant couch. On the floor, by the couch, was spread a leopard skin. The place of cloth draperies was supplied by rich garlands. On a stool, beside the bed, sat a lady, far advanced in life, but of a presence at once benignant and majestic. The rich texture of her dress, and the golden pomegranates by which it was adorned, announced the princess Thermutis. Two handmaids stood behind her, holding various articles of her night apparel, while another was taking off the fillet studded with gems.

"Advance, Zilpah," said she. "How long hast thou been returned from the meeting with thy kinsmen?"

"But a few moments, princess."

"And what say they? What says the rebellious Hebrew, thine uncle? Sent he any message to her,

whose bounty he has abused, to the destruction, so far as the gods permit, of my native land? Hath he told thee what new mischief he is preparing against us?"

"Princess, he spoke of thee, as ever, with love and reverence. For the rest, he is but the messenger of our God."

"Say not so, maiden. Know I not his magical powers; have I not felt them, even in infancy, when his first look took my heart captive, and made me break my father's law in his behalf. Did they not afterwards so enchant even the priests, that they talked of placing the foundling Moudsche at their head, while Pharaoh thought him worthy to lead his armies into Ethiopia. Now they enable him to pollute our cup with blood, and with famine and pestilence to lay waste the land which fostered him."

Thermutis paused, as if in painful thought, and then resumed.

"From whom did he receive those means of knowledge which fed his wonderful mind? From the people whose cause he has espoused? No; but from us, who received those starving barbarians, and have for centuries given them food and shelter."

"Great princess, barbarians if they be, they are his people. He doth but act as their son, and wherein has he injured you?"

"He hath not, indeed, as yet aimed the blow directly at my own heart,—only in my nation's woes have I suffered. But perhaps my hour is now coming. He said to-day, that the blow now threatened would strike alike the noblest and the most lowly."

And she fixed her still brilliant eyes on the face of the Hebrew. But those of Zilpah were cast down.

"Why," she said, "doth not the king give leave to those whom he so hates and despises, to depart and trouble him no more?"

"Ye are mad to wish it. Where can ye go?"

"The God of our fathers will provide a place."

"Yes, in some undefended quarter of our dominions, or in those of some foreign power, against whom we must make war in your behalf. Besides — but thou art of a race accustomed to slavery, and canst not guess the feelings of royalty defied by a vassal. These matters are beyond thy age and place, — of other things I would now speak. Zilpah, I have sometimes, since I knew the ingratitude of thine uncle, regretted that I took thee into my house, and made of thee a daughter, rather than a servant. But it is done, and the heart of the child is knit to thee with a passing love. Lovest thou him?"

"As a mother and a sister," replied the Hebrew.

"'Tis well; I believe thee. Hard, indeed, would be the heart which his infant fondness could not touch. He mourned for thee till the moon was high in the heavens, before he would sleep. I cannot, at present, part him from thee. Wilt thou be faithful to my child?"

"Till death part us," said Zilpah, in a stifled voice.

"I go to-morrow to the grand festival of Isis. Watch over him. I leave other attendants, but his will is ever with thee. I feel a strange apprehension about him, since the threat of Moudsche reached me. Here might I be wounded, — he is all I have left of my daughter. I will not say, do not harm him, but I say, though a Hebrew, shield him from harm. If thy heart has aught of human, and thou hast ever seemed tender and gentle, thou wilt not disregard my words."

She signed to the maiden to depart, which she did, in silence.

Another day of intense heat. The air seemed clogged with invisible dust, — a weight in the air, a weight in the limbs, a glare in the eyes, a dulness in the ears. Ere noon, the princess, with her train, took boat for the temple of Isis, on the islet of Nile.

As she passed through the garden, she saw Zilpah, seated by a fountain. Before her stood the child. He was strewing flowers in her lap, now and then holding one up for her to admire; or, clasping her face in his little hands, he sought, vainly, in her eyes, for that bright look of sympathy which had never before failed him. The princess gazed for a moment on the fair group. Then, approaching the child, though she had already taken leave of him, she stooped to impress a kiss on his brow. Then, leaving him with reluctant tenderness, she said to the Jewess, "fail not thou to thy charge, my daughter."

She passed on. The child impatiently sought to follow, and, on being detained, tried to push Zilpah aside, and even went so far as to raise his hand to strike her. A powerful arm arrested the blow, and raised the angry child on high. The calm anger of Armais's rebuke, quelled the mood at once. The child's eye sank, and he fell on the neck of his tender nurse. Armais gave one ardent, inquiring glance, and passed on.

The hours dragged heavily to Zilpah. Not so to her little charge, who seemed more full of prank and play than usual. He wandered through every garden walk, he pursued every brilliant insect, he threw showers of buds and leaves at Zilpah, who was too heavy-hearted

to answer his sportive challenge. Yet she strove to gain hope and courage from seeing him so full of gayety and vigor. "Surely," said she to herself, "it cannot be that those sparkling eyes are soon to close in death. No, no,—my kinsman hath prevailed for him."

It was much later than usual, and the mid-day sun had filled every thicket with oppressive, stinging heat, ere she could prevail upon him to quit the open air for the colonnade, where the slaves had prepared their repast. The child, she observed, ate little, and drank immoderately. The day, however, sufficiently accounted for this. She then lay down upon a couch; her head was propped by a pile of red cushions, which cast a feverish glow on her soft cheek. The child, beside her, in a few moments was fast asleep. But Zilpah long courted, in vain, the slumber which would swallow up the hours of suspense, though the whole preceding night had been past in exhausting struggles of mind.

Armais she loved—oh! how much the more wildly, that she had been forced to resist her passion, and jealously conceal it from every natural confidant. On his image had fallen the first gush of her affections—that image of ardent, tender, high-minded youth, whose brightness needed not those refreshing waters of the soul, to dazzle all beholders. To her nation and his, the thought of their union must be equally abhorrent; yet how much more dazzling the sacrifices he was willing to make, for her, than aught she could do in return; how could she disregard them—how could she leave him, and follow those, from whom her education had estranged her, to that strange land which seemed to her like the den of death. Yet, could she brave the

hatred of her people — the curse, perhaps, of their stern prophet, and the anger of their awful God.

She was roused by the moan of her sleeping companion. She observed that he seemed very hot — she tried to move him into a more comfortable position, but his little hand clung to her neck. She signed to the slaves in attendance, to approach and fan him. They did so, scattering perfumes around.

Her mind now turned on the fate of the child. She looked, with intense love, on the beautiful face so near hers. Armais's blood ran in his veins, and coloured that smooth skin, — Armais's lofty soul beamed in his eye, and curved his youthful lip, — and *him* she dared to love; fearless and blameless she might receive and return the lavish tokens of his love for her. The dew from his pure, fresh nature, had so oft refreshed her withering soul — "oh no, no!" again murmured she, "he is, he will be safe!" A spirit of unwonted trust breathed through her frame, and soothed its throbbings. Under its influence, she too fell asleep.

Not long was that slumber dreamless. She seemed floating down the Nile, in a car, upborne by lotuses, which interwove their bells under and around it. The gently rippling current laved her feet, but she felt no apprehension; the soft sound of the waters soothed the ear like the voice of repentant love. By her side sat a fair being, a woman of majestic mien, arch brow; but the soft, pale sadness of her lips, forbade awe in her presence, and tuned the heart to tender reverence. Her forehead was surmounted by a glittering crescent, and when her blue eyes were fixed upon the waters, a long line of silvery light appeared. After a while, she turned

on Zilpah a smile so bewitchingly sweet, that the maiden sank at her feet, when lo! the heavens opened with angry lightnings, a loud wind arose, and the boat was whelmed in the tide. Yet she felt not her danger, as she heard a voice shriek, "Zilpah, dearest Zilpah," and then seemed stifled by the gurgling waters. She rushed — she seized her Armais — like a swan she upbore him through the waters — when, on a sudden, she was sitting on the brink of a fountain, and her long locks fell dripping over the face of what she held in her arms. She strove to tear them aside, when a loud cry awakened her.

She opened her eyes. The cry was from the slave. The child had turned on his face, moaning with a convulsive motion. She raised him. A slight foam was on his lips, — his large eyes were open, — his face of a purple hue. She gave him drink, and sent the slave for a physician. The drink seemed to relieve him. He leaned languidly back in her arms, while the deep tint fading from his face and neck, left there several spots of livid purple.

One loud shriek burst from the lips of Zilpah, — then, tearless and immovable, she gazed on the rest of the scene. The physician would have removed the child from her arms, but he clung resolutely to her. Every remedy was applied, in vain, — faster and faster came his breath, — cold shiverings seized his limbs, — and, ere the full moon cast her light over the waters of the Nile, he lay an insensible corpse, in the arms of Zilpah.

"Accursed Hebrew!" cried the Egyptians, "for thy sake, and that of thy vile people, is this evil come upon us." And they tore the corpse from her, filling the air

with loud lamentings. Sounds, as wild and sad, rose from every part of the city, and the moonlit air trembled with earthly wo.

Zilpah remained alone on the ground, where she had cast herself when the clay of her nursling was taken from her, face downward; her agonizing sobs choked back into her heart, by a sense of the impossibility of obtaining any relief. On a sudden, a voice of ineffable sweetness and clearness was heard above her, and it said, "daughter of Israel, why liest thou in the dust! Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free."

Zilpah raised her burning, tear-swollen eyes, and those of Miriam, the prophetess, lucid stars of joy and triumph, shone down upon her.

The shore of the Red Sea. The host of Israel — a dark-browed, mighty host — were scattered, in confused groups, over the beach. They were resting from the mid-day heats, after a weary journey. Moses and Miriam sat in the midst, holding converse in a low tone.

"Be not thus impatient with her, my sister," said the prophet; "we ourselves gave her, for many years, into the hand of the Egyptian. Shall we reject her because her heart may not be turned back to us in a day?"

"It was not thus with thee," she replied; "and thou also hast dwelt in their house."

"Expect not from the dove the temper of the eagle. But we may not now tarry for this — send Aaron to me."

And he communed with his brother, apart, — then stood Aaron up and blew in a trumpet, that all men might be aware of him, and said aloud:

"Men of Israel, we have hitherto journeyed in safety, each man with his own, his women, his children, his cattle, and his household goods. But seeing it may chance that travelling so disorderly, evil men might fall upon us and make us a prey, thus saith the Lord, 'Let the strong men of Israel go before and behind, and on every side. And the cattle, and the old men, and the women, and the children, with all the treasure, shall go in the midst, and my young men shall gird them round about as a wall, their spear and their shield shall they be. Bring now the jewels of gold and the jewels of silver, of which ye did spoil the Egyptians, and cast them down in this place, that I may take order with them.'"

And they cast them down, and a rich heap of treasure arose, even to the height of nine cubits, jewels of gold, and silver girdles, and breastplates, cast they in, and every one had made an offering, save Zilpah. She sat apart under a mimosa tree, and ever as its long tresses bent down to her lovely head, that lovely head was bowed down upon her knee.

"Zilpah," said the priest, with an unwonted softness. She raised her head, and looked around with a sad and bewildered countenance.

"Where is thy offering?" and he pointed to the glittering pile.

She arose, and taking off her rich bracelets, cast them down. "Thy head-band, also," said Miriam. "Thou shalt have a tire in our own fashion:" and she raised her hands to undo it. But the maiden, putting them aside, herself unclasped it, tore the chain from the tablet, and, while her long locks fell over her pale brow,

she cast the chain on the pile, but dared to kiss the badge of servitude, and place it in her bosom.

Miriam's eye flashed, (ah, she knew not the recklessness of a gentle spirit urged to despair,) and a murmur arose among the people. Moses came forward, as if to suppress it, and rebuke its cause, when a man was seen at full speed, and crying, "fly, men of Israel! we are pursued! From the heights, I saw Pharaoh with his army — a mighty multitude, in their chariots — like locusts they cover the plain, and fill the valley."

And a panic smote the host. The women shrieked, and clasped their babes to their breasts, — even the strong men, the young men with warm blood, looked palely on one another, for the iron of slavery was yet in their souls. But the eyes of Moses, and Miriam, his sister, the sternly beautiful, met, and their gaze was steadfast, and in their beams, a joy, the joy of trust — a proud, an heroic trust. And the prophet stood up. He was not wont to speak, save through the fluent tongue of Aaron; but now his voice, distinct, but deep and distant in its tone, as that of the hidden powers of earth, was heard.

"Fear not, men of Israel, Jehovah, the God of your fathers, is with you. On this night, by the coming day, will He be made known to Pharaoh, and his armies; yea, despite the hardness of their hearts shall they know Him. Set yourselves in order for the march, as even now I commanded. Though the hosts of the proud king are behind you, and the waters before, He can uplift you on the wings of the whirlwind, and bear you over the waves of the sea." And they obeyed; for the might of his spirit was upon them.

The moon rose. The host was formed into a solid column, for the march, and the sea rolled up its waves almost to the foot of the foremost. Then stood the prophet forth, and stretched his hand over the waves. Inly he seemed to pray, and then, in a loud voice, pronounced the word, Jehovah.

And a strong east wind arose, mighty in its sweep, as if the hall of the winds had been set open that hour. The waves rolled back, and a path was made for the children of Israel, dry and wide, so that twenty might walk abreast. And high above their heads towered that smooth and amber wall, crested with white foam, sparkling in the clear moonshine. And the fishes, and the serpents of the deep, swam towards the verge, and gazed upon the host, with their eyes of soulless admiration. And breathlessly silent they passed over that road of marvel. Through all that night, no sound was heard, save the low, mingled tread of their feet, on the hard, sandy bottom of the deep. Behind all the other women, came Miriam, holding in her hand, Zilpah, of the cold and trembling heart.

They were all on the other shore, and dawn, strangely mottled with clouds, announced the day. Israel drew up on the shore. In front, on the edge of that strand, stood Moses, his robe drawn around him in ample folds, his head erect, his eye fixed, steadfastly, upon the path which yet lay broad and uninvaded by the waters before him. Zilpah ascended a crag in the back ground, from which, unwatched and alone, she could overlook the whole.

The sun rose slowly, red, and ominous, and his first rays burnished the arms, and gilded the chariots, of the

Egyptian army, as they rolled down to the sea, a mighty company, strong, speedy, terrible, yet beautiful to behold. A pause, as they came upon the beach, — a fear and a wonder seemed to seize them, as they gazed upon the miracle which had been wrought. But a form arose upon the seat of the foremost car. Splendid the ornaments of his warrior dress, a fiery grace in all his movements, as he seems to urge them on. Shriek not, O Zilpah! it is the form, the chariot of Armais. Still they hesitate, and with a gesture of haughty impatience, he turns and urges his war-steeds into the sea. The Egyptian host cannot refuse to follow their prince, and soon that great company are in the middle of the deep. An awful silence reigns over expectant Israel. But the prophet casts his eyes upward, and waves his hand toward the sea. And oh! at his beck it rushes — the impetuous cloud, big with the west wind. It comes rushing with the speed of the lightning, and force of the thunder. A moment's struggle in the elements, and the waters begin to overflow the path of the Egyptians. Their chariot wheels sink in the wet sand. Desperately they strive to urge onward their steeds. In vain, — the loud boom of the long-curbed sea is heard above their heads, while far on the wings of the destroying wind, is borne the death-neigh of the horse, and the wild prayer of his rider.

Above the now calm and bright scene, rose Israel's song of triumph. Miriam led the chorus, but tears trembled on her long eyelashes. Moses looked inquiringly on her. "My dead, my dead," murmured she,

from the uttermost depths of her nature. For the dove of Israel saw never the promised land of her fathers: her soul had winged its flight to a fairer home beyond the blue ether.

WINTER.

BY A. B. STREET.

A SABLE pall of sky, — the billowy hills,
Swath'd in the snowy robe that winter throws
So kindly over nature, — skeleton trees,
Fring'd with rich silver drapery, and the stream
Numb in its frosty chains. Yon rustic bridge
Bristles with icicles; beneath it stand
The cattle group, long pausing while they drink
From the ice-hollow'd pools, that skim in sheets
Of delicate glass, and shivering as the air
Cuts with keen, stinging edge; and those gaunt trunks,
Bending with ragged branches o'er the bank,
Seem, with their mocking scarfs of chilling white,
Mourning for the green grass and fragrant flowers,
That summer mirrors in the rippling flow
Of the bright stream beneath them. Shrub and rock
Are carv'd in pearl, and the dense thicket shows
Clusters of purest ivory. Comfortless
The frozen scene, yet not all desolate.
Where slopes, by tree and bush, the beaten track,
The sleigh glides merrily with prancing steeds,
And the low homestead, nestling by its grove,
Clings to the leaning hill.

The drenching rain
Had fallen, and then the large loose flakes had shower'd,

Quick freezing where they lit; and thus the scene,
By winter's alchymy, from gleaming steel
Was chang'd to sparkling silver.

Yet, though bright
And rich, the landscape smiles with lovelier look
When Summer gladdens it. The fresh blue sky
Bends like God's blessing o'er; the scented air
Echoes with bird songs, and the emerald grass
Is dappled with quick shadows; the light wing
Of the soft west makes music in the leaves,
The ripples murmur as they dance along;
The thicket, by the road-side, casts its cool,
Black breadth of shade across the heated dust.
The cattle seek the pools beneath the banks,
Where sport the gnat-swarms, glancing in the sun,
Gray, whirling specks, and darts the dragon-fly,
A gold-green arrow; and the wandering flock
Nibble the short, thick sward, that clothes the brink,
Down sloping to the waters. Kindly tones,
And happy faces make the homestead walls
A paradise. Upon the mossy roof
The tame dove coos and bows; beneath the eaves
The swallow frames her nest; the social wren
Lights on the flower-lin'd paling, and trills through
Its noisy gamut; and the humming-bird
Shoots, with that flying harp, the honey-bee,
'Mid the trail'd honeysuckle's trumpet bloom.
Sunset wreathes gorgeous shapes within the west,
To eyes that love the splendor: morning wakes
Light hearts to joyous tasks; and when deep night
Breathes o'er the earth a solemn solitude,

With stars for watches, or the holy moon,
A sentinel upon the steeps of heaven,
Smooth pillows yield their balm to prayer and trust,
And slumber, that sweet medicine of toil,
Sheds her soft dews and weaves her golden dreams.

PROPHECY

OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ARMY OF PHARAOH-NECHO, ON HIS INVASION OF CHALDEA.—Jeremiah xlvi. 3-12.

BY B. F. BUTLER.

I.

Order the buckler, order the shield!
Harness the horses quick for the field!
Mount, ye horsemen, sweep along,
Stand ye forth, ye helmed throng!
Clothe ye in your coats of mail,
Furbish bright the lance and spear;
Stand ye forth, let no one fail;
To the battle draw ye near!

II.

Ah! what means the woful sight?
Back are turned the well-trained bands;
And behold! the men of might
Dash their weapons from their hands;
Smitten, routed, beaten down,
Filled with horror and affright,
Dead to manhood and renown,
See! they safety seek in flight.
Yea, saith the Lord, apace they fly,
They look not back, the foe is nigh;
Fear stalks around, they fly, they fly!

III.

'T is all in vain!
The swift no hiding place can gain,
The mighty no relief;
The humble soldier and the lordly chief,
Prince and peasant, one and all,
Where the northern breezes blow,
Where Euphrates' waters flow,
They shall stumble, they shall fall.

IV.

Who is this, with his countless host,
Coming up in his pomp and pride?
Egypt 't is, and this is his boast, —
I will go up with my waters wide,
I will overflow on every side;
City and hamlet to ruin I 'll bring,
I will destroy each living thing;
I will go up with my mighty river,
Nor man nor God shall my foes deliver.

V.

Dash, ye fiery steeds, along;
Rage, ye chariots, armed for fight;
Come ye forth, ye mingled throng,
Follow close your men of might.
Swarthy tribes of Afric, hear,
Ye that handle well the shield;
Sons of Lybia, draw ye near;
Ethiopians, take the field;
Lydians, also, ye who know
How to bend the sounding bow.

VI.

Lord of hosts! the day is thine,
Day of vengeance on thy foes;
It shall burst in wrath divine,
And thy majesty disclose.
To the regions of the north,
Thou, O Lord, shalt bring them forth;
And thy sword shall drink their blood,
By Euphrates' rolling flood;
Then, a sacrifice to thee,
Egypt shall an offering be.

VII.

Haste thee to Gilead, death-devoted maid,
Daughter of Egypt! Yet 't will nought avail;
Vainly for thee are healing drugs essayed,
To save thee now e'en Gilead's balm shall fail!
Lo! to the nations all thy shame is known;
Thy mournful cry hath fill'd the wond'ring land;
In heaps on heaps thy mighty ones are strown,
Pursued and smitten by JEHOVAH's hand!

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY A SCENE IN 'MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.'

BY LUCY HOOPER.

"NELLY bore upon her arm the little basket with her flowers, and sometimes stopped, with timid and modest looks, to offer them at some gay carriage . . . . . There was but one lady, who seemed to understand the child, and she was one who sat alone in a handsome carriage, while two young men in dashing clothes, who had just dismounted from it, talked and laughed loudly at a little distance, appearing to forget her quite. There were many ladies all around, but they turned their backs, or looked another way, or at the two young men, (not unfavorably at *them*,) and left her to herself. She motioned away a gipsey-woman, urgent to tell her fortune, saying, that it was told already, and had been for some years, but called the child towards her, and taking her flowers, put money into her trembling hand, and bade her go home, and keep at home, for God's sake . . . "

BEAUTIFUL child! my lot is cast;
Hope from my path hath forever past;
Nothing the future can bring to me
Hath ever been shadowed in dreams to thee;
The warp is woven, the arrow sped,
My brain hath throbbed, but my heart is dead:
Tell ye my tale, then, for love or gold?—
Years have passed by since that tale was told.

God keep thee, child, with thine angel brow,
Ever as sinless and bright as now;

Fresh as the roses of earliest spring,
The fair pure buds it is thine to bring,
Would that the bloom of the soul could be,
Beautiful spirit! caught from thee;
Would that thy gift could anew impart
The roses that bloom for the pure in heart.

Beautiful child! may'st thou never hear
Tones of reproach in thy sorrowing ear;
Beautiful child! may that cheek ne'er glow
With a warmer tint from the heart below;
Beautiful child! may'st thou never bear
The clinging weight of a cold despair;
A heart, whose madness each hope hath crossed,
Which hath thrown one die, and the stake hath lost.

Beautiful child! why should'st thou stay?
There is danger near thee, — away! away!
Away! in thy spotless purity;
Nothing can here be a type of thee;
The very air, as it fans thy brow,
May leave a trace on its stainless snow;
Lo! spirits of evil haunt the bowers,
And the serpent glides from the trembling flowers.

Beautiful child! alas, to see
A fount in the desert gush forth for thee,
Where the queenly lilies should faintly gleam,
And thy life flow on as its silent stream,
Afar from the world of doubt and sin, —
This weary world thou must wander in;
Such a home was once to my visions given,
It comes to my heart as a type of heaven.

Beautiful child! let the weary in heart
Whisper thee once, ere again we part;
Tell thee that want, and tell thee that pain
Never can thrill in the throbbing brain,
Till a sadder story that brain hath learned,
Till a fiercer fire hath in it burned;
God keep thee sinless and undefiled,
Though poor, and wretched, and sad, my child!

Beautiful being! away, away!
The angels above be thy help and stay,
Save thee from sorrow and save thee from sin,
Guard thee from danger without and within.
Pure be thy spirit, and breathe for me
A sigh or a prayer when thy heart is free;
In the crowded mart, by the lone wayside,
Beautiful child! be thy God thy guide.

A THOUGHT FROM ZAPPI.

BY MRS. S. J. J. MERRITT.

Like the Venetian gondolier, who chants
To the pale moon his lays, (while his strong arm
Athwart the broad Lagune with speed propels
The freighted gondola,) reckless of aught,
And satisfied if naught in sea or air
Listen his songs; so I with freedom give
The passing thought, to live in such rude verse
As idleness doth frame, perchance to pass
Without a single reader; yet, if thus
I pour from a full heart the soul of song,
Why reck of praise?

UPON THE DEATH OF A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

If in departed souls the power remain
Their earthly homes to visit once again,
Not in the night thy visit wilt thou make,
When only sorrowing and yearning wake;
No! in a Summer morning's light serene,
When not a cloud upon the heaven is seen,
When high the golden harvest waves its head,
All interspersed with flowers of blue and red,
Thou, as of yore, among the fields wilt walk,
Greeting each reaper with kind, friendly talk.

A SONG.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

They tell me I was false to thee;
But they are false, who say it;
The vow I made was pure and free,
And time can ne'er betray it.

I laid my heart on virtue's shrine,
I loved truth, honor, kindness;
I love them still;—I thought them thine!
Too soon I wept my blindness.

'T is *thou* wert false to them and me;
My worship still I cherish;
My love, still true, has turned from thee,
To find them, or to perish!

THE EXILES OF ACADIA.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT.

[THIS extract from the second part of 'Bancroft's History of the United States,' has, at our request, been furnished by the author. The unpublished work from which it is taken, will form two volumes, and include the entire history of the American Revolution. — PUB.]

WHILE Braddock was preparing to penetrate the forests of Western Pennsylvania, the sovereignty of England was established in Acadia. The peninsular region — abounding in harbors and in forests, rich in its ocean fisheries and in the product of its rivers, near to a continent that invited to the chase and the fur-trade, having, in its interior, large tracts of alluvial soil — had become dear to its inhabitants, who beheld around them the graves of their ancestors for several generations. It had been the oldest French colony in North America. There the Bretons had built their dwellings sixteen years before the Pilgrims reached the shores of New England. With the progress of the respective settlements, sectional jealousies and religious bigotry had renewed their warfare; the offspring of the Massachusetts husbandmen were taught to abhor "popish cruelties," and "popish superstitions;" while Roman-catholic missionaries had so persevered in propagating the faith

of their church among the villages of the Abenakis, that the wigwams of the savages contained enthusiasts, who mingled veneration for catholic christianity and France, with an unrelenting hatred of the English.

At last, after repeated conquests and restorations, by the treaty of Utrecht, Acadia, or Nova Scotia, remained with Great Britain. Yet the name of Annapolis, and a feeble English garrison, and the emigration of hardly five or six English families, were nearly all that marked the supremacy of England. The old inhabitants remained on the soil which they had subdued, hardly conscious that they had changed their sovereign. They still loved the language and the usages of their forefathers; and their religion was graven upon their souls in letters, that time could not efface. They promised submission to England; but such was the love with which France had inspired them, that they would not fight against its standard or renounce its name. Though conquered, they were French neutrals.

For nearly forty years from the peace of Utrecht they had been forgotten or neglected by the European world; and had prospered in their seclusion. No tax-gatherer was known in their villages; no tribute of any kind was exacted of them; no magistrate dwelt among them. The parish priest made their records, and had charge of wills, and regulated their successions. Their little disputes were settled among themselves, with scarcely an instance of an appeal to English authority at Annapolis. The pastures were covered with their herds and flocks; their joint labor redeemed from the sea the alluvial marshes; and by dykes, raised by extraordinary efforts of social industry, shut out the rivers and the tide, and

reclaimed large tracts of exuberant fertility. Long afterwards the remains of their works were pointed out with admiration; and the meadows are seen, where the tides were excluded, and richest grasses waved in security, or fields of wheat yielded fifty and thirty fold at the harvest. Their houses were built in clusters, not far asunder; neatly constructed and comfortably furnished; and, round them, all kinds of domestic fowls abounded. With the spinning-wheel and the loom, their women made, of flax from their own fields, of fleeces from their own flocks, coarse but sufficient clothing. The few foreign luxuries that were coveted, could be obtained from Annapolis or Louisburgh, in return for furs, or wheat, or cattle. Their exchanges were chiefly by way of barter; very little coin circulated among them; no custom-house was known on their coasts, and paper money had not extended its curse to their peaceful abodes.

Thus were the Acadians happy in their neutrality, and in the abundance which they drew from the land that was their father-land. They formed, as it were, one great family; a natural benevolence anticipated beggary; and the needy went as guests from house to house. Their morals were of an unaffected purity. Love, the instinct of the young, was sanctified and calmed by the universal custom of early marriages. They were all sincere catholics, and to them marriage was a holy sacrament. The neighbours of the community would assist the new couple to raise their cottage, while the wilderness offered land enough to the industry of the young farmer. Their numbers increased; and in 1749, the colony, which had begun only as the trading station of a company, with a monopoly of the fur trade, counted

seventeen thousand inhabitants. Their minds were simple and unambitious. Ignorant of sects, perplexed by no analysis or skepticism, they had a deep faith in the religion which came to them hallowed by the traditions of centuries, the sufferings of cherished martyrs, the example of the canonized. And with their deep attachment to the Roman-catholic religion, was mingled also originally the sentiment of devoted, unsuspicious loyalty; a sentiment, which, in the transfer of their country, still existed in the form of love to France.

When England began vigorously to colonize Nova Scotia, the ancient inhabitants might fear the loss of their independence. The enthusiasm of their priests was kindled into fervour at the thought that English heretics, of the land which had disfranchised catholics, were to surround, and perhaps to overwhelm, the ancient Acadians. "Better," said the priests, "surrender your meadows to the sea, and your houses to the flames, than, at the peril of your souls, take the oath of allegiance to the British government." And the Acadians, from their very simplicity and anxious sincerity, were uncertain in their resolves; now gathering up courage to flee beyond the isthmus, and seek other homes in New France, and now yearning for their own houses and fields, and herds and meadows.

The haughtiness of the English officers aided the priests in their attempts to inspire terror. The English, even in lands settled by Englishmen, regarded colonies only as sources of emolument, colonists as an inferior caste. The Acadians were despised because they were helpless. Ignorant of the English law, they were not educated to the knowledge, the defence, and the love of

English liberties; they knew not the way to the throne, and, given up to military masters, had no redress in civil tribunals. Their papers and records, the titles to their estates and inheritances, were taken away from them. Was their property demanded for the public service? "they were not to be bargained with for the payment." The order may still be read on the council records at Halifax. They must comply, it was written, without making any terms, "immediately," or "the next courier would bring an order for military execution upon the delinquents." And when the Acadians delayed in fetching firewood for their oppressors, it was told them from the governor, "if they do not do it in proper time, the soldiers shall absolutely take their houses for fuel." The unoffending Acadians submitted meekly to the tyranny. Under pretence of fearing that they might rise in behalf of France, or might seek shelter in Canada, they were ordered to surrender their boats and their fire-arms. And conscious of innocence, they surrendered every barge and every musket, leaving themselves without the means of flight, and defenceless. Further orders were afterwards given to the English officers, if the Acadians behaved amiss, to punish them at discretion; if the troops were annoyed, to inflict vengeance on the nearest, whether the guilty one or not, — "taking an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

The French had yielded the sovereignty over no more than the peninsula. They established themselves on the isthmus in two forts, one a small stockade at the mouth of the little river Gaspereau, near Bay Verde; the other, a more considerable fortress, built and supplied

at great expense, situated upon an eminence on the north side of the Missaquash, on the Bay of Fundy. The isthmus is here hardly fifteen miles wide, and formed the most natural boundary between New France and Acadia. The chief command of the French was with De Vergor, who, negligent of his duties, was more greedy of gain, than zealous of serving his country.

The Acadians nearest the isthmus, embarrassed by questions of boundaries which they did not comprehend, moved by appeals to their religious scruples and their sense of duty to France, awe-struck at the approach of the English, who could appear to them only as tyrants and aggressors, knew not what to do. A part had left the peninsula, designing to seek new homes in the island which we now call Prince Edward's, or on the continent along the Straits, or on the banks of the rivers that flow to Chepody Bay. But they found even there, that they were not safe from strife; and anxious for tranquillity, they desired to return to their estates, pleading with the English for nothing but freedom of religion, and exemption from military service; for the rest, pledging "fidelity and perfect loyalty to king George." They entreated of De Vergor permission to return; and failing to obtain it, they supplicated for a refusal in writing, to prove to the world, that, in the sorrows which might fall upon themselves and their children, they were the victims of necessity. But even this was withheld.

Before these arrangements could be perfected, the British took possession of the whole country. The expedition for that purpose was commanded by lieutenant-colonel Robert Monckton; but the troops were chiefly regiments levied in Massachusetts, for a year's service,

and led by John Winslow. The design of completing the conquest of Nova Scotia, was agreeable to the people of New England; the troops were readily enlisted on a few weeks' notice. On the twentieth of May, 1755, the Provincials, about two thousand in number, embarked at Boston. In five days they reached Annapolis; England and New England excelled France and Canada on the sea. On the first of June, the troops, in forty-one vessels, sailed, without hinderance, to Chignecto, and anchored at five miles' distance from Fort Lawrence, which was the English fort on the south side of the isthmus.

The French at Beauséjour had passed the previous Winter in unsuspecting tranquillity; ignorant of the preparations of the two crowns for war. As spring approached, suspicions were aroused; but the inefficient De Vergor took no vigorous measures for strengthening his works. Several Acadians warned the pusillanimous man of danger; but he relied on the peace that existed between the two nations; nor was he fully roused to his danger, till from the walls of his fort he himself beheld the fleet of the English sailing fearlessly into the bay, and anchoring before his eyes.

The provincial troops, strengthened by a detachment of three hundred regulars and a train of artillery, were disembarked without difficulty. A day was given to repose and parade. On the fourth of June, the English easily forced the passage of the Missaquash, the intervening river; no sally was attempted by De Vergor; no earnest defence was undertaken. On the twelfth, the fort at Beauséjour, weakened by fear, discord and confusion, was invested, and in four days it surrendered.

By the terms of the capitulation, the English were to send the garrison to Louisburgh: for the Acadian fugitives, inasmuch as they had been forced into the service, amnesty was stipulated. The fort received an English garrison, and from the brother of the king, then the soul of the regency, was named Cumberland.

The petty fortress near the river Gaspereaux, on Bay Verde, a mere palisade, flanked by four block-houses, without mound or trenches, and tenanted by no more than twenty soldiers, though commanded by the brave De Villerai, could do nothing but capitulate on the same terms. Meantime, Captain Rous sailed with three frigates and a sloop, to reduce the French fort on the St. Johns. But before he arrived there, the fort and dwellings of the French had been abandoned and burned; and he took possession of the deserted country. Thus was the region east of the St. Croix annexed permanently to England. During the whole expedition, the British and Provincials lost but twenty men killed, and as many more wounded. No further resistance was to be feared. The Acadians cowered before their conquerors, hoping forbearance; willing to take an oath of fealty to England; in their single-mindedness and sincerity, refusing to bear arms against France. The English were masters of the sea, were undisputed lords of the country, and could now exercise clemency without apprehension.

The purposes of their conquerors were hidden in mystery from the Acadians. Not a whisper warned them of the crime against humanity, of which they were to be the victims. On the proposition of the feeble and officious Shirley, whose eagerness for advancement

made him indifferent to the sufferings of others, with the approbation of a ministry of which the Duke of Newcastle was the head, after the ancient device of oriental despotism, it was ordered by the king in council, and "had been long determined upon," that the French inhabitants of Acadia should be carried away into captivity. "His Majesty's council," wrote Lawrence, then governor of Nova Scotia, "has come to the resolution of clearing the whole country." To hunt them into the net was impracticable; artifice was resorted to. By a general proclamation, on one and the same day, the all-unconscious Acadians, "both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age," were peremptorily ordered to assemble at their respective posts. On the said fifth of September they obeyed. At Grand Pré, for example, four hundred and eighteen unarmed men came together. They were marched into the church, and its avenues were closed; when Winslow placed himself in their centre and spoke.

"You are convened together to manifest to you, his Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his province. Your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the crown: and you yourselves are to be removed from this his province. I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can without discommoding the vessels you go in." And he then declared them the king's prisoners. Their wives and families shared their prison: their sons, five hundred and twenty-seven in number, their daughters, five hundred and seventy-six; in the whole, women and babes

and old men and children all included, nineteen hundred and twenty-three souls. The blow was sudden: they had left home but for the morning, and they never were to return. Their cattle were to stay unfed in the stalls, their fires to die out on their hearths. They had for that first day even no food for themselves or their children, and, pleading hunger, were compelled to beg for bread.

The tenth of September was the day for the embarcation of the exiles. They were drawn up six deep: and the young men, one hundred and sixty-one in number, were ordered to march first on board the vessel. They could leave their farms and cottages, the shady rocks on which they had reclined, their herds and their garners; but nature yearned within them, and they would not be separated from their parents. Yet of what avail was the frenzied despair of the unarmed youth? They had not one weapon; the bayonet drove them to obey; and they marched slowly and heavily from the chapel to the shore, between women and children, who, kneeling, prayed for blessings on their heads; they themselves weeping, and praying, and singing hymns. The seniors went next; and the wives and children must wait till other transport vessels arrive. In like manner were seven thousand of these banished people driven on board ships and scattered among the English colonies from Carolina to New Hampshire. They were cast ashore without resources; hating the poor-house for a shelter to their children; and abhorring the thought of selling themselves as laborers. Households, too, were separated; the colonial newspapers contained advertisements of members of families seeking their companions,

of sons anxious to reach and relieve their parents, of mothers mourning for their lost children.

The exiles sighed for their native country, but to prevent their return, their villages had been laid waste. Near Annapolis, a hundred heads of families fled to the woods: and a party was detached on the hunt to seize them and bring them in. "Our soldiers hate them," wrote an officer on this occasion, "and if they can but find a pretext to kill them, they will." Did a prisoner seek to escape? He was shot down by the sentinel. Yet some escaped to Canada; some were sheltered from the English in the wigwams of the savages. Their old homes were in ruins. In the district of Minas, for instance, two hundred and fifty houses and more than that number of barns were consumed. A beautiful and fertile tract of country was reduced to a solitude. There was none left round the ashes of the cottages of the Acadians but the faithful watchdog, vainly seeking the hands that fed him. Thickets of forest trees choked their orchards: the ocean broke over their neglected dikes, and desolated their meadows.

TO A DEAR DEPARTED FRIEND.

BY MARY S. B. DANA.

I SEE thee in my dreams,
  Thou who hast gone before me,
And faithful mem'ry seems
  My loved one to restore me.
Thou 'rt clad in robes of light,
  Thy face with joy is beaming;
Thus, dearest! every night
  I see thee, when I 'm dreaming.

The songs we loved so well,
  I hear my dear one singing,
And sweet o'er hill and dell,
  Melodious notes are ringing.
The tears bedim my sight,
  Which on my eyelids glisten,
While, trembling with delight,
  I hold my breath to listen.

I stretch my arms to thee,
  But, suddenly awaking,
My love no more I see,
  O *then* my heart is breaking!
But when I think that thou
  An angel art in glory,
Again to sleep I go,
  And dreams repeat the story.

Though thou hast gone above,
And left this world for ever,
'T is true, 't is true, my love!
I can forget thee never.
Then come in robes of light,
Thy face with rapture beaming,
And let me, every night,
Behold thee when I 'm dreaming.

ENIGMA.

BY CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

It must tremble on earth! for it dies off in air,
And ocean forbids it to have a place there;
Yet it haunts the rough shores of a storm-harass'd lake,
And where sea-surfs are foaming, its image will break,
While the quietest dew-drop on bowery spray
Will perish at once if you steal it away.

The lawn and the meadow its presence may spare,
But no shrub can e'er sprout save it ministers there!
In the odor of blossoms it floats on the breeze,
It freshens the verdure of moss-covered trees,
And no flower can flourish in rock-shelter'd nook,
But it shares of its fragrance by forest and brook.

The knight from his pennon may blot it in vain,
With the stream of the battle it pours o'er the plain;
It climbs the rough rampart, it springs the broad arch,
And marshals the army wherever it march:
'Mid the broadside of navies it rides on each spar,
And gives life in each charge to the cheering hurrah.

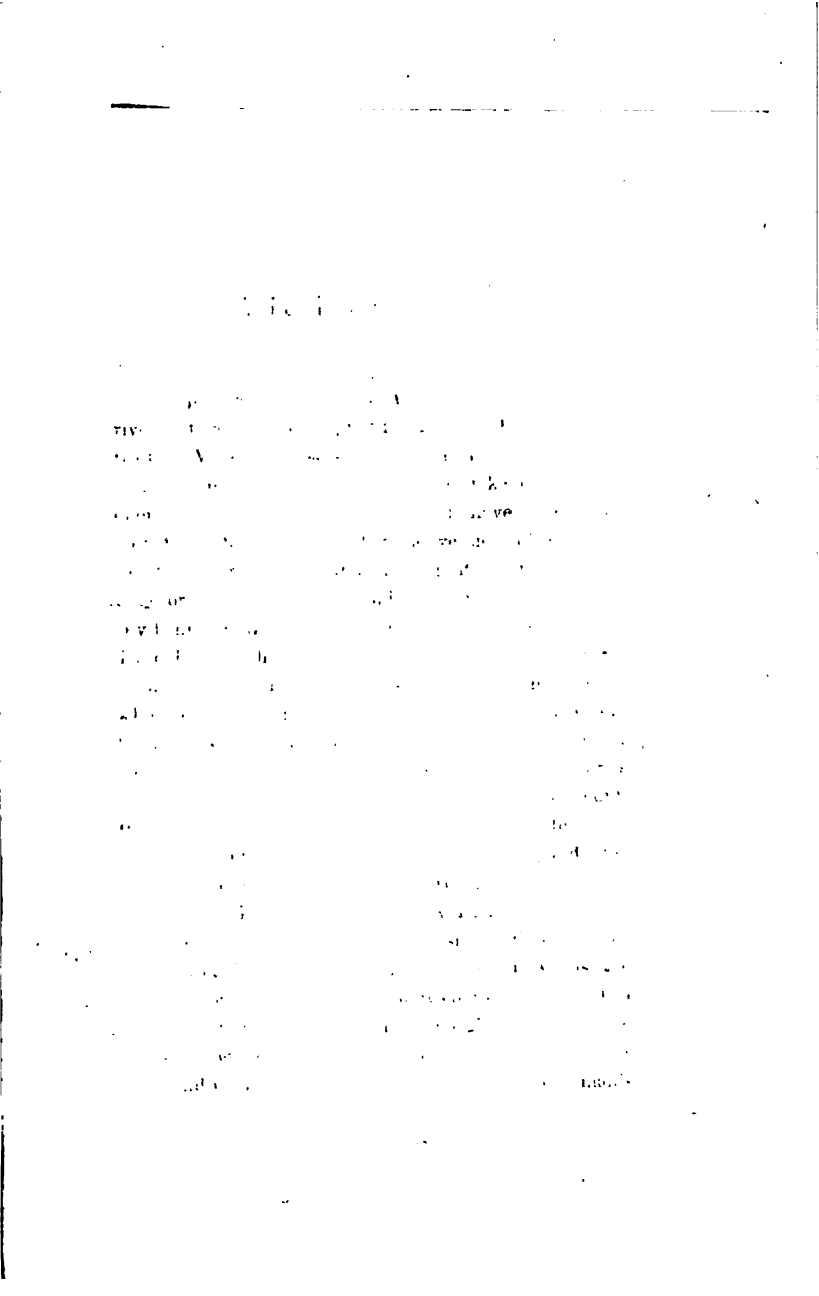
It loves not the chase; yet at sound of the horn
It will rouse with the hunter at break of the morn:
It shares not the feast, — though it sits at the board, —
Yet when music is breathing it strings every chord,

And when beakers are brimming, and healths offered up,
It floats on the bumper, but dies in the cup.

It delights in the churchyard, the bier, and the grave,
Yet without it no birth, and no bridal you have,
And when orisons rise to the Father above,
It hovers around every offering of love;
For, rife in all hearts, though for aye linked with care,
It begins our repentance, and ends every prayer.

THE FIRST SHIP.

THIS picture tells its own story. Its interest is derived not from its actual, but from its ideal or potential truth. We do not pause to inquire whether such an incident, in point of fact, ever did take place; it is enough for us to know, that it might have been. We do not ask the artist to "lay the venue" of a sketch like this, to give the latitude and longitude of his castled crag, or to tell us the day and hour, on which the blue sky bent over the objects he has here grouped together. To feel its truth, we need not know the name of the ship, which is dimly painted on the distant horizon, or who commanded her, or when she sailed, and where from, or what historical personages were on board, or what were their subsequent fortunes. The categories of time and place are here superfluous and impertinent. It is the meeting of the red man and the white man; the first point of contact of savage and civilized life; the introduction of Europe to America; the first line in one of the saddest chapters in the world's history. The imagination asks no more. The single figure in the picture recals the period when "wild in woods the noble savage ran," when he followed the chase with a form as stately as the pine and graceful as its foliage, before the white man's "fire-water" had maddened his brain and unstrung his sinews, before the white man's



vices had stripped him of his self-respect and dignity of character, and the white man's wrongs had called forth all that was fierce, revengeful, and remorseless in his nature. The settler's axe had not yet disturbed the solitude of the woods, nor had the tranquil waters of the bay been rippled by any thing more imposing than a birchen canoe, gliding noiselessly from point to point along the shore. A startling apparition has arrested his wandering glance, and fixed his fleet limbs in motionless repose. Nothing, that he has ever seen, suggests an explanation of that majestic fabric, with its cloud of canvass, and apparently self-derived motion. Is it of earth or of heaven? Is it a new form of animated life? Has the Great Spirit assumed a visible presence, and descended on those ample wings, to speak face to face with his dusky children, in tones of encouragement or rebuke? Does more of fear or hope hover round the perplexing vision?

We, who stand upon the table-land of a common civilization, to whom all sorts of wonders are familiar, and nothing is marvellous, can hardly put ourselves in the position of that untutored savage, or imagine the emotions which the spectacle must have awakened in his simple breast. With us, there can be no parallel case within the limits of possibility. To find one, we must go into the unreal world of shapes and fancies, and imagine the sensation which would be produced by the advent of a crew of men with heads beneath their shoulders; of a band of winged visitants from the moon; or of fairy cars, borne by a volition of their own through the air, and peopled with "gay creatures of the elements."

In such a scene, the picturesque element is not the prominent one. Indeed, it affords a theme rather for the poet and the philosopher, than the painter. For him, it is too suggestive. No mortal pencil could accomplish all that the mind paints to itself, when it calls up the visible presence of an incident like this. The imagination plays us its usual tricks. We infuse our own thoughts and our own emotions into the silent and pictured forms before us. In all human probability, there was no other expression than that of simple, breathless, awe-stricken wonder, stamped upon the tawny features of the solitary hunter, whoever he might have been, when, like his image in the picture, his eye first fell upon the white man's ship. But "our meddling intellect" is not content with this. We go further, and see, in the mind's eye, upon that face, that which could not have been imaged there, without the prophetic glance into futurity. Knowing, as we do, with what fearful issues to them, that ship was freighted, how it was "rigged with curses dark," we imagine their brows wearing the deep shadows of coming events, and their bosoms convulsed with those emotions, which, a hundred years afterwards, might have been called into birth in the heart of some desolate Logan, who saw the smoke of a white man's settlement curling over the hunting grounds of his fathers. Indeed, the white man's Indian (as a general rule) is a pure creation of the fancy. He is of imagination all compact. We put into his mouth, poetry and eloquence which he never could have uttered, and into his heart, sentiments which he never could have felt, and motives from which he never could have acted. He plays a part, upon a stage

of our own erection. Our poets and novelists see his erect figure, the Roman fold and flow of his drapery, the grand and beautiful scenes in which his life is passed, and they imagine thoughts, feelings, and language, in unison. It is a delusion similar to that which has given birth to that essential lie, pastoral poetry, where shepherds and shepherdesses are represented talking like Della Crusca and Anna Matilda, with wreaths of flowers in their hair, wearing frocks that are always white, and jackets that are never soiled, and waking the woodland echoes with the mellow pipe. We forget that innocent occupations do not always, and of necessity, suppose innocence; that woods and lakes suggest, but do not create, poetry; that cultivation and civilization are essential to refinement of feeling and delicacy of sentiment, and that the Indian does not look on the mountain and the cataract with the "fine frenzy" of the poet, or make love like Romeo, or talk in the style of Jeremy Taylor's sermons There is a universal truth in Rosseau's remark, that he who seeks to find a Julie or a St. Preux among those lovely scenes in which he has placed them in his romance, will surely be disappointed, though it seems that such must have been created only for beings like these. The Indian is what circumstances and influences have made him, and what that is, would take too long to tell; he is *not*, what our men and women of genius, writing in drawing-rooms and studies, have represented him to be.

To us, who look back through two hundred years, the scene, which the artist has here delineated, is full of deep interest. We need not the "foreign aid" of fancy to invest it with a character not its own. There is no

fiction so melancholy as the sober truth. We see the end, of which this is the beginning. This is the cloud no bigger than a man's hand, which is gradually to darken all the red man's sky, and burst in prostrating fury upon his head. Here we see the "seminal principle" of a series of struggles, unparalleled for the fierceness of the passions involved in them: exterminating wars, midnight conflagrations, wrongs and insults fearfully avenged, the gradual decay and extinction of a most marked race, the slow retreat of the wigwam and the tomahawk, and the onward progress of the axe and the log cabin. There is no more saddening chapter in the world's history, than that which records the fate of the Indian race. The same law which gives their beauty to the setting sun, the autumn leaf, and the breaking wave, invests their story with a touching and mournful interest. We see a brave and peculiar people, as much sinned against as sinning, slowly melting away, like snow-wreaths in the sun. We forget their faithlessness, their treachery, their fiendish cruelty; we remember only their wrongs; we pity, we excuse, we almost forgive. The few specimens of the race that occasionally visit us, however far removed they may be from the beau-ideal of the Indian character, though often brutalized by low vices, squalid in attire, and coarsely repulsive in face and figure, are representatives of a glory that is departed, and a power that has passed away: and as such, we cannot look upon them with indifference. They claim kindred with names memorable for the fears they excited or the gratitude they awakened, — with the stern, but not relentless Powhatan, the gentle-hearted Pocahontas, the friendly Mas-

sasoit, the brave and energetic Philip, the intellectual Tecumseh. A ruined city is not a more impressive spectacle than these forlorn beings. They bring up vividly before us, the irrevocable past. The tide of two centuries is rolled back as we gaze upon them. The sights and sounds of civilization vanish. We see before our eyes the council-fire, the wigwam, the wild deer bounding along the glades of the forest; the pursuing arrow, glancing like a sunbeam through the thicket; the birchen canoe, impelled by its dimpling paddle; the calumet, the wampum, and the scalp. The bowstring twangs in our ears, and the war-whoop — that sound of fear, at which the "boldest held his breath" — rings sharply through the air.

"Alas! for them, — their day is o'er,
Their fires are out from hill and shore.
No more for them the wild deer bounds,
The plough is on their hunting grounds;
The pale man's axe rings through their woods,
The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods,
Their pleasant springs are dry."

LINES WRITTEN AT SYRACUSE.

Is THIS the stately Syracuse,
Proud Corinth's favourite child,
Hymned by immortal Pindar's muse,
Thus grovelling, thus defiled?
Tamer of Agrigentum's might,
And Carthage's compeer,
Humbler of Athens in the fight,
And art thou mouldering here?

Still Syracuse's cloudless sun
Shines brightly day by day,
And, as 't was Tully's boast, on none
Seems to withhold his ray;
Still blooms her myrtle in the vale,
Her olive on the hill,
And Flora's gifts perfume the gale
With countless odours still, —
That myrtle decks no hero's sword,
But ah! the olive waves,
Type of inglorious peace, adored
By hosts of supple slaves!

Round broken shaft and mouldering tomb,
And desecrated shrine,
The wild goat bounds, the wild rose blooms,
And clings the clustering vine;

And mark yon loitering shepherd boy,
Reclined on yonder rock,
His listless summer hours employ
In piping to his flock.
Ah! Daphnis here, in earlier day,
By laughing nymphs was taught,
While Pan rehearsed the artless lay,
With tenderest music fraught;
Ay, and the pastoral muse inspired
Upon these flowery plains
Theocritus, the silver-lyred,
With sweeter, loftier strains.

I stood on Acradina's height,
Whose marble heart supplied
The bulwarks, hewn with matchless might,
Of Syracuse's pride,
Where Dionysius built his cave,
And, crouching, crept to hear
The unconscious curses of his slave
Poured in the "Tyrant's ear;" —
The prison where the Athenians wept,
And hapless Nicias fell, —
With citrons now and flowers entwined
The friars' quiet cell; - -
The fragrant garden there is warm,
The lizard basking lies,
And, mocking desolation, swarm
The painted butterflies.

I stood on Acradina's height,
And, spread for miles around,

Vast sculptured fragments met my sight,
With weeds and ivy crowned;
Brightly those shattered marbles gleamed,
In wild profusion strown;
The city's whitening bones, they seemed
To bleach and moulder thrown.
I gazed along the purple sea,
O'er Lestrygonia's plain,
Whence sprang, of old, spontaneously,
The tall and bearded grain,
And nourished giants, — proudly sweep
Those plains, those cornfields wave, —
Do Titans still the harvest reap?
Go ask yon toiling slave!

Brightly in yonder azure sky
Old Etna lifts his head,
Around whose glittering shoulders fly
Dark vapors, wildly spread.
Say, rises still that ceaseless smoke,
Old Vulcan's fires above,
Where Cyclops forged, with sturdy stroke,
The thunderbolts of Jove?

Mark, where the gloomy King of Hell
Descended with his bride;
By Cyăne her girdle fell,
Yon reedy fountain's side;
Where Proserpine descended, still
The crystal water flows,
Though sullied now, that sister rill
Where Arethusa rose, —

Ay, while I gaze, eternal Greece!
Thy sunny fables throng
Around me, like the swarming bees
Green Hybla's mount along, —
By Enna's plain, by Hybla's mount,
By yon Eolian isles,
By storied cliff, by fabled fount,
Still, still thy genius smiles!

Alas! how idle to recall
Bright myths forever fled,
When real urns lie shattered all,
Where slept the mighty dead, —
Spurn Fancy's wing for History's pen,
Call up yon glorious host,
Not demigods, but godlike men;
Invoke Timoleon's ghost!
Or turn where starry Science weeps,
And tears the briars that hide
The tomb where Archimedes sleeps,
Her victim and her pride!

In vain, sweet Sicily! the fate
Of Proserpine is thine,
Chained to a despot's sceptred state,
A crownless queen to pine, —
Thy beauty lured the Bourbon's lust,
And Ceres flings her horn,
Which scattered plenty, in the dust,
Again, her child to mourn.
All desolated lies thy shore,
Fallow thy fertile plains, —

And shall thy sons aspire no more
To burst their iron chains?
No; — when yon buried Titan rears
His vast and prostrate form,
By Etna crushed, ten thousand years,
Through earthquake, fire, and storm,
Shall man, arising in his strength,
Erect and proudly stand,
Spurning the tyrant's weight at length,
The Titan of the land!

TRANSLATIONS

From the German of Jean Paul.

—

EXTRACTS FROM "LEVANA," (A WORK ON EDUCATION,) TRANSLATED BY JOHN F. BRINCKMAN.

—

DUTIES OF FATHERS IN EDUCATION.

In general, a father, who sees and educates his children only for hours, ought not to expect a mother, who is tied by them all day long, to exert herself and manage them, as he does, during those few hours. This living more together excuses, also, many a motherly overflowing into love and anger. Thus, a stranger considers always the rebukes of parents too severe, and this is because the fault in question strikes him only as a primary one, and not as a link in a chain, while parents have seen it a thousand times, and in increasing force. Mothers, besides, are also apt to overrate children, because, standing sufficiently near during the developement of their souls to enumerate every fresh leaf, they will mistake a general human display for a special and individual one, and, from this reason, draw one or several wonders as inferences. And the care of the body, by which, in the lower ranks, the mother alone is incumbered, must not it — in comparison to the unmolested father — make them too dull and weary for the care of the mind?

The education of the first half of the first decennium

of life, is already by the body consigned to the hand of the mother. Government, science, or art, allow the father but intermediate hours, and rather instruction than education. Two very happy fathers only may be excepted. The first is the country gentleman, who is reposing in such a golden mean of all conditions, that he can make his mansion a philanthropic college for his children, should he prefer the future progenitors of his family to cards, hares, and his rent-roll. The other — to whom, perhaps, he can give a vocation — is the country parson. The leisure of six days; the hedge of the country warding off the routing intrusion of the city; the open air; his office itself, which is a higher establishment for education; and lastly, the seventh day placing, as it were, the natural father upon a glorifying height, as a spiritual and holy one, and pressing, as it were, the official seal upon the lectures of the week — all this together opens to the clergyman a sufficient room for education, into which he even may call the children of other people; wherefore he does better in changing his parsonage into a school-house, than the room of a private tutor into a parsonage.

In the middle ranks, men educate better, for there women are less accomplished. In the higher, where women are much more cultivated than men, generally it is woman who educates.

What can be done by *the man*, viz. the philosopher, the minister, the soldier, the president, the poet, the artist? He, before all things else, can love and reward his wife, in order that she may more easily perform — supported by the two aids, love of children and husband — that most difficult of tasks, education. In this way,

the husband will be enabled to watch over as well as to take care of, that finest and primary education by the mother, which cannot be replaced by any later tutors, boarding-schools, and laudatory or derogatory letters from the father; in short, he will maintain the legislative power in education, and his wife, the executive one. The husband only needs to remain the lover of his wife, and she will listen to his views on education, at least on that of the mind. Only when male acuteness and decision is united to female softness, the child can repose and sail, as it were, on the union of two rivers; or, to express it in another manner, Apollo as well as Luna raises the tide — the former only about one foot; the latter about three; both together about four feet. The husband makes only full stops in the life of the child; the woman, commas, semicolons, and all the shorter stops. Mothers! be ye fathers; and fathers! be ye mothers — one might say to parents. For only both sexes together make out the human species — as from Mars and Venus sprang Harmonia. The husband does it by inciting the powers; the wife by keeping up measure and harmony in them. A man, with whom the state, or his own genius lifts the balance of all energies to the benefit of a single one, will always bring along with him, this most powerful one to the task of education; the soldier will give a military, the poet a poetical, the clergyman a pious education; but only the mother will give a human one. For woman needs to develope nothing else in herself, than merely the human being, and — as on an Æolian harp — no string of her soul is superior to the other, but the melody of its sounds emanates from and returns to harmony.

DUTIES OF MOTHERS IN EDUCATION. THEIR MOTIVES AND REWARDS.

But, ye mothers, ye of the higher and more independent ranks especially, whom fortune has spared the drudgery of house-keeping — how can ye possibly prefer the weariness of solitude and society to the eternal charm of your children's love — the spectacle of a beautiful developement — the frolics of the dearest of beings, and the merit of the fairest and longest activity! A woman, who can feel weary, if she have children, is despicable. Handsome nations — as Herder says — were the instructers of mankind; thus let your beauty be not only the dress, but the instrument of teaching and developing. We give to countries and cities the female gender, and female symbols; and, in truth, mothers educating the first lustrum of childhood for the benefit of times to come, do not they found countries and cities?

Then, will ye neglect the best occasion for acting powerfully and with pure influences upon posterity, when soon the stronger sex and the state will be supplanting you, bringing their mighty agencies, instead of your leading-strings and go-carts? Mother of a prince! dost thou think it more noble to guide the intrigues of the cabinet, than the little hereditary monarch? Did you bring him into the world only for the benefit of a corporeal life? Your night-watches are often paid by the coffin of your child, but your day-watch over the mind gives you a daily reward. As soon as you are satisfied that education is actually of use, what name do

you deserve, if you choose tutors from ranks that are the lower, the higher your own is, and if, while the children of the middle classes have their parents, those of people of quality have servant-girls and nurses for guides of life?

The whole ancient world extols the love of a mother over that of a father; and it must be great, this maternal love, as a loving father cannot imagine a greater one than his own. Why, nevertheless, are ye so negligent in giving education, compared to fathers who are so careful about, and write libraries on it? For your lover you sacrifice fortune and life; why scarcely hours, for the helpless beloved ones? For *him* you resisted opinions and conquered inclinations; why less so for them? You, armed as you are by nature with patience, charms, softness, words, and love on behalf of those beings, who even will flee to you from a father — you should prevail upon yourselves to watch over them — I mean not for nights, but only for days. Behold those who lived under your heart, but now are not within it, extend their arms to their nearest relation, and once more beg nourishment. Even as with people of yore, no favour was denied, if the person asking bore a child on his arm — so now, children on your arms, or those of nurses, ask favours from you in their own behalf.

It is true, your sacrifices for the world are little known by it. *Man* governs and reaps, and the thousand night-watches and sacrifices, by which a mother buys for the state a hero, or a poet, are forgotten and never numbered; for the mother herself numbers them not; and thus women give to the world, century after cen-

tury — unacknowledged and unrewarded — the pillars, the suns, the eagles, and nightingales. It is but seldom, that a Cornelia will find her *Plutarch*, who mentions her with the Gracchi. But even as those two sons, who carried their mother to the Delphian temple, were rewarded by dying, so, for your guiding your children, death alone is your whole reward.

Yet, you will not be forgotten a second time. If you believe in an invisible world, where the joyful tear of a grateful heart has a higher value and sparkles brighter than all crowns of earth, adorned as they are by tears of anguish turned into stone — then you will understand your future. If you have given a right education, you will know your child. Never, never has one forgotten its purely and rightly educating mother. On the blue highlands of dark childhood, to which we turn our glances ever and anon, there also our mothers stand, who pointed out life to us from below; and, while that happy period lives in the memory, that mother's loving heart can never be forgotten. You crave to be loved thoroughly, for ever, and until death! Be ye, then, mothers of your children. But you, mothers, who neglect to educate, how ashamed you must feel, on account of your ingratitude for your undeserved fortune, before every childless mother, and every childless wife, and how you must blush that a worthy one is sighing for that heaven you, like fallen angels, have left!

Oh! why denies fate, which furnishes to the tyrant of a century often millions of souls for his rack, to a beautiful soul a few, nay, but one single infant heart, which it longs to make happy? Why must love lack

its object, while hatred needs it not? Alas! *Ernestine*,* how you would have loved, and what happiness you would have bestowed! But you were not permitted to do so; the cloud of death bore you away with all the roses of your prime, and your warm mother-heart was called to the mysterious world of souls without a child. Ah! how you would have loved and educated, with your perceptibility, your energy, your ever-springing love, your sacrificing soul! — you, who were adorned by all those virtues of a German woman of eld.

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MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS.

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GLIMPSES OF HEAVEN.

Our world is in shadow; but man is higher than his place. He gazes forth, and spreads abroad the pinions of his soul; and when the sixty minutes, which we call sixty years, have done striking, he springs aloft, and kindles as he rises, and the ashes of his plumage falls behind him, and the disembodied soul comes alone, with nought of earth about it, and pure as a tone, into the ether. But there it sees amid its shadowed life the mountains of the world to come, standing in the golden morning light of a sun, which never rises here below. So the dweller near the north pole, in the long night,

* This excellent woman, to whom the author here has given so beautiful an epitaph, was the younger sister of his wife, Ernestine Auguste Philippias Mahlmann, daughter of Mr. Mayer of Berlin, and first wife of August Mahlmann of Leipzig. She died on the 18th of February, 1805, in the twenty-sixth year of her life. Her last moments were saddened by the thought, that the gift of a child had never been bestowed upon her. She was one of the most generous beings that ever have existed. Four acacias shade her tomb, on the Leipzig church-yard. In August Mahlmann's Poems, (p. 119,) her memory has been immortalized. — *Tr.*

when no sun rises, sees at noon a golden dawn on the highest mountain, and he thinks of his long summer, when the sun never sets.

HINT TO AUTHORS.

I will float on the ocean, like a living man, by swimming, not like a drowned man, by corruption.

CLOCKS FOR ANGELS.

We men may serve as flower-dials for beings of a higher order, when on our last bed our petals fall off; or as hour-glasses, when that of our life is so run out, that it is turned round in the other world; or as clocks with images, for when here below our death-bell tolls, and strikes, our image steps out of its case into that second world. In all such circumstances, when the seventy years of man are over, they may say: "What! another hour gone already! Good God! How the time passes!"

NIGHT AND MORNING.

The broad Night lay before him like a huge corpse upon the world; but before the breath of the morning trembled its shadowy limbs under the glimmering branches; and before the sun, it raised itself up like a wreathing vapour, as a cloud spreading its arms abroad, and men say, "it is the Day!"

THE GAME OF LIFE.

Is, then, the Game of Life (*a la guerre*) worth the candles and the trouble? To be sure, we are not the players, but the playthings, and Old Death knocks our heads and our hearts, like balls, over the green billiard-table into the grave, and the death-bell jingles, when one of us is pocketed.

GREAT MEN AND INSECTS.

The more powerful, more intellectual, and greater two men are, the less can they tolerate each other under the same roof; — as great insects, that live on fruits, are unsociable; (*e. g.* in each hazel-nut sits only one beetle,) whereas the small, that feed on leaves only, (*e. g.* the vine-fretters,) cling together in nests.

CRITICS.

Some critics have themselves written bad books; and thus they can tell a bad book as soon as they see one. Many are, therefore, patron-saints of authors and their books, for the same reason that Nepomuk, of blessed memory, is the patron-saint of bridges, and those who go over them, because he was himself once thrown into the water from a bridge.

THE COFFIN OF AN INFANT.

It is a moving sight, when one reflects upon the little human being concealed from sight, who passes from the

slumber in its mother's heart to the sleep of death; whose eyes are closed upon the shining earth, without having beheld its parents, that with moist eyes gaze after it; who was beloved, without loving; whose little tongue moulders to dust without having spoken, as its face, without having smiled on our mad world. These severed leaf-buds of earth will already have found some stalk, on which sublime Destiny engrafts them; these flowers, which, like some earthly flowers, close themselves to sleep in the morning hours, will already have met another morning sun to open them again.

ELYSIUM.

If a man had wandered through Elysium in a dream; — if great, unknown flowers had interwoven themselves above him; — and if a blessed spirit had reached out to him one of these flowers with the words: "Let this remind thee when thou awakest that thou hast not dreamed!" how would he long for that elysian land, whenever he beheld that flower!

LOVE.

How much more vain is the love of man, than his life! How often does fate employ the warmest hearts to destroy the best, (as only burning-glasses are used to reduce precious stones to ashes,) and how many a silent breast is nothing but the sunken coffin of some pale, beloved image!

THE BURNING COALS OF SIN.

Carelessly doth man in his wild hours scatter around him the burning coals of his sins, and it is only when he lies down in the grave, that behind him burn the cottages from the sparks he kindled, and the pillar of smoke rises as a pillar of infamy upon his grave, and stands there forevermore.

DEATH'S OFFICES.

Death casts the dull, deaf body and the gross earth far from us, and we stand free and bright in the luminous world of our heart, and of our faith, and of our love.

GENIUS.

Brightly descendeth Genius from heaven, and far gleam the clouds as he passes through them. The ethereal spirit touches the earth, and all is changed. The cliffs arise and display silent, gigantic forms; upon the canvass, and upon the walls, fall the reflection of distant gods and their heaven; all bodies resound; sinews, wood, and gold, and the air, thrill with songs; but the dull herd of men raises a little its head from its pasture in amazement, then bows it down. Only a few are hallowed, and kneel transfigured.

THE HEART OF WOMAN.

Women and Spanish houses have many doors and

few windows, and it is easier to get into their hearts than to look into them.

COURTIERS AND CHRISTIANS.

The life of a courtier, like that of a christian, is a continual prayer for something.

REST.

O Rest! thou gentle word! Harvest flower from Eden! Moonlight of the spirit! Rest of the soul! When holdest thou our head, that it may lie still, and our heart, that it may not beat! Alas, ere that grows white, and this is hard. Thou comest often, and thou goest often, but thou remainest only beneath, with Sleep and with Death, whilst here on earth men with the broadest wings are most driven about by storms.

TIME AND DEATH.

Time is but Death with a softer, thinner sickle. Every minute is the harvest of the foregoing, and the second world is only the spring of a third.

NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

Thoughts, which day transforms to dark smoke and vapour, stand in the night as flames and burning lights around us; as the column, that hovers over Vesuvius, *seems* by day a pillar of smoke, and by night *is* a pillar of fire.

PHILOSOPHERS.

Our Philosophers tear up the stones from the pavement of Truth, less because the citadel is bombarded, than because they have this man's head and that man's window to smash in.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FR. L. STOLLBERG.

Undying youth!
Thou streamest forth
From the cleft of the rock;
No mortal beheld
The cradle of the strong one;
And no ear heard
The lisp of the high-born in the bubbling spring.

How beautiful thou art
In silvery locks!
How terrible thou art
In the thunder of echoing cliffs around!

Before thee trembles the fir-tree;
Thou overthrowest the fir-tree
With root and crown!
Before thee flee the cliffs;
Thou hatest the cliffs,
And rollest them scornful, like pebbles, along.

The sun doth clothe thee
In beams of glory!
He paints with the hues of the heavenly bow,
The hovering clouds of the vapory flood.
Why hurriest thou down
To the pale green lake?

Is it not well with thee by the nearer heaven?
Not well in the echoing cliff?
Not well in the hanging grove of oaks?

Oh, haste not so
To the pale green lake!
Youth, thou art still strong, like a god!
Free, like a god!

In sooth to thee smiles there the quiet stillness,
The heaving swell of the silent lake,
Now silvered white with the swimming moon,
Now golden and red in the western ray.

O youth! what is to thee silken quiet?
What is the smile of the friendly moon,
The purple and gold of the evening sun,
To him who feeleth the chains of bondage?

Still streamest thou wild,
As thy heart doth will!
Below hold sway oft-changing winds,
Oft the stillness of death in the subject lake.

Oh, haste not so
To the pale green lake!
Youth, thou art still strong, like a god!
Free, like a god!

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